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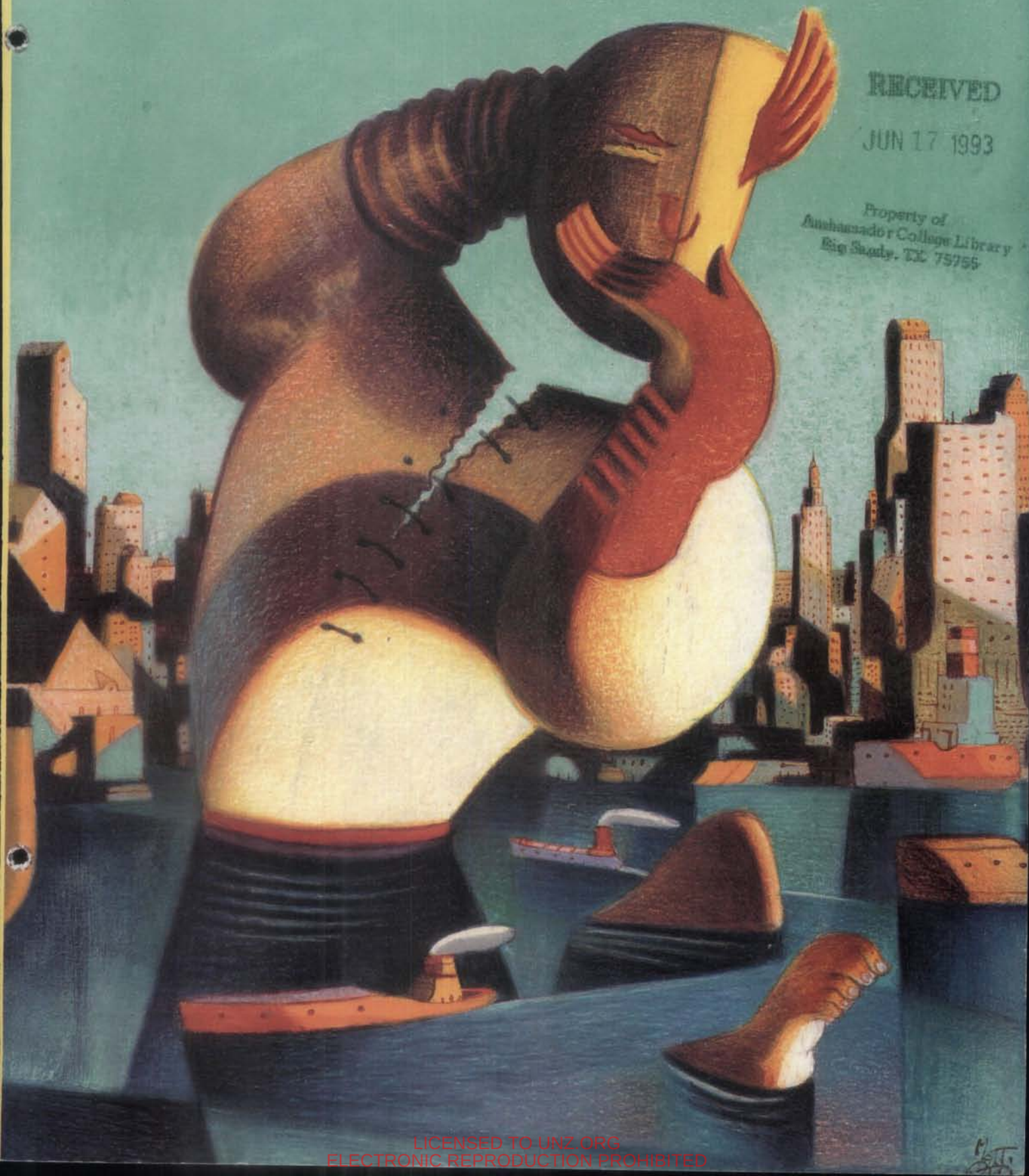
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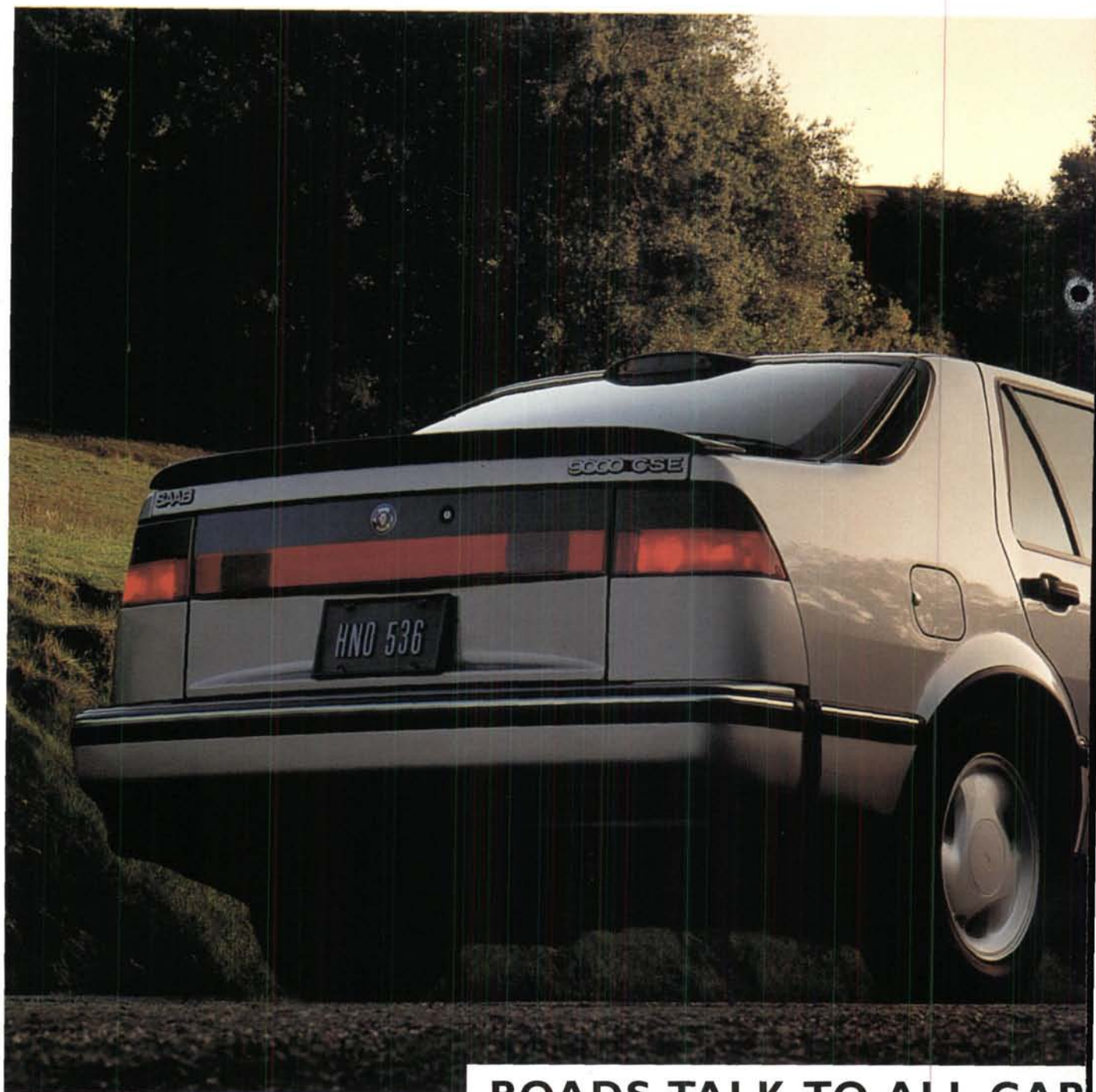
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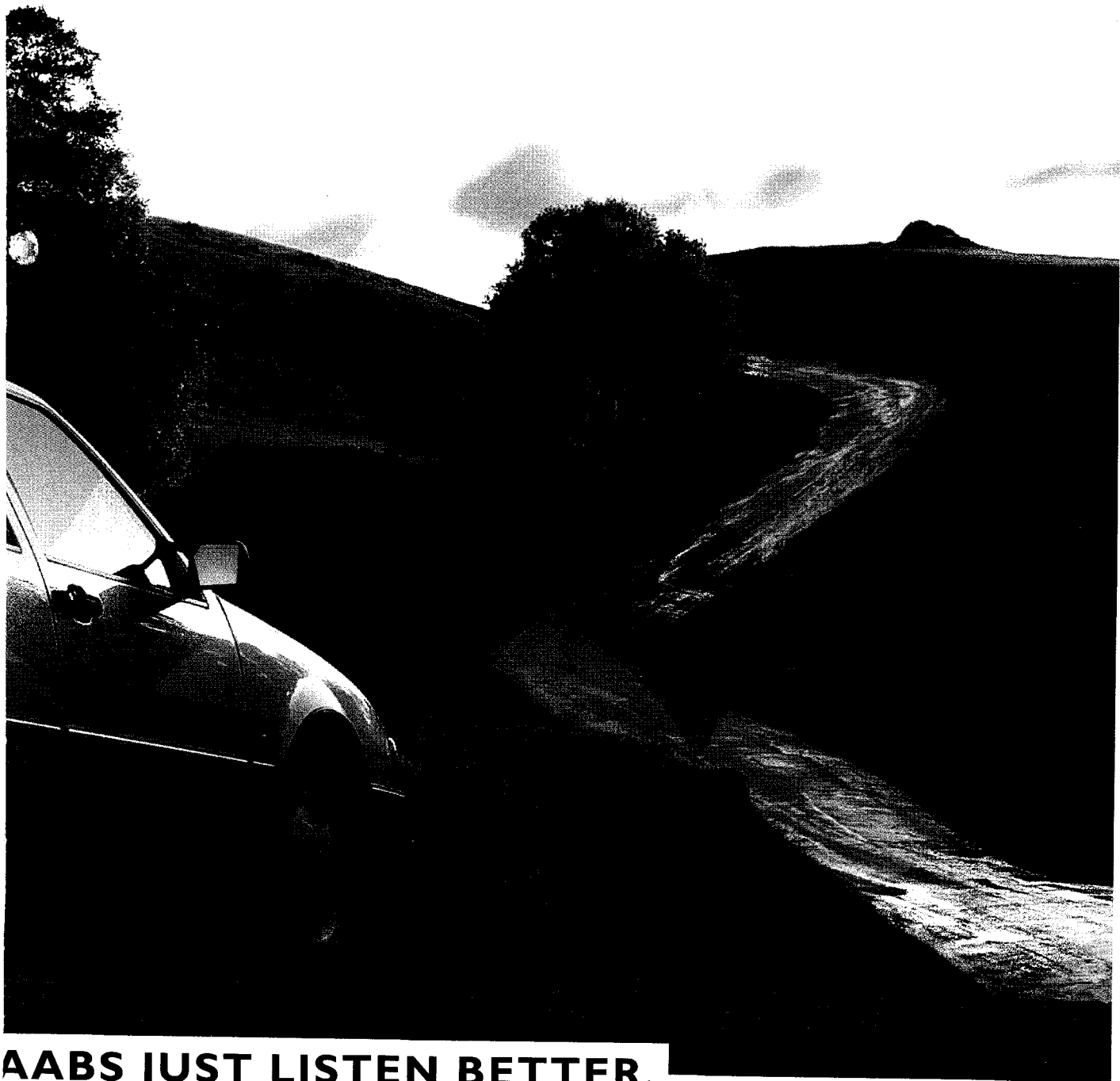
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THE NEW YORKER

JUNE 21, 1993

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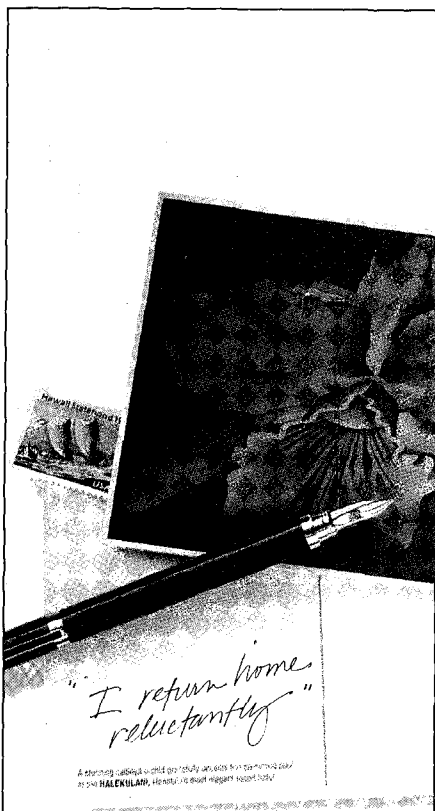
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COMMENT

BAD MOTIVES

AFTER a slate backed by the dictator Enver Hoxha won a 1982 election by the vote of 1,627,959 to one, the columnist Charles Krauthammer invented what he called, in honor of the Albanian capital, the Tirana Index. The Tirana Index holds that "the higher the vote any government wins in an election the more tyrannous it is." Time marches on, of course, and bogus unanimity is no longer a problem in Albania. But we seem to need a domestic corollary to the Tirana Index—the Wisconsin Warning, named for a case that has just been decided by the Supreme Court. The Wisconsin Warning is a metaphoric alarm bell that goes off whenever the preponderance of well-intentioned opinion gets suspiciously one-sided. In the case in question, *Wisconsin v. Mitchell*, the high-minded alliance includes, among others, the Justice Department (under both President Bush and President Clinton), the attorneys general of all fifty states, the N.A.A.C.P. Legal Defense and Educational Fund, the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, the

National Gay and Lesbian Task Force, and even the inveterate contrarians at the national office of the American Civil Liberties Union. Last Friday, the Supreme Court agreed with them. *Ding ding ding!*

The Mitchell case began with an ugly crime. On October 7, 1989, in Kenosha, a group of young black men and boys had gathered outside an apartment complex. Todd Mitchell, who was then nineteen, was discussing with friends a scene from the movie "Mississippi Burning" in which a white man beat a black boy who was praying. Mitchell asked the others, "Do you all feel hyped up to move on some white people?" A short time later, Gregory Riddick, a fourteen-year-old white youth, happened by. Seeing Riddick, Mitchell said, "There goes a white boy. Go get him." Mitchell then counted to three, and the group, now a mob, set upon the boy and beat him until he was unconscious. Mitchell was arrested, tried, and convicted of aggravated battery, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment for that crime. At the same time, the jury

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found that Mitchell's offense constituted a "hate crime"—that he had selected his victim, in the words of the applicable Wisconsin statute, "because of" his "race, religion, color, disability, sexual orientation, national origin or ancestry." Accordingly, Mitchell was given an additional two-year sentence. In the Supreme Court, Mitchell's lawyers maintained that the hate-crimes statute violated the constitutional right to free speech. In its unanimous opinion, written by Chief Justice Rehnquist, the Court disagreed.

From the cases of Emmett Till, the young black lynched in Mississippi in 1955, and the four little black girls murdered in a Birmingham church in 1963 to the case of Allen Schindler, the gay sailor beaten to death by Navy shipmates last year, some of the darkest corners of our living national memory are occupied by hate crimes. Over the past decade, more than half the states of the union have passed hate-crimes laws like Wisconsin's, and the intentions behind such statutes are impeccable. It is, however, part of the job of the Bill of Rights to guard against good intentions gone awry. Hate-crimes laws, by definition, punish only behavior that is already punishable under other criminal statutes. All that hate-crimes legislation does is enhance penalties on the basis of a criminal's

motives, not the brutality or cruelty of his crime.

One question that these statutes raise is whether judges and juries should be making determinations of this sort. In the Mitchell case, the facts were easy to come by: the defendant announced his racist motive at the time of the offense. And putting him in jail for four years instead of two was hardly an injustice: he deserved no less, and probably deserved more. But it is not hard to imagine a hate-crime investigation in which a prosecutor might quite reasonably think himself obliged to look at a defendant's political beliefs, and even at the books he reads. A jury might well be more likely to convict a defendant of a hate crime if his library consisted of a well-thumbed copy of "Mein Kampf"—or, to look down the slippery slope only a bit farther, a tellingly highlighted copy of something by Randall Terry or Pat Buchanan or Malcolm X. The prospect of such inquiries by the police is one that civil libertarians correctly call chilling.

There is also the question of how that kind of police power is apt to be used in the real world. Notwithstanding the enthusiasm of civil-rights organizations for hate-crimes laws, the laws' brief history shows that members of racial minorities are disproportionately their targets rather than their beneficiaries.

(Todd Mitchell is serving two extra years because the victim of the beating wasn't black.) In Wisconsin, where less than a tenth of the population is nonwhite, half the defendants in hate-crimes cases have been minorities. A preliminary F.B.I. report on hate crimes earlier this year found that thirty per cent of the offenders whose race was reported were black. Now that the Supreme Court has upheld the Wisconsin statute, it is a safe bet that the law-enforcement community, which more often than not is largely white and largely conservative, will find black offenders a more tempt-

ing target for hate-crimes prosecution than, say, gay-bashers or white gangs.

This does not by itself prove the unwisdom of hate-crimes laws, but it is an irony, and not a welcome one. In a larger sense, the fad for such laws illustrates the poverty of our current social dialogue. Hate-crimes laws do nothing to alleviate the sufferings of the actual victims of crime or the fears of its potential victims, a category that includes us all. They do nothing to insure that there will be some relationship between the cruelty of a crime and the certainty and severity of its punishment. And, of course, they do nothing to remedy the social and family breakdown, the economic despair, and the personal nihilism that generate the violence now washing over our society. On the contrary, hate-crimes laws tempt politicians with the promise of something for nothing—meaningful benefits at no cost. The promise is deceptive on both counts: there are no benefits, apart from some fleeting psychological comfort, and the cost, potentially, could be high. In a society where the free interplay of ideas means a place at the microphone for bigots no less than for healers it is always a little alarming when what people think, as distinct from what they do, becomes an object of the attention of policemen and prosecutors. ♦

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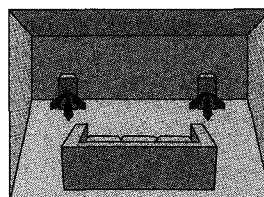
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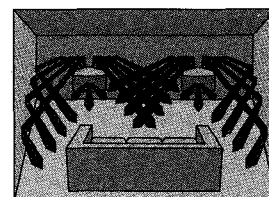
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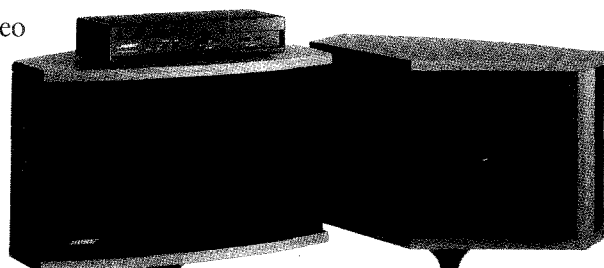
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THE THEATRE

At the Crossroads

ALL roads lead to South Africa just now. Last week, Duma Ndlovu's "Sheila's Day" arrived at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. The play, which concerns domestic workers in Alabama and South Africa, provided further evidence that Mbongeni Ngema ("Sarafina") is one of the most exciting theatre directors in the world today. Meanwhile, at the Manhattan Theatre Club, "Playland," by one of South Africa's most gifted dramatists, Athol Fugard, has just opened. But the most astonishing South African talent in New York at the moment may belong to Thuli Dumakude, who is lighting up Theatre Row (John Houseman, 450 West 42nd Street) with her performance in a musical called "Buya Africa." Ms. Dumakude is a seasoned performer, having won acclaim for her roles in "Poppie Nongena" and "Juan Darien." In "Buya Africa" she tells stories about herself and about martyred political figures, like Steve Biko; the show is a mini-documentary of recent watershed events in South Africa. It is Ms. Dumakude's alto voice, however, channelled through folk and sacred songs, that transforms what might have been a standard exercise in apartheid history into an evening of genuine uplift. Valerie Naranjo and Emma provide superb musical support.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

CAMELOT—Robert Goulet is King Arthur in this revival of the 1960 Lerner and Loewe musical. Previews June 17-19. Opens June 21 at 6:30. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 307-4100.)

LOOSE KNIT—A play by Theresa Rebeck, with Reed Birney, Daniel Gerroll, Patricia Kalember, Kristine Nielsen, Constance Schulman, Tamara Tunie, and Mary B. Ward. In previews. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103.)

A PERFECT GANESH—A new play by Terrence McNally, with a cast of four: Zoe Caldwell, Dominic Cuskern, Frances Sternhagen, and Fisher Stevens. In previews. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

OPENED RECENTLY

ANGELS IN AMERICA: MILLENNIUM APPROACHES—The first half of Tony Kushner's epic work is set in 1985, at the height of the Reagan counter-revolution, and it maps the trickle-down effect of self-interest as Kushner's characters ruthlessly pursue their private and public destinies. The Pulitzer Prize-winning play

is a saga about sexual politics, death, and decency. Not to be missed. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/31/93.) (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

BLOOD BROTHERS—A glum non-musical musical, imported from Britain, about twin boys who are separated at birth. (Their mother, a cleaning woman, gives one of them to her employer.) The boys become friends, love the same girl, and die violent deaths. Willy Russell, whose credentials are good, wrote book, music, and lyrics, to no avail. With Con O'Neill, Stephanie Lawrence, Jan Gravenston, and Mark Michael Hutchinson. (5/10/93) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

BRAVE SMILES... ANOTHER LESBIAN TRAGEDY—A comedy written and performed by Maureen Angelos, Babs Davy, Dominique Dibell, Peg Healey, and Lisa Kron, who are known collectively as the Five Lesbian Brothers. (New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. 302-6989.)

BUYA AFRICA—A musical with Thuli Dumakude. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.)

DOWN THE ROAD—A psychological drama, by Lee Blessing, about two writers and a serial killer. (Atlantic, 336 W. 20th St. 645-1242. Closes June 27.)

FOOL MOON—Bill Irwin and David Shiner are the inspired clowns in a show that is perfection itself. The only sound you'll hear is the merry music of the Red Clay Ramblers and the abundant laughter of the audience. (3/8/93) (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211.)

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1993—Once again, a galaxy of parodies that sharpen into satire. This edition is as witty as its predecessors. Among the newer shows under consideration are "Guys and Dolls" and "Falsettos," and the holdovers include "Les Misérables" and "The Phantom of the Opera." Gerard Alessandrini is the clever writer and director. (1/25/93) (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.)

THE GOODBYE GIRL—Bernadette Peters and Martin Short, two brilliant, funny stars, transform this otherwise indifferent musical adaptation of Neil Simon's movie into a sporadically festive evening. The dances by Graciela Daniele are more than helpful, as is the comic support by John Christopher Jones. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by David Zippel. Michael Kidd directed. (3/15/93) (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.)

HELLO MUDDAH, HELLO FADDUH—A musical based on the song parodies of Allan Sherman and offering further proof that Camp Lite is taking over Off Broadway. The show was conceived and written by Douglas Bernstein and Rob Krausz. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330.)

HOMO ALONE: LOST IN COLORADO—The "queer comedy troupe" that calls itself Planet Q addresses the issues you'd expect, but it is the unexpected that sends the show soaring: Calvin Klein rather than Cardinal O'Connor, Martha Stewart instead of the military ban. In the game-show skit "You Are Joan" the highly censorious host (in ruby lipstick, white terry robe, and white-towel beehive head wrap) slowly transforms himself into Mommie Dearest. Banishing a contestant, he screams "No consolation prizes, EVER!" Directed by Chisianne Eastwood, with a cast of seven. (St. Marks Studio Theatre, 94 St. Marks Pl. 978-7300.)

JEFFREY—A comedy, by Paul Rudnick, about love in the age of AIDS; with John Michael Higgins. It is less a fleshed-out play than a series of Scenes from Gay Life, but Mr. Rudnick can quip with the best of them. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane. 420-8000.)

JEWISH REPERTORY THEATRE—Presenting a revised version of the 1970 musical **SHOW ME WHERE THE GOOD TIMES ARE**. With Robert Ari and Roslyn Kind. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Closes June 27.)

KISS OF THE SPIDER WOMAN—A musical, based on the novel by Manuel Puig, with a distinguished book by Terrence McNally, a star performance by Brent Carver, as the heroic homosexual window dresser, and another by the redoubtable Chita Rivera, in the title role. Under Harold Prince's direction, the



Eric Stoltz, Lisa Eichhorn, and John Dossett in "Down the Road."

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THE THEATRE—Cont'd

action is always lively and often witty and tender. The songs are by John Kander and Fred Ebb, the setting is by Jerome Sirlin, and the costumes are by Florence Klotz. (5/24/93) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

LATER LIFE—In A. R. Gurney's new play, a man and woman who haven't seen each other in thirty years meet up again. (6/14/93) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

OLEANNA—David Mamet, in fine, curmudgeonly form, takes on political correctness, sexual harassment, and a number of other topics in this brief, powerful drama that continues to stir up the ideologues. The play's skepticism is as evenhanded as it is corrosive. Treat Williams and Mary McCann make up the cast. (11/16/92) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 307-4100.)

PLAYBOY OF THE WEST INDIES—Mustapha Matura transplants John Millington Synge's "Playboy" from Ireland to Trinidad. That it survives the move so well is due, in part, to Mr. Matura's poetic fluency in wielding the local patois, and, in part, to the distinguished cast, under the direction of Gerald Gutierrez. As the Playboy himself, Victor Love gives a first-rate performance. He receives strong support from Michele Shay, Lorraine Toussaint, Antonio Fargas, and Arthur French. (5/24/93) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center, 239-6200.)

PLAYLAND—A two-character play by Athol Fugard that premiered last summer at the Market Theatre in Johannesburg. Frankie R. Faison and Kevin Spacey make up the cast. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

RACE—Paul Mooney, a black comedian and writer best known for his collaborations with Richard Pryor, is hyperbolically offensive to people of all races in this one-man standup show, yet somehow he ends up seeming honest, and even friendly. Some of his jokes are old, and he occasionally stops for a brief lecture on, say, the evils of Hollywood, but his quick wit and keen commentary carry the show. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.)

SHAKESPEARE FOR MY FATHER—A marvellous one-woman show, in which Lynn Redgrave reviews her own life in a search for her unloving father, Michael Redgrave. She combines anecdotes, brilliant thumbnail impersonations of British actors, and wry reminiscence with passages from Shakespeare, which she delivers with eloquence and emotion. This essentially serious evening is often as amusing as it is sad. (5/10/93) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450.)

SHE LOVES ME—A revival of the 1963 musical by Joe Masteroff, Jerry Bock, and Sheldon Harnick. The cast features Jonathan Freeman, Boyd Gaines, Brad Kane, Judy Kuhn, Sally Mayes, Howard McGillin, Lee Wilkof, and Louis Zorich. (Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400.)

THE SISTERS ROSENBERG—Wendy Wasserstein's new play, a comedy with serious undertones, is about the reunion in London of three American Jewish sisters—an international banker, a travel writer, and a wife and mother who's a professional dispenser of advice.

They are portrayed by Jane Alexander, Christine Estabrook, and Madeline Kahn. The spirit of Chekhov hovers but never intrudes. Laughter is continuous. (11/2/92) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

TEN BELOW—An odd young man in a baby-blue tuxedo jacket brings a homeless man home with him one very cold night. There are a few moving scenes and some of the dialogue is jarring and insightful. The show never quite becomes a play, but one almost doesn't notice, because of Kevin Conway's tremendous performance as the homeless man and Anthony Edwards' inspired attempt at the poorly defined role of the young man. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523. Closes June 27.)

THREE HOTELS—This new play by Jon Robin Baitz is no more than a technical exercise, but what technique! Debra Monk and Ron Rifkin are superb as husband and wife; the versatile Joe Mantello directed. (Circle Repertory Company, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100.)

THE WHO'S TOMMY—Pete Townshend's music—however muted for Broadway—has an indubitable thrill, but director Des McAnuff's production is caught on the horns of a theatrical dilemma that no amount of slick, exhausting spectacle can resolve. The hero, that deaf, dumb, and blind kid, is spectacularly passive, and thus unreachable, un-

knowable, and essentially undramatic. (5/3/93) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

WILD MEN!—Set in "the North Woods" on a "Wild Man Weekend," the show makes outrageous mockery of the men's movement, its primal yearnings, and its guru, Robert Bly. Though not penetrating, the evening benefits from the vitality of everyone onstage. "Cheers" survivor George Wendt stars, along with a host of Chicago's Second City alums. (Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

WRONG TURN AT LUNGFISH—The play owes more to day-in, day-out television than it does to the theatre. With Calista Flockhart, Michael E. Knight, Kathleen Marshall, and Fritz Weaver. (3/8/93) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

LONG RUNS

BEAU JEST: Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES**: Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **CATS**: Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **CRAZY FOR YOU**: Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **FALSETTOS**: Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS**: Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **FOREVER PLAID**: Sieve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. . . . **GUYS AND DOLLS**: Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **JELLY'S LAST JAM**: Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200. . . . **LES MISÉRABLES**: Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON**: Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **THE NIGHT LARRY KRAMER KISSED ME**: Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 564-8038. (Closes June 27.) . . . **NUNSENSE**: Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. . . . **PERFECT CRIME**: Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 695-3401. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA**: Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING**: St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200. . . . **THE WILL ROGERS FOLLIES**: Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 730-8200.

DANCE

Turning Points

CYNTHIA GREGORY—who during her years at American Ballet Theatre was on just about everybody's short list of technical powerhouses—never entered ballet competitions and never believed in them. She still doesn't, even though this year she's serving as a judge for one—as chairwoman of the judges, in fact, for the New York International Ballet Competition, which will conclude with a gala public performance by the participants on June 28 at Alice Tully Hall. "I've never even seen a ballet competition before," she said recently. "I don't believe you can judge artists—it's a matter of taste."

Ms. Gregory does believe that one can judge technique, however. "There's an international standard worldwide now," she said. "Your body must be perfectly aligned and the muscles must be elongated. Women have to have high extensions. Men have to do a good double tour, at least. And everybody has to do at least three pirouettes from a single preparation." She notes a downside to the emphasis on better bodies, though, especially for women. "I notice now that women's arches go over more on their points than they used to. It looks beautiful, but it's not so good for doing fouettés." Ms. Gregory learned her own spectacular fouetté technique from Robert Rossellat, a student of Olga Preobrajenskaya's. "He really broke down pirouettes and analyzed them," she said. "He's an unsung hero."

PERFORMANCES

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—The Balanchine Celebration, June 16 at 8: "Chaconne," "Pavane," "Duo Concertant," and "Union Jack." . . . June 17 at 8: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . June 18 at 8: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Sonatine," "Variations pour une Porte et un Soupir," and "Chaconne." . . . June 19 at 2: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Pavane," "Scherzo à la Russe," "Duo Concertant," and "Cortège Hongrois." . . . June 19 at 8: "Ballo della Regina," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . June 20 at 1: "La Source," "Sonatine," "Tzigane," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . June 20 at 7: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . June 22 at 8: "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," "Chaconne," and "Union Jack." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through June 27.)

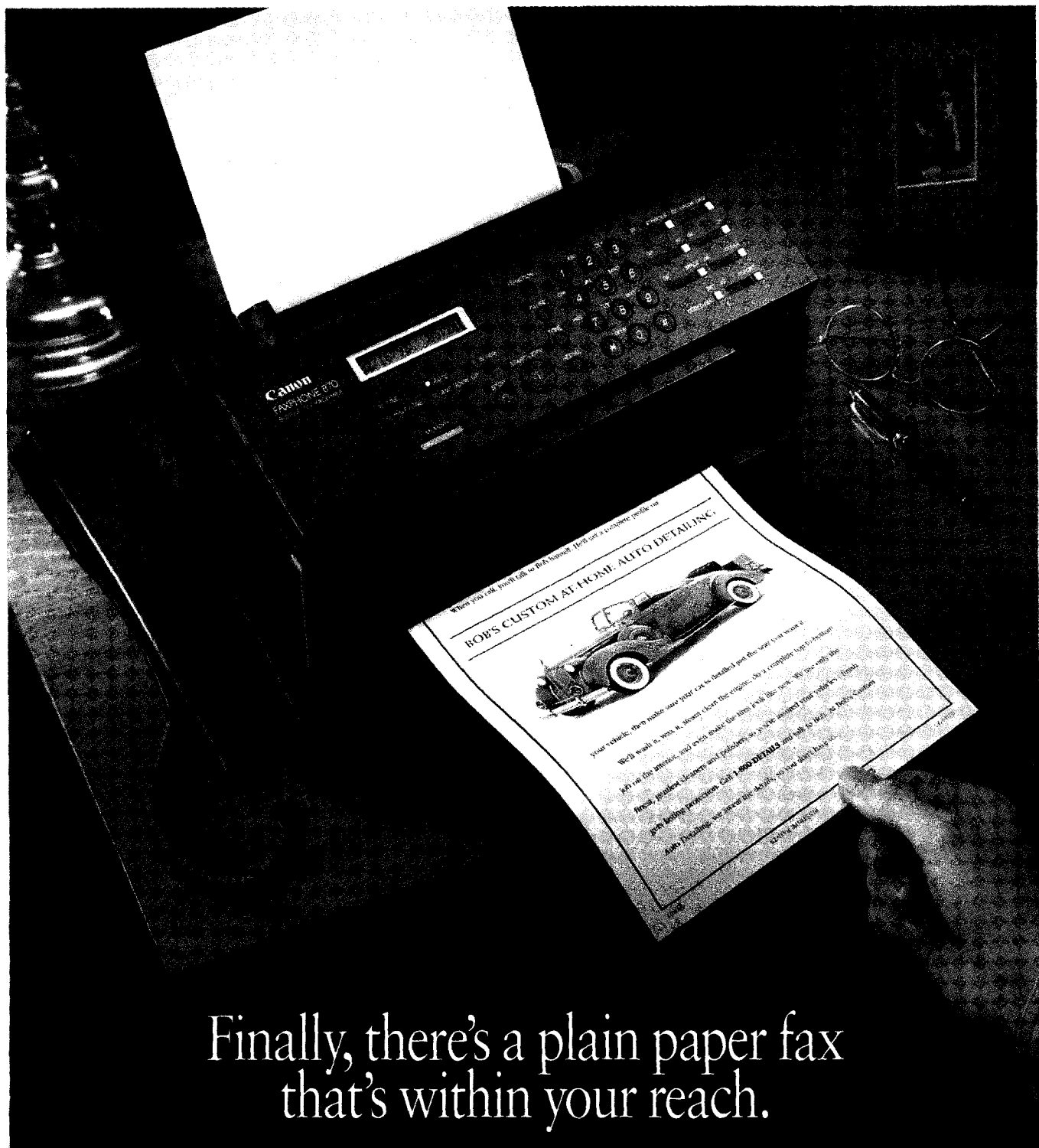
PILOBOLUS DANCE THEATRE—Opening performances of a four-week engagement, June 21 at 8: "Rejoyce: A Pilobolus Finnegan's Wake" (New York premiere) and other works. . . . June 22 at 8: "Slippery Hearts" (New York premiere) and other works. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through July 17.)

NEW YORK INTERNATIONAL BALLET COMPETITION—The opening performance of an event that brings together forty-eight dancers from twenty-two countries. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. June 22 at 7:30. Through June 28.)

DAVID CHUNG



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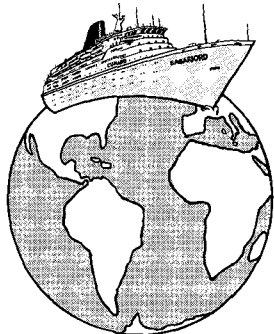
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CUNARD

W34

NIGHT LIFE

A Different Flock

TAVERN ON THE GREEN is a beloved New York institution, but not necessarily to people who actually live in New York. Despite its dramatic Central Park setting—it was built, in 1870, to house the sheep that once grazed the Sheep Meadow—local diners have generally yielded the right-of-way to wedding parties and tourists in horse-drawn carriages. Judging from the gift shop, the Edward Scissorhands topiary, and the glitz that greets you at every turn, this is what was intended.

Lately, though, the Tavern has expanded its repertoire, with the opening of a jazz spot called the Chestnut Room. The club, which resembles a hunting lodge, is every bit as over the top as the rest of the establishment—this is surely the only place in town where you can hear

live jazz in the company of gilded sculptures of deer. But the musical offerings so far have been impressive. Susannah McCorkle, Roland Hanna, and John Bunch have passed through, and the next few weeks will bring in Houston Person and Etta Jones (through June 20) and the Dick Hyman trio (from June 22). On a recent evening, the Kit McClure big band—all women and all dressed in black cocktail dresses—caromed from "In the Mood" to "I Can't Get Started" to James Brown's "Cold Sweat." The group was energetic and proficient, the arrangements were lively, and everyone onstage seemed to be having a good time, despite the many empty seats in the room. That, too, may change. If the club can maintain the calibre of its recent bookings, even the sheep will want to come back.

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out some of the more notable performers in town. . . . Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.)

ACADEMY, 234 W. 43rd St.—A cozy former theatre, situated a few doors away from Times Square, where techno and college-rock bands, among others, occasionally turn up. **SONIC YOUTH** beam aboard on June 21-22, with the **BREEDERS** and St. Johnny. Sonic Youth may never catch a ride on the Nirvana express, but then success might spoil them. Brave guitar noise and passion galore will

have to do for now. The Breeders, featuring ex-Pixies bassist and singer Kim Deal, offer a strong, unexpected set of answers to the question "What do women in rock want?" For concert information, call 249-8870.

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**JEFF HARNAR**'s engagement in the Oak Room runs through June 19. Dining.

ARTHUR'S TAVERN, 57 Grove St. (675-6879)—Some bars cater to a specific clientele, but Arthur's is a free-for-all. It's a small, strange Village bar that looks like a pack rat's attic. In the back is a small, bar-encircled stage, where one can usually find patrons listening to, cheering on, and joining in with the musicians. Sundays belong to Lee Lorenz and his band.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A sleek, green-walled room with brass railings and mounted O'Keeffian animal skulls. Look closer and you'll find that the skulls are wearing earrings. After the show, be sure to check out the adjoining restaurant/tapas bar, which looks like the indoor food market of your dreams. **PHOEBE LÉGERE**, sex goddess and multi-instrumental virtuoso, begins a run this week. Closed Mondays.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Once you get past the rough bits here—the hordes of tourists, the cattle-car seating, the stiff prices—you're likely

to find yourself face to face with some of the biggest names in jazz. The **AL DIMEOLA WORLD SINFONIA TRIO**, the fleet-fingered jazz guitarist's Mediterranean-flavored acoustic outfit, works out through June 20. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—This big, airy folk-and-rock club used to be the site of a lot of music-industry bashes, but now it's an eclectic and hard-to-figure-out venue for the good, the bad, and (sometimes) the great. June 16-17: **WILLY**

DE VILLE and the Wild Magnolias. June 18: **KATE AND ANNA MC GARRIGLE** will be celebrating the re-release of their first two albums on Hannibal Records. June 19: Gavin Friday and the Chanting House. June 22: **DARLENE LOVE**. Burgers, fries, and other things to make your heart beat faster.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The city's most famed rock club—a dark, narrow cave with neon-beer-sign stalactites and ancestral graffiti—is part sacred burial ground and part historic landmark, but it hasn't succumbed to nostalgia: new and used bands of every stripe continue to burn brightly here. June 19: **LUNACHICKS**.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—Through the iffy-looking side door, along the famous fun-house tunnel that's lined with mirrors and corrugated tin, and down a short flight of stairs, you'll find this softly lit, low-ceilinged, roughly Manhattan-shaped jazz preserve. Through June 20: **BUDDY GRECO** and quartet. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL**, the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Dining.

FIVE SPOT, 4 W. 31st St. (631-0100)—The latest entrant in the jazz-club sweepstakes. Set in a mammoth turn-of-the-century ballroom, the space is all marble and gilt, with a few modern touches, such as the zebra-patterned carpeting in the V.I.P. room upstairs. Through June 17: **NELSON RANGELL**. June 18-20: **MANNY**

KAREN CALICOTT



Sonic Youth at the Academy.

OUQUENDO'S LIBRE, a salsa jazz band. Dining. **GRAND**, 76 E. 13th St. (777-0600)—The former home of the gone and forgotten Cat Club. The new owners have given the space a much-needed face-lift—more bars, a paint job, a new stage, and a thumping sound system. Only the velvet rope out front remains. The high-powered British punk-poppers the **STRANGLERS** are here on June 16. **DRAMARAMA** and **GUTTERBALL** claim June 17. **Dramarama** is a marvellous, straightforward rock band from Wayne, New Jersey, that made it big in L.A. Their 1991 release, "Vinyl," was a melodic wonder, and they're just about to offer up a new platter, "Hi-Fi-Sci-Fi." **WARREN HAYNES** performs on June 18. **KNITTING FACTORY**, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—The club most likely to feature an electric-rake player. Run by a couple of forward-looking Wisconsinites, the Knitting Factory books all manner of neo-this and post-that ensembles. The atmosphere is low-key, low-budget bohemian. **FREEDY JOHNSTON**, **MARC RIBOT**, and others are here on June 19.

LIMELIGHT, Sixth Ave. at 20th St. (807-7850)—This former Episcopal church now serves the techno-babblers and the big-hair set. But their roster of bands can surprise you. **NEW MODEL ARMY** is here on June 17.

LONE STAR ROADHOUSE, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—A two-tiered honky-tonk that looks as if it could have been the inspiration for the *Hard Rock Café*. (It wasn't, of course; money was.) Upstairs, there's a display of vintage Gibson guitars. Downstairs, in the dining room, there's a stage, a dance floor, and caricatures of musicians who have blown through over the years. June 19: the **COLIN LINDEN** band, with **LEVON HELM**. Dining.

MAXWELL'S, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—The bands that play here today will be playing somewhere more expensive tomorrow. June 17: the Fluid and Love Battery. June 18: **GIANT SAND**, **VIC CHESNUTT**, and Spent. Giant Sand is the evidence for the argument that Tucson, Arizona, is the next rock-and-roll hot spot. The trio plays big, strange, but tuneful indie pop, and they're coming to town accompanied by a buzz of excitement over their new album, "Center of the Universe."

MERC BAR, 151 Mercer St. (966-2727)—This downtown watering hole—whose neighbor will soon be SoHo's first hotel—is about refined rusticity, with its sleek wood paneling, black-and-white triptych of Niagara Falls, and screens made of thatched antlers. The attraction is the relaxed downtown crowd, which can see and be seen—through the vast glass doors at the front of the bar—lounging for hours on brocaded ottomans and a long cowhide couch.

METROPOLIS, 31 Union Sq. W., at 16th St.—The basement of this restaurant, a small, tidy, marble-pillared space, is the site of various musical happenings, most notably a club called Giant Step. Every Thursday night, the club's proprietors arrange blind dates between jazz and rap. As d.j.s spin jazz, funk, and hip-hop records, a loose collective of musicians and rappers take turns improvising. You never know who might show up, but Roy Hargrove, Branford Marsalis, and the members of Digable Planets are a few of the artists who have passed through. For schedule information, call 627-8616.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A midtown restaurant and jazz lair for the tasselled-loafers set. "A Big Band Story," with **JOHN COLIANNI'S GREAT AMERICAN SWING ORCHESTRA**, featuring vocalist Sara Zahn, is currently on tap. Closed Sundays.

RAINBOW & STARS, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—A moondust-in-your-hair cabaret where a club soda costs, well, a lot. **LAURIE BEECHMAN** is currently on hand. Closed Mondays.

RED BLAZER TOO, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—It may look like a plain old steak house, and the photos on the walls may look like Sardi's leftovers, but in the back room you'll find swing bands, Dixieland combos, and couples who remember how to dance. Mon-

days belong to pianist Macy Blackburn, Tuesdays to Jim Lawyer and his Bluebird Society Orchestra, Thursdays to Stan Rubin's big band, Fridays to Lew Anderson's big band and Cathy Chamberlain and the Ace-in-the-Hole band, and Saturdays to Bob Cantwell and His Stompers. On June 16, the Nancy Donnelly trio will be here, followed by Sam Ulano and the Bourbon Swingers.

RITZ, 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—A massive rock club, where the orchestra has been gutted for maximum standing capacity, where you have to wear a hospital-style wristband if you want to drink, and where, if you're bored with the band, you can watch the goons guarding the stage pass along rowdies like buckets of water at a fire. June 18: **MEGADETH**, with Quicksand and Collision.

ROSELAND, 239 W. 52nd St.—This otherwise elegant dance hall has a penchant for booking demonically intense rock bands. Perry Farrell's new band, **PORNO FOR PYROS**, is here on June 19-20. The group might as well have been called Jane's Addiction II, but if it makes no breakthroughs musically, it maintains Farrell's taut fascination with transgression and his lollapalooza-sized ambition. With the Flaming Lips. For concert information, call 249-8870.

RUSSIAN TEA ROOM, 150 W. 57th St. (265-0947)—Upstairs, there's a small red-gold-and-green cabaret. On June 20, **STEVE ROSS** celebrates Cole Porter's birthday. On, June 21, an evening of Kurt Weill and Burton Lane, with Jaymie Meyer and Phillip Officer. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A pretty serious jazz shrine where you have to pass within inches of the stage to reach the rest rooms. The **NAT ADDERLEY** quintet performs through June 20. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter **MILES EVANS** is in action on Mondays. Dining.

TAVERN ON THE GREEN, Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200)—In the heart of the heart of this legendary indoor-outdoor eatery is one of

Manhattan's newer jazz spots, the Chestnut Room. **HOUSTON PERSON** and **ETTA JONES** are here through June 20.

TIME CAFÉ, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—Hidden within this sleek and trendy restaurant is a two-story club called Fez. Upstairs is a sumptuous Moroccan bar and lounge appointed with satin couches, mosaic tables, and Arabian-style fixtures. The downstairs room, where bands perform, is rather plain in comparison, but still a comfortable spot to take in a show. The **MINGUS BIG BAND** packs them in every Thursday. The fourteen-piece ensemble concentrates exclusively on the tricky, cacophonous work of its catalyst, Charles Mingus. **DAVID MURRAY** and **KAHIL EL'ZABAR** will be here on June 21. Dining.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The world's most famous jazz club is also the last place in town that still looks, feels, and smells like a classic jazz club—subterranean, smoky, and thick with the spirits of past masters. **PAUL MOTIAN**, **JOE LOVANO**, and **BILL FRISSELL** work out through June 20. Mondays are reserved for the **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA**.

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

ROXBURY, the most gossip-column-inspiring hip club in L.A. (and ground zero for Shannen Doherty-bashing), has the incongruous ambience of a rib joint with a great d.j. (It's at 8225 Sunset Boulevard, in West Hollywood.) Late on the evening of Calvin Klein's Hollywood Bowl AIDS-benefit extravaganza, the bar's modest attractions were outclassed by the fearless attitude of nearly three hundred male and

From left to right: "Carrick," "Sellier," "Capitaine Nemo" and "Clipper" watches from \$1,075; Hermès windbreaker, \$1,225.

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HERMÈS
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female models, who rocked in celebration of their runway strutting a few hours earlier. Many of them were not professionals—yet. (The enduring lure of celluloid immortality has culminated in L.A.'s having a helluva gene pool.) But back in their own duds, the smashing-looking, too-young-to-vote crowd proved that the Calvinizing they'd just submitted to was not their first brush with buffed style, by offering a design lab's worth of sartorial and subcultural information:

1. Waist size is a hangup. Neck size doesn't apply. Baggy is better.
2. At least one piece of clothing must be worn on or around a body part other than the part for which it was intended.
3. The publishers of the classic work-

ing-woman tome "Scarf Tying Magic" should see what can be done with a T-shirt.

4. Important conversational points are best punctuated by a flip of a guaranteed-to-fall-back-in-the-face-again forelock.

5. White girls no longer dance around pocketbooks.

6. White men *can* jump.

7. L.A. has seen the look of the future, and it has a Stüssy label on it.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY— PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

"THE INVISIBLE CIRCUS"—Victoria Chaplin and Jean Baptiste Thiérrée, creators of "Le Cirque Imaginaire," return with a new show. (Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. 307-4100. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 3.)

ART

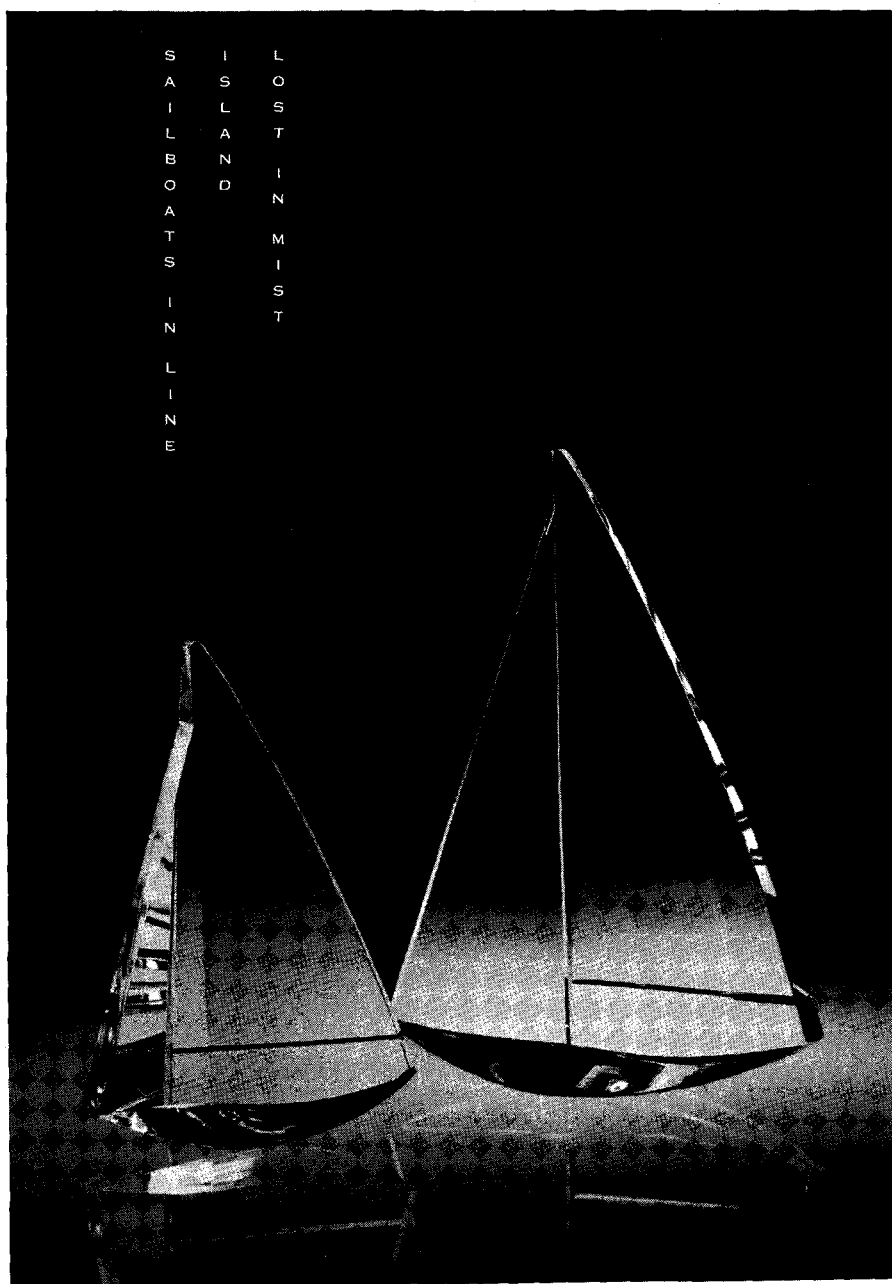
Missing the Picture

AT the end of a tour that included Seville and Paris, "Latin American Artists of the Twentieth Century" has come to New York and can be viewed at MOMA through September 7. It is huge, ambitious, and disappointing. The show offers plenty of dazzling works, but without putting them in a larger historical context. The great paradoxical fervors—for icons and iconoclasm, for heightened imagery as well as "pure" optical abstraction—that seem so germane to Latin-American visual traditions have become indistinct. Categorical groupings, such as Early Modernism, Expressionism and Landscape Painting, or Recent Paintings and Sculpture, fail to accommodate the arc of any individual career. Except for Diego Rivera, who is represented as both an Early Modernist and a Social Realist, artists have been assigned to only one such grouping, often without regard to prior or subsequent periods of greater significance. Thus we may see the Brazilian painter Hélio Oiticica (1937-80) as a young Neo-Constructivist without getting any inkling of his later work—for instance, his interactive installations from the seventies.

Inevitably, one makes some interesting rediscoveries: Tarsila do Amaral (1886-1973), for example, a lively Cubo-Surrealist painter from Brazil, and Jesús Rafael Soto, the Venezuelan whose brilliant Op constructions, famous during the sixties, seem timely again. The youngest generation, including Julio Galán, Guillermo Kuitca, Jac Leirner, and Ray Smith, is especially strong. But this exhibition's high points don't quite make up for its lack of focus. Given MOMA's history of involvement with the ideals of Pan-Americanism, it is a surprising lapse.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Abstract Expressionism: Works on Paper, Selections from the Collection." This show, which presents work from 1938 to 1967, seems almost comically tame in the light of Abstract Expressionism's initial reputation. Included are de Kooning, Motherwell, Pollock, Stamos, Tobey, and many others. . . . ¶ "Splendid Legacy: The Havemeyer Collection." More than four hundred and fifty works—Islamic pottery, Tiffany Favre glass, Manets, Monets, Degas, etc.—from the Havemeyer family's modest agglomeration. Through June 20. . . . ¶ "The Waking Dream: Photography's First Century" presents rare prints from 1839 to 1939. Through July 4. . . . ¶ "Drawings from the J. Paul Getty Museum." More than a hundred small works and figure studies, with special emphasis on the Italian Renaissance, including Leonardo's delicate sketch of a child embracing a lamb (for a painting long since lost) and other works by, for example, Bernini, Bronzino, Mantegna, Raphael, and Titian. . . . ¶ The New Costume Institute's first show, "Infra-Apparel," presents three centuries of underwear as outerwear, from the diaphanous frocks



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MUSEUM CRYSTAL
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Umbrellas at the Japan Society.

of the Directoire period to Jean Paul Gaultier's remarkable costumes for Madonna. . . . ¶ "Persian Tiles" features more than fifty examples from the museum's collection, most of them from the nineteenth century. . . . ¶ "Modern Metalwork" showcases diverse works in metal, from Art Nouveau jewelry to a massive steel lounge chair. . . . ¶ "The Art of Pre-Columbian Gold: The Jan Mitchell Collection." (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 9.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Latin American Artists of the Twentieth Century." . . . ¶ Dadaist photomontages by John Heartfield and photographs by Philip-Lorca diCorcia. Through July 6. . . . ¶ Drypoints by Braque and Picasso, Pop art that incorporates commercial signs, and computer-assisted photographs are among the more than ninety lithographs in "Reading Prints," an installation tracing the role of language in art. Through July 6. . . . ¶ "Cinderella," an installation, both comical and poignant, of seventeen photographs, in which the characters are William Wegman's sad-faced weimaraners. Through July 6. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Modern Masterpieces from the Permanent Collection" features more than a hundred works, from Impressionism to Cubism, including paintings by Cézanne, Gauguin, van Gogh, Mondrian, Miró, and Picasso. (Open daily, except Thursdays, 10 to 8.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM SoHo, 575 Broadway—"Paul Klee" is an exhibit of more than seventy paintings, watercolors, drawings, and prints which examines the confluence of traditional German graphic illustration (wherein the "real" is often portrayed as gruesome and bizarre) and color theory in Klee's work.

This focus is particularly clear in "Dance You Monster to My Soft Song" (1922), in which an absurd figure hovers on a field of canary yellow. The show also features work from Klee's fertile Bauhaus period. . . . ¶ "Singular Dimensions in Painting" might be subtitled "Revenge of the Philistines." This exhibit of minimalist work, primarily from the fifties and sixties, includes Ad Reinhardt's infamous "Abstract Painting," a matte-black canvas mounted in a matte-black frame; Robert Rymann's similar white paintings, Ellsworth Kelly's aptly titled "Blue, Green, Yellow, Orange, Red"; and Mark Rothko's sombre color-field works. . . . ¶ More than three thousand future masters in "A Year with Children." The exhibit, sponsored by Learning Through Art, a group that uses the visual arts to confront illiteracy in inner-city students, includes accordion books with sculpted covers, bestiaries, masks, and murals. Through June 20. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday through Saturday evenings until 10.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The big red firetruck may be gone, but there's still one week left to see the 1993 Biennial before it closes, on June 20. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

JAPAN SOCIETY, 333 E. 47th St.—The umbrella, to the Japanese, has always appealed richly to the senses—with its smell, if it has been freshly oiled; with its *thunk* as it's opened; and with its translucent indigo or red paper, which filters sunlight to create a kind of private sky. "Rain and Snow: The Umbrella in Japanese Art," is an exhibition of a hundred and forty objects, dating from the seventeenth century through the twentieth, which includes not only examples of the real thing

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Alfonso Ossorio at Zabriskie.

but paintings, illustrated books, period photographs, textiles, netsuke, sword fittings, ceramics, export silver, and prints. The show also reveals how Western artists have latched on to the umbrella as a symbol of all things Japanese, notably in a project by Christo in which more than three thousand gigantic umbrellas were opened simultaneously at two inland valleys north of Tokyo and Los Angeles on October 9, 1991, an event documented here by two collages. Through June 27. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Donald Lipski's startling installation, "Pieces of String Too Short to Save," has transformed the entire lobby into a vast junkyard—the detritus of a civilization. There is no string in sight, but there is just about everything else you can think of: books, bicycle reflectors, truck tires, cassette tapes, wooden lasts, dust mops—all of it hung on the back wall or piled on the floor. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Bears: Imagination and Reality." Black bears and grizzlies will be on dramatic display in twenty-three new dioramas here; visitors can also view a forty-claw necklace and video interviews with people who have survived close encounters with bruins. . . . ¶ "The Dinosaurs of Jurassic Park" features several life-size props created for Steven Spielberg, including a Tyrannosaurus rex, a triceratops, and a velociraptor. . . . ¶ More than fifty color photographs examining "The Pantanal: Brazil's Forgotten Wilderness," a floodplain "the size of Wyoming," home to rare and endangered animal and plant species. . . . ¶ "The Hall of Human Biology and Evolution," a new permanent exhibition. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Czech Cubism: Architecture and Design." Through July 25. . . . ¶ "Collecting A to Z." (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St.—"Culture and Continuity: The Jewish Journey" is a new permanent exhibition, that examines questions of identity, values, and culture in Jewish history. . . .

¶ "From the Inside Out" presents eight contemporary international artists, including Christian Boltanski (photographic assemblages) and Nancy Spero (heroic women in history), whose work explores the individual experience of Judaism. . . . ¶ Work by Alice Aycock, Marc Chagall, Max Liebermann, Jules Pascin, and others, in "Collecting for the Twenty-first Century: Recent Acquisitions and Promised Gifts," an exhibit of more than fifty prints, drawings, and other works on paper. (Open Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 11 to 5:45; Tuesdays, 11 to 8.)

MUSEUM FOR AFRICAN ART, 593 Broadway—The museum presents work by two contemporary African artists in "Home and the World: Architectural Sculpture by Aboudramane and Bodys Isek Kingelez." Aboudramane, who

hails from the Ivory Coast but lives in Paris, creates bright-colored, often fantastical structures—one of his buildings has horns. Kingelez, who is from Zaire, combines urban African design with international architecture. (Open Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 11 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, 11 to 8.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Dandies and Decadence: British Writers at the Turn of the Century" . . . ¶ "Femininity, Fashion, and Feminism" is an exploration of coded messages implicit in apparel. (Open Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 5:45; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:45.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

WILLARD BOEPPE—New sculptures made of raw or lightly pickled pine, all characterized by monumentality on a small scale (they average two feet in height) and a sense of arrested motion (you feel that if you pushed a button the collection of planks, knobs, and variously shaped chunks would spin or tumble). Through July 2. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

BRICE MARDEN—New paintings and works on paper that more than live up to their titles—for instance, "After Botticelli," "Uxmal," "Aphrodite," "Virgins," and, last but not least, the dryly Bacchic "Vine." Through June 26. (Marks, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

ROBERT ANDREW PARKER—Four decades of vividly colored etchings and aquatints, the best of which include Parker's steamy but vaguely sardonic nudes and semi-nudes, and an imaginative series depicting a liberated Gregor Samsa, buzzing miles above Austria or caught in a spotlight over New York City. There are also striking studies of jazz musicians, self-portraits, animals, and landscapes. Through June 23. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

ALFONSO OSSORIO (1916–90)—Those who remember the Whitney's wonderful lobby show, last fall, of Ossorio's virtuosic and obstreperous watercolors from the nineteen-forties,

will surely leap at this opportunity to see some slightly earlier works on paper and some rather agitated assemblages and sculptural works from the sixties and early seventies. In the grand historic sense, Ossorio may indeed turn out to be a minor master, as many have claimed, but his work looks vital right now. Through June 26. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

EDWARD SOREL—A retrospective of cartoons, caricatures, illustrations, and magazine covers—including some of his recent work for this magazine—from the past twenty-five years. Through June 24. (Society of Illustrators, 128 E. 63rd St.)

RICHARD SMITH—Recent paintings suggestive of kites and sails, and new drawings in the form of three-dimensional maquettes, by the English pioneer of Pop-flavored abstraction. Through June 25. (Feigen, 49 E. 68th St.)

SHORT LIST—**JEAN-MICHEL BASQUIAT**: Schlesinger, 24 E. 73rd St. Through June 30. . . . **ANDRAS BÖRÖCZ** and **JOY TAYLOR**: De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St. Through June 25. . . . **EDUARDO OLIVEIRA CEZAR**: Littlejohn-Sternau, 41 E. 57th St. Through July 10. . . . **DAVID DRISKELL**: Midtown Payson, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Through July 16. . . . **STUART FROST** and **SEYMOUR LIPTON**: Babcock, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Through June 25. . . . **PHILIP HERSHBERGER**: Schmidt Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. Through July 2. . . . **YOUNG-HOON KO**: Marisa Del Re, 41 E. 57th St. Through July 10. . . . **WILLY LENSKI**: O'Hara, 41 E. 57th St. Through July 2. . . . **KENNETH NOLAND**: Ulysses, 41 E. 57th St. Through July 3. . . . **KIKUO SAITO** and **JOHN DUBROW**: Salander O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. Through July 3. (Open Mondays). . . . **XUL SOLAR**: Adler, 41 E. 57th St. Through June 30. . . . **JOHN H. TWACHTMAN**: Spanierman, 50 E. 78th St. Through July 2. . . . **NOT VITAL**: Baron-Boisantié, 50 W. 57th St. Through June 30.

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

MICHAEL GOLDBERG—A mini-retrospective of a popular minor painter. The show begins with an energetic, painterly work from 1960, followed by several placid abstract paintings of the sixties—hybrids of late Abstract Expressionism and early post-minimalism, in which a wide, flat brushstroke functions as form. In the seventies, this brushstroke multiplies and becomes more geometrical, and in the eighties the artist's work turns both more agitated and more playful. The show ends with three highly charged recent paintings, in which the artist orchestrates all sorts of geometric and linear play on different layers of painted space. These nineties Goldbergs are, in a sense, compositional traffic jams. Through June 26. (Lennon Weinberg, 580 Broadway.)

WALT KELLY (1913–73)—Original artwork from Kelly's swamp comic strip, "Pogo." Through June 30. (F.D.R., 670 Broadway.)

JUTTA KOETHER—Large paintings with figurative and abstract markings combined in wildly busy surfaces—a kind of psychedelic expressionism suggestive of Kenny Scharf crossed with the French comic-book artists of the early eighties. The artist has titled these paintings "Antibodies I–V." Also on display are two notebooks with some transparent plastic sheets that reveal in overlay the stages in which the paintings were assembled. Through June 26. (Hearn, 39 Wooster St.)

ANNETTE MESSAGER—For close to two decades, Messenger's focus has been society's violence against women, expressed here by long metal spears pinning all sorts of things to the gallery wall: dolls; stockings stuffed with models of sexual organs; drawings of such sinister things as rape, crucifixion, and tanks in the desert; and maps that suggest invasion and colonization. Through June 26. (Baer, 476 Broome St.)

DARIO URZAY—This young Basque painter has taken pedestrian abstract paintings evoking sunrises, the desert, and stratified rock formations, and has hermetically sealed them under a thick coat of lacquer. They are dazzling in a benignly tasteless way. Through June 30. (Auchincloss, 558 Broadway.)

"OBJECTS OF DESIRE"—Paintings, sculptures, drawings, and photographs, all of nudes, made in this country, mostly in the first half of this century. As is often the case with thematic shows at this gallery, there is a congenial combination of the known and the unknown. The material includes Jose de Creff's semi-abstract carving of a woman (shaped approximately like a phallus), George Platt Lyne's homoerotic black-and-white photographs, and curiosities like male and female bronze lamp bases by Abastenia St. Mills. Through July 31. (Berman Daerner, 568 Broadway.)

"SEVEN LATIN AMERICAN ARTISTS"—This deft selection of works in various media by Arturo Duclos, Julio Galan, Guillermo Kuitca, Miguel Rios, Teresa Serrano, Jorge Tacla, and Meyer Vaisman manages to say quite a bit about contemporary Latin-American art. An emerging fascination for geographic, often autobiographical motifs, like maps and blueprints, is in evidence here, along with the more traditional interest, fuelled by Catholic and folkloric traditions, in metamorphosis. The show may make you want to see more of Serrano. Her three-part work, made of embroidered blankets, iron, and leather, and titled "The Three Mountains," must be one of the strangest and most evocative sculptures in town. As cozy as cabanas, they are also heraldic, suggestive of armor. Through June 30. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

"VINTAGE GAME BOARDS"—This granddaddy of SoHo galleries from time to time turns nostalgic, as in the current show of nineteenth- and twentieth-century American game boards. There are several examples of exuberant visual design among these boards, the best of which are evocative records of their time: from a 1905 Parker Brothers "Train to Boston," with its track snaking between four major cities, to a 1950 P. M. Mills "Globe-Trotters," its lofty view of the planet recalling the era's wonder at the discovery of the polar regions. Through July 16. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

GROUP SHOWS—At ALA, 560 Broadway: Works by five abstract painters. The best are Stephen Westfall's paintings of tightly spaced rectangles and Craig Fisher's splattered raw canvases. Through July 2. . . . **GOOD**, 532 Broadway: Three artists are currently showing. The jazziest works are Karin Davie's paintings. They are Op illusionism—striped paintings of what seem to be buttocks. The moodiest works are by Jacqueline Humphries—adept paintings, a cross between Brice Marden and Pat Steir, of gently snaking drips. Loosely in between are Jessica Stockholder's spirited painted constructions. Through June 19. . . . **SHAFRAZI**, 119 Wooster St. This show features paintings from 1982 and 1983, a moment of great energy in the art world, when a sense of impending doom was coupled with boundless enthusiasm. Included is one of David Salle's more enigmatic works, combining painting and furniture in a rumination on ego and longing; one of Jeff Koons' more complex vacuum-cleaner pieces, in which the machines look like aliens on display in a futuristic natural-history museum; one of Jean-Michel Basquiat's best paintings; and a rare Francesco Clemente canvas of a duplex heaven-and-earth interior, as compelling as it is unsuccessful. Even Kenny Scharf looks good here, with one of his cartoon jesters opening its mouth to describe a future that even then one knew was fantasy. Through June 25.

SHORT LIST—**NICOLAS AFRICANO**: Holly Solomon, 172 Mercer St. Through June 19. . . . **MAX FERGUSON**: Henoch, 80 Wooster St. Through June 30. . . . **ALINE GAGNAIRE**: Wimmer, 560 Broadway. Through July 10. . . . **CRISTOS GIANAKOS**: Stark, 594 Broadway. Through June 30. . . . **FRANK OWEN**: Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Through July 10. . . . **KENJI TSURUTA**: Cacciola, 125 Wooster St. Through July 7. . . . **BARBARA VALENTA**: O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway. Through July 17. . . . **JAMES WEEKS**: Hirschl & Adler Modern, 420 West Broadway. Through July 2.

PHOTOGRAPHY

True West

SOMEONE should do a big exhibition on rodeo photographs. The number of photographers who have been attracted to this subject is remarkable, and so is the fact that many of them have also had careers as fashion photographers. It makes sense that the rodeo would appeal to those who work in glamour, even though rodeo's grit and sweat are at the farthest extreme from fashion's polish; after all, cowboys offer plenty of visual style. One photographer who is articulate about the connections between his rodeo and fashion photography is Arthur Elgort. His black-and-white rodeo work can be seen at Staley-Wise (560 Broadway, through July 3). "The hair, the makeup, the buildup, for me those are the most honest moments of the fashion photograph," Elgort says in a statement prepared for this show. "In rodeo too, there is the backstage preparation, the getting ready, the concentration before the event. The cowboys allow you to observe them; they are so absorbed with what they are doing that they don't notice you."

Elgort began to photograph rodeos in 1989, and his pictures are full of life, and not at all clichéd. Elgort's cowboy photographs have the same vibrancy as his best fashion work. A lot of photographers think they have to make life more interesting than it already is, but Elgort knows how to find his shots in the moment. "With so much going on," he concludes, "you don't have to make the pictures—you just have to take them."

ANSEL ADAMS (1902-84)—A selection of Adams' familiar landscapes and vistas, as well as lesser-known photographic abstractions and portraits. Through July 29. (Mann, 42 E. 76th St.)

ROBERT FRANK—Photographs chronicling Frank's distinctive take on America in the fifties. Through June 26. (Houk Friedman, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

ROBERT MAPPLETHORPE (1946-89)—Black-and-white Polaroids taken between 1971 and 1975. Through June 25. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

SHORT LIST—**HERMAN OLIVER ALBRECHT**: York, 21 E. 65th St. Through July 16. . . . **JESSIE TARBOX BEALS**: Gallery 292, 120 Wooster St. Through June 19. . . . **ALEXANDRA EDWARDS** and **MICHAEL HOWELLS**: Danziger, 415 West Broadway. Through June 30. . . . **CHRISTOPHER JAMES**: Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Through July 2. . . . **DAVID LEVINTHAL** and **EDWARD CURTIS**: Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St. Through June 30. . . . **ANDREA MODICA**: Saul, 560 Broadway. Through July 2. . . . **DOROTHY NORMAN**: International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8. Through June 27. . . . **ONOFRIO PACCIONE**: Stendal, 622 Broadway. Through June 20. . . . **LARRY SULTAN**: Borden, 560 Broadway. Through July 9. . . . **SABINE WEISS** and **BRUCE CRATSLLEY**: Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. Through July 30.

(See the museum listings for photography exhibitions at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Museum of Modern Art, the Museum of Natural History, and the Jewish Museum.)

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MUSIC

Final Bow

DIFFICULT as it is to imagine a musical world without Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau in it, the word from his managers is that the great German baritone has decided to retire after some forty-five years on the stage and in the recording studios. At just about the same moment, his newest and presumably final recorded statement of Schubert's "Winterreise," the work with which he has probably been most closely identified, has arrived in the stores.

There must be hundreds of thousands of concertgoers around the world who are haunted by Fischer-Dieskau's retracings of this strange winter journey of the heart. He first performed the cycle as a student in Berlin, made his fame by singing it on radio in 1948 (he had not yet turned twenty-three), and electrified New York with a Town Hall performance in 1955. Over the years, he has made seven commercial recordings of "Winterreise," and such is the fascination of his ever-shifting experience of the songs that at least three live performance tapes (including that 1948 radio debut) have also been issued on compact disk. But though the world will be able to hear Fischer-Dieskau forever, it will miss seeing him: his concentrated stage presence, his nervously intense facial expressions, and his bodily response to the piano accompaniments—odd moments of apparent surprise. This new "Winterreise" was filmed in Germany and has been issued (by Sony Classical) in video as well as audio. At times the singer's phrasing is as hypnotic as ever, while at other times the sheer physical strain that singing now costs him cannot be disguised. But for those who already know and love his art, the mental editing will be no effort and the recording will be a treasured memento.

IN TOWN—OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA, CONCERT PRODUCTIONS—Free concerts in the parks. June 16: *L'ELISIR D'AMORE*, with Maria Spacagna, Marcello Giordani, Mark Oswald, Paul Plishka, and Korliss Uecker; conducted by Edoardo Müller. (Long Meadow Ballfields, Prospect Park, Brooklyn.) . . . ♪ June 18: *MADAMA BUTTERFLY*, with Diana Soviero, Wendy White, Franco Farina, and Dwayne Croft; Michelangelo Veltri. (Cunningham Park, Queens.) . . . ♪ June 19: *L'ELISIR D'AMORE*, with Maria Spacagna, Marcello Giordani, Mark Oswald, John Fiorito, and Korliss Uecker; Edoardo Müller. (Gateway National Recreation Area, Great Kills Park, Staten Island.) . . . ♪ June 22: *MADAMA BUTTERFLY*, with Eva Zsellar, Jane Shaulis, John Fowler, and Christopher Robertson; Michelangelo Veltri. (Van

Cortlandt Park, the Bronx.) (Evenings at 8. No tickets necessary. For rain-date information, call 362-6000.)

LUNCHTIME LECHERY—A much-abridged, staged performance of "Don Giovanni," Mozart's nod toward the unrepentant roué. (St. Paul's Chapel, Broadway at Fulton St. June 17 at noon. Admission by contribution.)

GLIMMERGLASS OPERA—An evening of excerpts from and discussion of David Carlson's "The Midnight Angel," which will be presented later this summer at the company's home in Cooperstown, New York; with Mr. Carlson, librettist Peter Beagle, stage director Linda Brovsky, and mezzo-soprano Elaine Bonazzi. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. June 21-22 at 8. For information about tickets, call 423-3664.)

IN TOWN—ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

"REMEMBERING LENNY"—The New York Philharmonic concludes its week-long salute to its



Leonard Bernstein

onetime music director Leonard Bernstein. June 16-19 at 8: Leonard Slatkin conducts Bernstein's "Fanfare for Bima," "Simple Song" (from "Mass," sung by baritone Vernon Hartman), "Opening Prayer" (from "Jubilee Games"), "Fancy Free," "Prelude, Fugue and Riffs" (featuring the orchestra's principal clarinetist, Stanley Drucker), and Symphony No. 2 ("The Age of Anxiety," in which Philippe Entremont will perform the extensive obbligato piano part). (Avery Fisher Hall, 875-5030.) . . . ♪ June 20 at 3: Members of the New York Philharmonic Ensembles will perform chamber works by Bernstein: his sonatas for violin and piano and for clarinet and piano, music from "West Side Story" (arranged for brass quintet), and "Arias and Barcarolles" (featuring mezzo-soprano Wendy White and baritone Christopher Trakas). (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719.) . . . ♪ Films with Bernstein scores will be screened on June 17 ("On the Waterfront") and June 19 ("West Side Story"). (Walter Reade Theatre, 165 W. 65th

St., plaza level. Call 875-5600 for schedule and ticket information.)

AMERICAN COMPOSERS ORCHESTRA—Dennis Russell Davies leads a concert performance of the Act I finale of Philip Glass's opera "The Voyage," as well as Roger Sessions' Symphony No. 6, and the premiere of Carolyn Yarnell's "Living Mountains." Paul Lustig Dunkel conducts the group in Hannibal Peterson's "African Portraits," which features Mr. Peterson's jazz quartet, the gospel singer Vanessa Bell Armstrong, the Morgan State University Choir, and drummer Kimati Dinizulu, among others. (Carnegie Hall, 247-7800. June 16 at 8.)

NEW JERSEY SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Fabio Mechetti conducts Barber's "Medea's Meditation and Dance of Vengeance" and excerpts from Prokofiev's "Romeo and Juliet"; Alasdair Neale leads Ravel's "Rapsodie Espagnole" and Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel." (Carnegie Hall, 247-7800. June 17 at 8.)

NEW YORK CITY GAY MEN'S CHORUS—Gary Miller directs the premiere of "Hidden Legacies," a cantata by Roger Bourland, among other works, in a concert that includes an appearance by the Amsterdam-based twenty-four-member gay men's chorus Noot Aan De Man, directed by Ries Fess. (Carnegie Hall, 247-7800. June 22 at 8.)

IN TOWN—RECITALS

FOUR NATIONS ENSEMBLE—The period-instrument trio, plus guests, perform quartets by C. P. E. Bach, Johann Schobert, and Mozart (his G-Minor Piano Quartet.) (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. June 16 at 7. No tickets necessary.)

BARGE MUSIC—Pianist Anne-Marie McDermott performs Bach's C-Minor Partita; violinist Mark Peskanov and cellist Jian Wang join forces for a sonata by Ravel; and all three bring their talents to bear on Mendelssohn's D-Minor Trio. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. June 17 at 6:30 and June 20 at 4; the Thursday performance will be preceded by a candlelit dinner.)

BRYANT PARK CONCERTS—June 18: The Meridian Arts Ensemble. . . ♪ June 21: The Mannes Woodwind Trio. (Sixth Ave. at 42nd St. Concerts begin at 12:30. No tickets necessary.)

"A MASS FOR MASS TROMBONES"—Wendy Mae Chambers one-ups Meredith Willson: her Requiem calls for seventy-seven trombones. David Gilbert conducts. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. June 19 at 9.)

MUSIC BEFORE 1800—Louise Basbas directs vocal music by Byrd, Monteverdi, and Purcell. (Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St. 242-4770. June 20 at 5.)

ORQUESTA NOVA—This octet (which comprises some of New York's most sought-after freelancers, and is co-directed by composer Carlos Franzetti and violist Juliet Haffner) represents a sonic fusion of classical chamber music and the infectious Latin-American styles of Argentine tango and milonga, Brazilian choro, and Cuban danzón. Fans of the group's CD of music by Piazzolla, Jobin Franzetti, and others (on the Chesky label) will doubtless be among the first in line at the box office. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. June 21 at 8.)

OUT OF TOWN

BACH ARIA FESTIVAL—This year's festival considers Bach's music as a crossroads of the regional musical styles of his time. June 16 at 8:30: "The Italian Bach," including works by Alessandro Marcello, Alessandro Scarlatti, and Vivaldi, in addition to arias and instrumental works by Bach (including his Fifth "Brandenburg" Concerto). . . ♪ June 19 at 8:30: "The French Bach," which alternates

MICHAEL WITTE

music by François Couperin and Lully (a scene from "Armide") with works by Bach (his Cantata No. 194 and B-Minor Orchestral Suite)... ¶ June 20 at 2: Music by Bach, Antonio Lotti, Jan Dismas Zelenka, and Heinrich Biber. (Staller Center for the Arts, Stony Brook. For information about tickets, pre-concert lectures, master classes, and other festival events, call 1-516 632-7239.)

CAPE MAY MUSIC FESTIVAL—June 16: Oboist Oscar Petty, Jr., with pianist Mario Lombardo, performing works by Corelli and Schumann... ¶ June 17: Jazz pianist Butch Thompson salutes Jelly Roll Morton... ¶ June 20: Pianist Andreas Haefliger, performing Schumann's "Davidsbündlertänze" and Mozart's F-Major Sonata (K. 332)... ¶ June 21: The New Jersey Symphony Orchestra Players, offering string quartets by Haydn, Schubert (in C Major, D. 956), and Barber. (Evenings at 8:30. For information about tickets and locations, call 1-609 884-5404.)

OPERA FESTIVAL OF NEW JERSEY—The organization's tenth season opens with "The Magic Flute," sung in English, and conducted by Michael Pratt. (Lawrenceville School, Lawrenceville, N.J. 1-609 936-1500. June 19 at 8. In repertory through July 17.)

RUTGERS SUMMERFEST—The first of three Schubert-related concerts by the musicians of Aston Magna. The opening concert is all Schubert, including piano works (featuring Malcolm Bilson), songs (with baritone Max van Egmond), and the "Trout" Quintet. (Nicholas Music Center, Rutgers University, New Brunswick, N.J. 1-908 932-7511. June 19 at 8, with a pre-concert lecture by Leon Botstein at 6.)

JAZZ/POP/ROCK PERSONAL APPEARANCES

FRED HO AND THE AFRO-ASIAN MUSIC ENSEMBLE—The baritone saxophonist and his five-member group. (Y.W.C.A. rooftop, Lexington Ave. at 53rd St. June 16 at 6. Tickets at the door on the evening of the concert.)

MOODY BLUES—Backed by the sixty-five-piece World Festival Orchestra. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-4777. June 16-17 at 8.)

PATTI LABELLE—Paramount, Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. June 18-19 at 8.

KENNY G—Bill Clinton's favorite musician, this smiling lite-jazz saxophonist has a critical backlash as big and unrelenting as the President's, but a much higher popularity rating. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-4777. June 18-20 and June 22 at 8. Through June 25.)

BUDDY GUY—This Chicago blues guitarist made harsh, gritty, and stinging urban blues for Chess Records in the sixties, and his sound went almost undiluted into the blues-rock of Eric Clapton and the Rolling Stones. He still lives the life (as a club owner in Chicago), and he made a long-awaited comeback with the Grammy-winning 1991 album "Damn Right, I've Got the Blues." His latest, "Feels Like Rain," is another fine outing, featuring collaborations with Bonnie Raitt, Travis Tritt, and John Mayall. His Stratocaster tells great stories. (Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. June 19 at 3. No tickets necessary.)

LOS LOBOS—This great L.A. rock band is best experienced live, and their express-train sound is as big as all outdoors. They do perfect ballads, too. (Central Park SummerStage. June 20 at 3. No tickets necessary.)

LYLE LOVETT AND HIS LARGE BAND/ROSANNE CASH—Lyle is still on the road with his Large Band, and still promoting last year's "Joshua Judges Ruth." While we await a followup, this act will remain a revelation of what country music mixed with R. & B. can amount to when a songwriting genius does his numbers. Meanwhile, Rosanne Cash is modestly touring as an opening act, despite a five-star body of work and a major new album, "The Wheel." For all-around pop intelligence, this is one the year's best bills. (Paramount, Madison Square Garden. 465-6741. June 22 at 8.)



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MUSIC—Cont'd

JVC JAZZ FESTIVAL—Proof positive that it's summer in the city, cats. June 18 at 8: **BETTY CARTER** and **GERRY MULLIGAN** appear in a deluxe setting worthy of their nonpareil abilities. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800.)... ¶ June 19 at 8: **CELIA CRUZ** and **TITO PUENTE**. (Carnegie Hall.)... Also at 8: **ANITA O'DAY**, **CASSANDRA WILSON**, and **MARANO & MONTEIRO**. Anita O'Day has yet to achieve the iconic stature of Betty Carter, Abbey Lincoln, and Rosemary Clooney, but there's still time. As the thrush for Gene Krupa's swing-era band, O'Day had all the requisite spunk; the passion of long-gone good times can be heard in her immortal exhortation to trumpeter Roy Eldridge on the 1941 hit "Let Me Off Uptown": "Well, blow, Roy, blow!" Her art deepened during stints with Woody Herman and Stan Kenton, as she soaked up bop's new flexibility and loosened her phrasing. She may have been the riskiest singer of the fifties; her Verve recordings find her bending melodic lines and retooling rhythms with the dexterity of a virtuoso horn player. O'Day's interpretative abilities and nerve remain intact. Homage, by now, is certainly due her. She shares the bill with Cassandra Wilson, a vibrant contemporary singer who is sometimes too spacey for her audience's good, and Nancy Marano and Eddie Monteiro, probably the jazz world's most acclaimed accordion-vocalist duo. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824.)... ¶ June 20 at 2: The most inspired double bill in the festival, and it's free. Tenor titan **ILLINOIS JACQUET** pilots America's last great big band; drum master **ARTHUR TAYLOR** is in charge of the Wailers, the tightest hard-bop unit around. Bring a hat. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. No tickets necessary.)... At 8: **TRIBUTE TO BILLY STRAYHORN**. Duke Ellington didn't write his theme song, "Take the 'A' Train." He didn't write "Chelsea Bridge," "Johnny Come Lately," "Passion Flower," or "Lush Life," either. Their composer, the late Billy Strayhorn, Ellington's remarkable aide-de-camp, hid in plain sight, writing and arranging alongside the maestro for three decades. A festival tribute was long in coming. Lena Horne and Bobby Short, both close friends of Sweet Pea, better be up for a challenge, and, with any luck, Duke's son Mercer will have tightened the Ellington Orchestra's creaky ship. Trumpeter Warren Vaché and guitarist Howard Alden can refract the lyricism, but tenor saxophonist Joe Henderson, enjoying a career resurgence sparked by his 1992 Strayhorn tribute album, has the best shot at capturing both the poetry and the power of Strayhorn's work. (Avery Fisher Hall. 875-5030.)... ¶ June 21 at 8: George Wein & the Newport All-Stars. (Town Hall.)... ¶ June 22 at 8: **WYNTON MARSALIS** and **JON FADDIS & THE JVC FESTIVAL BIG BAND**. The distracting alternation of excessive praise followed by excessive backlash sometimes clouds one basic fact: Wynton Marsalis remains a monster trumpet player. As a guest soloist, Marsalis will be in his element. Faddis stills holds dearly to his Johnny High Note status, but has increasingly been showing signs of maturity as a trumpet stylist and an organizer of large jazz ensembles. A Marsalis-Faddis tangle seems inevitable—neither takes prisoners. Saxophonist Joshua Redman, a hot shot who's beginning to live up to his worshipful press, opens. (Avery Fisher Hall.)... Also at 8: **CANDID RECORDS CELEBRATES BIRD AND MONK**. Does the world need another tribute to Charlie Parker and Thelonious Monk? At least there are plenty of undervalued heavyweights on the bill: altoists Gary Bartz and Charles McPherson, pianist Jaki Byard, and brassman Clark Terry among them. And the tunes—familiar as they may be—will always be beautiful. (Town Hall.)

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

YANKEES—Vs. the Boston Red Sox, June 16 at 7:30... ¶ Vs. the Minnesota Twins, June 17-18 at 7:30 and June 19 (Bat Day) and June 20 at 1:30.

METS—Vs. the Montreal Expos, June 21-22 at 7:40.

(The Yankees play at Yankee Stadium, 1-718 293-6000, and the Mets play at Shea Stadium, 1-718 507-8499.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

HOWL'N' FOR CARL—The ubiquitous Allen Ginsberg will read "Howl" in a tribute to Carl Solomon, to whom the poem was originally dedicated, and who died earlier this year. Poet Ed Sanders, biographer Ted Morgan, and others will also remember Mr. Solomon. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. June 16 at 8. Tickets at the door on the evening of the tribute.)

YES I SAID YES—On June 16, the day on which the action of James Joyce's "Ulysses" takes place, Symphony Space will celebrate with the twelfth annual Bloomsday on Broadway. There will be six hours of readings, beginning at 7, with a section, from 8:30 to 10, focussing on the unlikelihood of an Irishman's creating the greatest Jewish character in literature, Leopold Bloom. Fionnula Flanagan will read Molly Bloom's monologue during the final three hours. (Broadway at 95th St. Tickets at the door on the evening of the reading. Broadcast on WNYC 820 AM beginning at 8.)

SEAWORTHY—Wooden boats, including an Egyptian sculling barge, handcrafted kayaks, and

the newly restored hundred-year-old schooner Lettie G. Howard, will be on display at the fourth annual New York Wooden Boat Festival. The two-day event will feature, among other things, maritime craftsmen, a slide show of boats on the Hudson and Harlem Rivers, and musicians singing sea chanteys from all the Seven Seas. (South Street Seaport, Pier 16, East River at Fulton St. June 19-20, from 11 to 6. No tickets necessary.)

GAY DECADE—To celebrate its tenth anniversary and to kick off Gay Pride week, the Lesbian and Gay Community Services Center will host a blockbuster benefit block party, which will include performances by the Five Lesbian Brothers and Lavender Light, dancing, a catered dinner, and a silent auction. (Lesbian and Gay Community Services Center, 208 W. 13th St. 620-7310. June 21 at 6.)

ANY WAY YOU LIKE IT—Rakka-Thamm! Theatre Company will present "As You Like It" in Washington Square Park. The jungle gym, the fort, and the wooded area, all in the park's southwest corner, will serve as the stage. (Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. No tickets necessary. Through July 5.)

READINGS—June 20 at 7: Martin Duberman, Jaime Manrique, Rob Rodi, and others will read in celebration of Gay Pride. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. Tickets at the door on the evening of the reading.)... ¶ June 21 at 8:15: Ann Birstein and Lynne Sharon Schwartz will read from their own fiction. (Sulzberger Parlor, Barnard Hall, Barnard College, Broadway at 117th St. No tickets necessary.)... ¶ June 22 at 8: Richard Russo will read from his new novel, "Nobody's Fool." (Endicott Booksellers, 450 Columbus Ave. at 81st St. No tickets necessary.)

OTHER PEOPLE'S WORDS—June 16 at 6:30: Actress Irene Worth will read Henry James's "Monologue for Ruth Draper." (Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. 685-0008, ext. 347.)... ¶ June 22 at 6:30: The fourth installment of actors reading from Hemingway's "A Moveable Feast." (Battery Park City's Hudson River Park. No tickets necessary. Tuesday nights through July 6. For directions, call 864-1414.)

TALKS—June 17 at 6: Ballerina Suzanne Farrell will talk with journalist David Daniel about working with George Balanchine. (Bruno Walter Auditorium, New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. No tickets necessary.)... ¶ June 22 at 8:15: Gary Hart will talk about political reform. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100.)

WALKS & TOURS—June 19 at 11: Eye on Art Tours will visit artists' studios in Tribeca. For more information, call 877-5117.... ¶ June 19 at noon and 2:30: A Big Onion Walking Tour of the Coast Guard hideaway, Governors Island. For more information, call 439-1090.... ¶ June 19 at 1: A Radical Walking Tour of the East Village, including the history of Tompkins Square Park. For more information, call 1-718 492-0069.... ¶ June 19 at 1: Brooklyn Center for the Urban Environment will tour Grand Army Plaza and environs. For more information, call 1-718 788-8549.... ¶ June 20 at 1: The Lower East Side Tenement Museum will trace the lives of turn-of-the-century immigrant and vaudeville performers. For more information, call 431-0233.

MEMORANDUM—June 20: Remember dads everywhere—it's Father's Day.... ¶ June 21: The summer solstice occurs at 5 A.M.



Anita O'Day at the JVC Jazz Festival.

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EAST SIDE

ANGELIKA FILM CENTER, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)

Theatre 1: "Map of the Human Heart" (directed by Vincent Ward), with Anne Parillaud, Jason Scott Lee, and Patrick Bergin.
Theatre 2: "Much Ado About Nothing" (†).
Theatre 3: "Orlando" (†).Theatre 4: "Strictly Ballroom" (Baz Luhrmann).
Theatre 5: "Like Water for Chocolate" (Alfonso Arau; a Mexican film, in Spanish).
Theatre 6: "Orlando" (†).

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)

Through June 17: "Heimat II: Chronicle of a Generation: Episodes 2 and 3" (Edgar Reitz, in German).

From June 18: "Heimat II: Chronicle of a Generation: Episodes 4 and 5."

NEWMAN THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)

"A Time to Love and a Time to Die" (1958, Douglas Sirk), with John Gavin, Lilo Pulver, and Jock Mahoney.

MOVELAND 8TH STREET TRIPLEX, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)

Theatre 1: "Dave" (†).
Theatre 2: "Hot Shots! Part Deux" (Jim Abrahams), with Charlie Sheen.

Theatre 3: "Dave" (†).

VILLAGE THEATRE VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)

Theatre 1: Through June 17: "Sliver" (Phillip Noyce), with Sharon Stone, William Baldwin, and Tom Berenger. From June 18: "Last Action Hero" (John McTiernan), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Austin O'Brien.

Theatre 2: "Cliffhanger" (†).

Theatre 3: "What's Love Got to Do with It" (Brian Gibson), with Angela Bassett and Laurence Fishburne.

Theatre 4: "Menace II Society" (†).

Theatre 5: "Made in America" (†).

Theatre 6: "Cliffhanger" (†).

Theatre 7: "What's Love Got to Do with It."

GOINGS ON
ABOUT TOWN
THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22				

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER
ARE DESCRIBED IN "MOVIES IN BRIEF,"
STARTING ON PAGE 27.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through June 17: The Fifth Annual New York Lesbian and Gay Film Festival.

From June 18: "Hard-Boiled" (†).

VILLAGE EAST CINEMAS, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)

Theatre 1: "Un Coeur en Hiver" (†).

Theatre 2: "American Heart" (†).

Theatre 3: "Guilty as Sin" (†).

Theatre 4: "Super Mario Bros." (Rocky Morton and Annabel Jankel), with Bob Hoskins.

Theatre 5: "Life with Mikey" (†).

Theatre 6: "Wide Sargasso Sea" (†).

Theatre 7: "The Story of Qiu Ju" (Zhang Yimou; in Mandarin).

19TH STREET EAST 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)

Theatre 1: "Made in America" (†).

Theatre 2: "Life with Mikey" (†).

Theatre 3: "Menace II Society" (†).

Theatre 4: "Guilty as Sin" (†).

Theatre 5: "Posse" (Mario Van Peebles), with Van Peebles.

Theatre 6: "Super Mario Bros." (Rocky Morton and Annabel Jankel), with Bob Hoskins.

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

Through June 17: "Hot Shots! Part Deux" (Jim Abrahams), with Charlie Sheen.

From June 18: "Once Upon a Forest" (Charles Grosvenor), an animated film.

MURRAY HILL CINEMAS, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)

Theatre 1: "Menace II Society" (†).

Theatre 2: "What's Love Got to Do with It" (Brian Gibson), with Angela Bassett and Laurence Fishburne.

Theatre 3: "Guilty as Sin" (†).

Theatre 4: "Life with Mikey" (†).

34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "Cliffhanger" (†).

Theatre 2: "Sliver" (Phillip Noyce), with Sharon Stone, William Baldwin, and Tom Berenger.

Theatre 3: "Made in America" (†).

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

"Jurassic Park" (Steven Spielberg), with Sam Neill, Laura Dern, Jeff Goldblum, and Richard Attenborough.

EASTSIDE PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

"Like Water for Chocolate" (Alfonso Arau; a Mexican film, in Spanish).

SUTTON 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

Theatre 1: "Life with Mikey" (†).

Theatre 2: "Three of Hearts" (Yurek Bogayevicz), with William Baldwin, Kelly Lynch, and Sherilyn Fenn.

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

"Hot Shots! Part Deux" (Jim Abrahams), with Charlie Sheen.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"Map of the Human Heart" (Vincent Ward), with Anne Parillaud, Jason Scott Lee, and Patrick Bergin.

MANHATTAN TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: Through June 17: "Indecent Proposal" (Adrian Lyne), with Robert Redford, Demi Moore, and Woody Harrelson. From June 18: "Once Upon a Forest" (Charles Grosvenor), an animated film.

Theatre 2: "Dragon: The Bruce Lee Story" (Rob Cohen), with Jason Scott Lee and Lauren Holly.



Arnold Schwarzenegger and Austin O'Brien in "Last Action Hero."

59TH STREET EAST CINEMA, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
 "Howards End" (James Ivory), with Anthony Hopkins, Vanessa Redgrave, Helena Bonham Carter, Emma Thompson, and James Wilby.

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
 Theatre 1: (Matinées only) "Happily Ever After" (John Howley), an animated film; and (evenings only) "Lost in Yonkers" (Martha Coolidge), with Richard Dreyfuss, Mercedes Ruehl, and Irene Worth.
 Theatre 2: "Lost in Yonkers."

CINEMA I, CINEMA II, AND CINEMA 3RD AVENUE, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
 Theatre 1: "What's Love Got to Do with It" (Brian Gibson), with Angela Bassett and Laurence Fishburne.
 Theatre 2: "Guilty as Sin" (†).
 Theatre 3: "Wide Sargasso Sea" (†).

FIRST & 62ND CINEMAS, 400 E. 62nd. (752-4600)
 Theatre 1: "Jurassic Park" (Steven Spielberg), with Sam Neill, Laura Dern, Jeff Goldblum, and Richard Attenborough.
 Theatre 2: "Much Ado About Nothing" (†).
 Theatre 3: "Jurassic Park."
 Theatre 4: "Jurassic Park."
 Theatre 5: "Much Ado About Nothing" (†).
 Theatre 6: "Jurassic Park."

GEMINI I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
 Theatre 1: "The Lover" (Jean-Jacques Annaud), with Jane March and Tony Leung.
 Theatre 2: "Cliffhanger" (†).

BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
 "Benny & Joon" (Jeremiah Chechik), with Johnny Depp, Mary Stuart Masterson, and Aidan Quinn.

NEW YORK TWIN, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
 Theatre 1: "Sliver" (Phillip Noyce), with Sharon Stone, William Baldwin, and Tom Berenger.
 Theatre 2: "Made in America" (†).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
 "Menace II Society" (†).

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
 "Dave" (†).

EAST 85TH STREET, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
 "Indecent Proposal" (Adrian Lyne), with Robert Redford, Demi Moore, and Woody Harrelson.

PARK & 86TH STREET CINEMAS, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
 Theatre 1: "Jurassic Park" (Steven Spielberg), with Sam Neill, Laura Dern, Jeff Goldblum, and Richard Attenborough.
 Theatre 2: "Jurassic Park."

ORPHEUM VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (876-2400)
 Theatre 1: "Posse" (Mario Van Peebles), with Van Peebles.
 Theatre 2: "Sliver" (Phillip Noyce), with Sharon Stone, William Baldwin, and Tom Berenger.
 Theatre 3: "Cliffhanger" (†).
 Theatre 4: "Made in America" (†).
 Theatre 5: "Dave" (†).
 Theatre 6: "Cliffhanger" (†).
 Theatre 7: "Guilty as Sin" (†).

86TH STREET EAST TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
 Theatre 1: "Menace II Society" (†).
 Theatre 2: "Life with Mikey" (†).

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
 Theatre 1: Through June 22: "Romper Stomper" (directed by Geoffrey Wright), with Russell Crowe.
 Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.
 Theatre 3: Through June 22: "The Long Day Closes" (Terence Davies).

WAVERLY I AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
 Theatre 1: "Dragon: The Bruce Lee Story" (Rob Cohen), with Jason Scott Lee and Lauren Holly.
 Theatre 2: (Matinées only) "Happily Ever After" (John Howley), an animated film; and (evenings only) "Posse" (Mario Van Peebles), with Van Peebles.

ART GREENWICH TWIN, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
 Theatre 1: "Jurassic Park" (Steven Spielberg), with Sam Neill, Laura Dern, Jeff Goldblum, and Richard Attenborough.
 Theatre 2: "Jurassic Park."

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
 Theatre 1: "Visions of Light: The Art of Cinematography" (†).
 Theatre 2: "Olivier Olivier" (Agnieszka Holland; in French).
 Theatre 3: "For a Lost Soldier" (Roeland Kerbosch, in Dutch).
 Theatre 4: "Okoge" (Takehiro Nakajima, in Japanese).

CHELSEA CINEMAS, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
 Theatre 1: "What's Love Got to Do with It" (Brian Gibson), with Angela Bassett and Laurence Fishburne.
 Theatre 2: "Jurassic Park" (Steven Spielberg), with Sam Neill, Laura Dern, Jeff Goldblum, and Richard Attenborough.
 Theatre 3: "Dave" (†).
 Theatre 4: "Jurassic Park."
 Theatre 5: "Sliver" (Phillip Noyce), with Sharon Stone, William Baldwin, and Tom Berenger.
 Theatre 6: "Cliffhanger" (†).
 Theatre 7: "Jurassic Park."
 Theatre 8: "What's Love Got to Do with It."
 Theatre 9: "Hot Shots! Part Deux" (Jim Abrahams), with Charlie Sheen.

23RD ST. WEST TRIPLEX, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
 Theatre 1: (Matinées only) "Happily Ever After" (John Howley), an animated film; and (evenings only) "Dragon: The Bruce Lee Story" (Rob Cohen), with Jason Scott Lee and Lauren Holly.
 Theatre 2: "Indecent Proposal" (Adrian Lyne), with Robert Redford, Demi Moore, and Woody Harrelson.
 Theatre 3: "Three of Hearts" (Yurek Bogayevicz), with William Baldwin, Kelly Lynch, and Sherilyn Fenn.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
 "Guilty as Sin" (†).

WORLDWIDE CINEMAS, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
 Theatre 1: "Indochine" (Régis Wargnier, in French), with Catherine Deneuve.
 Theatre 2: (Matinées only) "Happily Ever After" (John Howley), an animated film; and (evenings only) "Wide Sargasso Sea" (†).

Theatre 3: "Indecent Proposal" (Adrian Lyne), with Robert Redford, Demi Moore, and Woody Harrelson.

Theatre 4: "Map of the Human Heart" (Vincent Ward), with Anne Parillaud, Jason Scott Lee, and Patrick Bergin.

Theatre 5: "Lost in Yonkers" (Martha Coolidge), with Richard Dreyfuss, Mercedes Ruehl, and Irene Worth.

Theatre 6: "Three of Hearts" (Yurek Bogayevicz).

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
 "Jurassic Park" (Steven Spielberg), with Sam Neill, Laura Dern, Jeff Goldblum, and Richard Attenborough.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
 "Indecent Proposal" (Adrian Lyne), with Robert Redford, Demi Moore, and Woody Harrelson.

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
 "American Heart" (†).

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMAS, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
 Theatre 1: "Like Water for Chocolate" (Alfonso Arau; a Mexican film, in Spanish).
 Theatre 2: "The Crying Game" (Neil Jordan), with Stephen Rea, Forest Whitaker, Miranda Richardson, Jim Broadbent, Adrian Dunbar, and Jaye Davidson.

ANGELIKA 57, 225 W. 57th. (586-1900)
 "Sofie" (Liv Ullmann; in Danish), with Erland Josephson.

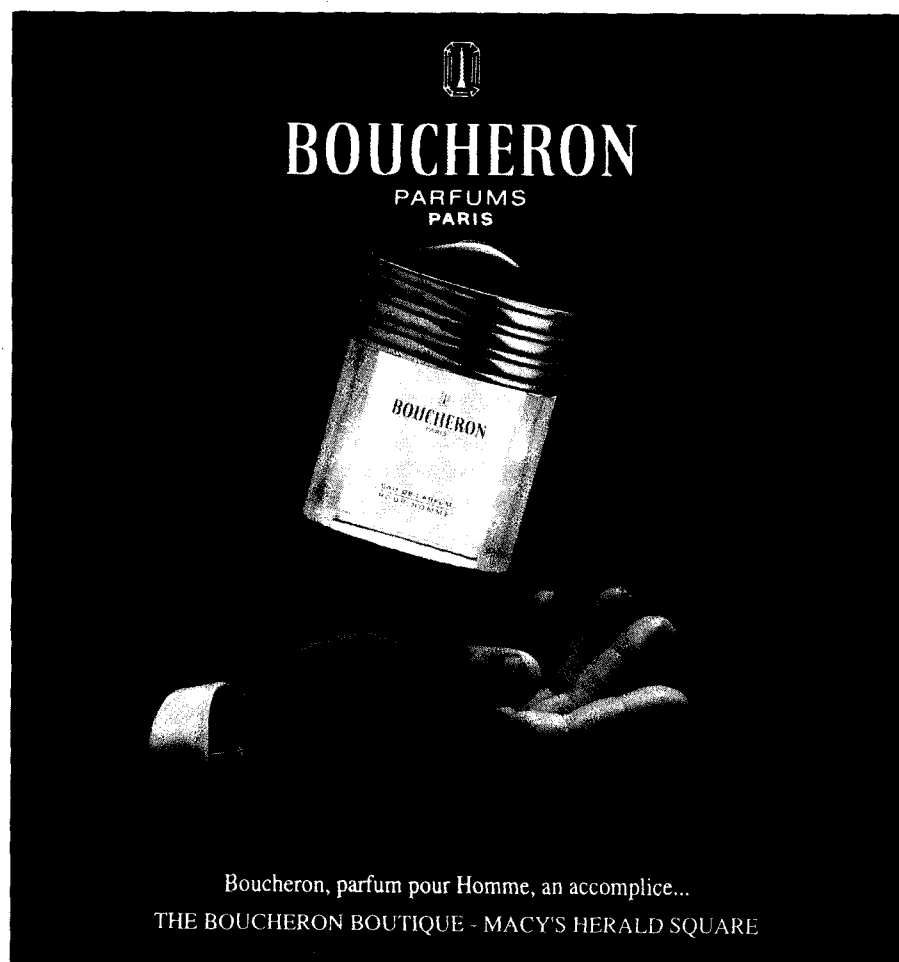
PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
 "The Music of Chance" (†).

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
 "Strictly Ballroom" (Baz Luhrmann).

COLUMBUS CIRCLE, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
 "Dave" (†).

62ND & BROADWAY, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
 "Life with Mikey" (†).

LINCOLN PLAZA CINEMAS, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
 Theatre 1: "Un Coeur en Hiver" (†).
 Theatre 2: "Orlando" (†).
 Theatre 3: "Orlando" (†).
 Theatre 4: "The Story of Qiu Ju" (Zhang Yimou; in Mandarin).
 Theatre 5: "Much Ado About Nothing" (†).
 Theatre 6: "Much Ado About Nothing" (†).



BOUCHERON
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MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
 "Jurassic Park" (Steven Spielberg), with Sam Neill, Laura Dern, Jeff Goldblum, and Richard Attenborough.
84TH STREET SIXPLEX, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
 Theatre 1: "Sliver" (Phillip Noyce), with Sharon Stone, William Baldwin, and Tom Berenger.
 Theatre 2: "Cliffhanger" (†).
 Theatre 3: Through June 17: "Super Mario Bros." (Rocky Morton and Annabel Jankel), with Bob Hoskins.
 From June 18: "Last Action Hero" (John McTiernan), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Austin O'Brien.
 Theatre 4: "What's Love Got to Do with It" (Brian Gibson), with Angela Bassett and Laurence Fishburne.
 Theatre 5: "Made in America" (†).
 Theatre 6: "Guilty as Sin" (†).
METRO CINEMA I AND 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
 Theatre 1: "Jurassic Park" (Steven Spielberg), with Sam Neill, Laura Dern, Jeff Goldblum, and Richard Attenborough.
 Theatre 2: "Jurassic Park."
OLYMPIA I AND II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
 Theatre 1: "Hot Shots! Part Deux" (Jim Abrahams), with Charlie Sheen.



At the Walter Reade Theatre, Frank Sinatra, Peter Lawford, and friends in "Ocean's 11."

Theatre 2: (Matinées only) "Happily Ever After" (John Howley), an animated film; and (evenings only) "Posse" (Mario Van Peebles), with Van Peebles.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION CENTER, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
 Theatre 1: "Made in America" (†).
 Theatre 2: "Made in America" (†).
 Theatre 3: "Cliffhanger" (†).
 Theatre 4: "Cliffhanger" (†).
 Theatre 5: "Posse" (directed by Mario Van Peebles), with Van Peebles.
 Theatre 6: "The Lover" (Jean-Jacques Annaud), with Jane March and Tony Leung.
 Theatre 7: Through June 17: "Posse." From June 18: "Once Upon a Forest" (Charles Grosvenor), an animated film.
EMBASSY I, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
 "What's Love Got to Do with It" (Brian Gibson), with Angela Bassett and Laurence Fishburne.
EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
 Theatre 1: "Menace II Society" (†).
 Theatre 2: "Menace II Society" (†).

Theatre 3: "Super Mario Bros." (Rocky Morton and Annabel Jankel), with Bob Hoskins.
ASTOR PLAZA, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
 "Sliver" (Phillip Noyce), with Sharon Stone, William Baldwin, and Tom Berenger.
NATIONAL TWIN, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
 Theatre 1: "Dragon: The Bruce Lee Story" (Rob Cohen), with Jason Scott Lee and Lauren Holly.
 Theatre 2: "Hot Shots! Part Deux" (Jim Abrahams), with Charlie Sheen.

REVIVAL HOUSES

FILM FORUM 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
 Through June 16: "Grand Hotel" (1932, directed by Edmund Goulding), with Greta Garbo, John Barrymore, Joan Crawford, and Wallace Beery; and "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise" (1931, Robert Z. Leonard), with Garbo, Clark Gable, and Alan Hale.
 June 17: "The Single Standard" (1929, John S. Robertson), with Greta Garbo; and "The Temptress" (1926, Fred Niblo; silent), with Garbo.
 June 18-20: "Anna Karenina" (1935, Clarence Brown), with Greta Garbo, Fredric March, and Basil Rathbone; and "Anna Christie" (1930, Brown), with Garbo, Charles Bickford, Marie Dressler, and George F. Marion.
 June 21: "Flesh and the Devil" (†); and "A Woman of Affairs" (1928, Clarence Brown; silent), with Greta Garbo, John Gilbert, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Lewis Stone, and John Mack Brown.
 From June 22: "Wild Orchids" (1929, Sidney Franklin; silent), with Greta Garbo, Lewis Stone, and Nils Asther; and "The Painted Veil" (1934, Richard Boleslawski), with Garbo, Herbert Marshall, and George Brent.
GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
 Through June 19: "Witness for the Prosecution" (1958, Billy Wilder), with Tyrone Power, Marlene Dietrich, Charles Laughton, Elsa Lanchester, and Una O'Connor; and "Murder on the Orient Express" (1974, Sidney Lumet), with Albert Finney.
 June 20-21: "The Hard Way" (1943, Vincent Sherman), with Ida Lupino, Joan Leslie, Dennis Morgan, and Jack Carson; and "Nora Prentiss" (1947, Sherman), with Ann Sheridan, Kent Smith, and Robert Alda.
 From June 22: "Judgment at Nuremberg" (†).
THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
 June 16: "Walkabout" (1971, Nicolas Roeg); and "The Last Wave" (1977, Peter Weir), with Richard Chamberlain, Gulpilil, and Olivia Hamnett.
 June 17: "Never on Sunday" (1960, Jules Dassin; in English and Greek), with Melina Mercouri and Dassin; and "Topkapi" (1964, Dassin), with Mercouri, Peter Ustinov, Maximilian Schell, Robert Morley, and Akim Tamiroff.
 June 18-19: "Annie Hall" (1977, Woody Allen), with Allen and Diane Keaton; and "Manhattan" (1979, Allen), with Allen, Keaton, Michael Murphy, and Meryl Streep.
 June 20: "Phone Call from a Stranger" (1952, Jean Negulesco), with Shelley Winters, Gary Merrill, and Bette Davis; and "The Scapegoat" (1959, Robert Hamer), with Alec Guinness and Davis.
 June 21: "Accattone" (1961, Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian); and "Medea" (1971, Pasolini; in Italian), with Maria Callas.
 June 22: "The Man Who Would Be King" (1975, John Huston), with Sean Connery, Michael Caine, and Christopher Plummer; and "The Mackintosh Man" (1973, Huston), with Paul Newman, Dominique Sanda, James Mason, Harry Andrews, Ian Bannen, Michael Hordern, and Roland Culver.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—June 17 at 2:30 and June 21 at 6: "You're a Big Boy Now" (1967, directed by Francis Ford Coppola), with Peter Kastner, Elizabeth Hartman,

Geraldine Page, Rip Torn, and Julie Harris. . . . ¶ June 17 at 3 and 6: "Anatomy of a Spring Roll" (1992, Paul Kwan and Arnold Iger), a documentary. . . . ¶ June 17 at 6 and June 22 at 2:30: "The Pawnbroker" (1965, Sidney Lumet), with Rod Steiger, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Brock Peters. . . . ¶ June 18 at 2:30 and June 20 at 5: "The Connection" (†). . . . ¶ June 18 at 3 and 6, June 19-20 at 2:30 and 5, and June 21-22 at 1: A program of television commercials. . . . ¶ June 18 at 6 and June 20 at 2: "Mean Streets" (1973, Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, and Amy Robinson. . . . ¶ June 19 at 2 and June 22 at 6: "Gloria" (1980, John Cassavetes), with Gena Rowlands, John Adames, and Buck Henry. . . . ¶ June 19 at 5 and June 21 at 2:30: "On the Waterfront" (1954, Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger. . . . ¶ June 21 at 6: "Monika" (†). . . . ¶ June 22 at 6: "Duel in the Sun" (see page 27).

WALTER READE THEATRE, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—June 16 at 2, 4, 6, and 8 and June 18 at 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10: Three short films by Martin Scorsese. . . . ¶ June 17 at 2, 4:15, 6:30, and 9: "On the Waterfront" (1954, Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger. . . . ¶ June 19-20 at 2: "The Bear" (1988, Jean-Jacques Annaud). . . . ¶ June 19 at 6 and 9: "West Side Story" (1961, Robert Wise), with Natalie Wood, Richard Beymer, Russ Tamblyn, Rita Moreno, and George Chakiris. . . . ¶ June 20 at 3:30 and 8:45 and June 21 at 5:45: "Accattone" (1961, Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian). . . . ¶ June 20 at 5:45 and June 21 at 2 and 8: "The Last Temptation of Christ" (1988, Scorsese), with Willem Dafoe. . . . ¶ June 22 at 2 and 7:30: "Ocean's 11" (1960, Lewis Milestone), with Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, Peter Lawford, and Sammy Davis, Jr. . . . ¶ June 22 at 4:30: "GoodFellas" (1990, Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Ray Liotta, Joe Pesci, Lorraine Bracco, and Paul Sorvino.
AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—
 "What Made Pistachio Nuts? Early Sound Comedy and the Vaudeville Tradition." June 19 at 2: "Peach-o' Reno" (1931), with Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey, and Dorothy Lee. . . . ¶ June 19 at 4: "Cockeyed Cavaliers" (1934), with Wheeler, Woolsey, and Thelma Todd. . . . ¶ June 20 at 2: "Half Shot at Sunrise" (1930), with Wheeler and Woolsey. . . . ¶ June 20 at 4: "Hips, Hips, Hooray" (1934), with Wheeler, Woolsey, Ruth Etting, and Todd.

FLORENCE GOULD HALL, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—June 16 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "The Story of Adèle H." (1975, François Truffaut; in French), with Isabelle Adjani.
ADAM CLAYTON POWELL, JR., STATE OFFICE BUILDING, 163 W. 125th St. (873-5040)—June 16 at 6:30: "Joe's Bed-Stuy Barbershop: We Cut Heads" (1983, Spike Lee); and "Sweet Sweetback's Baddasssss Song" (1973, Melvin Van Peebles). . . . ¶ June 17 at 6:30: "Sugar Cane Alley" (1983, Euzhan Palcy; in French); and "Fields of Endless Day" (Terence McCarthy-Filgate). . . . ¶ June 18 at 6:30: "Joe's Bed-Stuy Barbershop: We Cut Heads"; and "Putney Swope" (1969, Robert Downey). . . . ¶ June 19 at 6:30: "Dolemite" (1974, D'Urville Martin), with Rudy Ray Moore; and "The Human Tornado" (1975, Cliff Roquemore), with Moore. . . . ¶ June 20 at 2 and 4:35: "Haiti: Killing the Dream" (1992, Katharine Kean); and "The Panama Deception" (1992, Barbara Trent), both documentaries.

MUSEUM OF TELEVISION AND RADIO, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800)—Episodes from "Star Trek: The Next Generation." Through June 20: "Family" and "I, Borg." . . . ¶ From June 22: "Unification I" and "Unification II." (Showings Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 12:30, 2:15, and 4; Thursdays at 12:30, 2:15, 4, and 6; and Fridays at 12:30, 2:15, 4, 5:45, and 7:30.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (570-3949)—June 19 at 3 and 7: "Divya" (1981, Jean-Jacques Beineix; in French), with Wilhelmina Fernandez and Frédéric Andrei.

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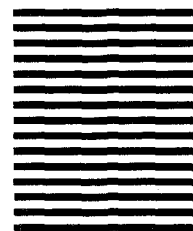
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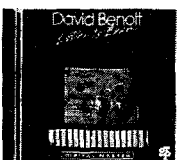
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Purple Riders

A CATASTROPHIC love story with all the sweep and panache of a giant American action movie—that's what David O. Selznick pulls off in his 1946 Western spectacular "Duel in the Sun" (playing June 22 and 26, at the Museum of Modern Art). Directed by King Vidor (with assists from Selznick, William Dieterle, Josef von Sternberg, and others), this disreputable classic about the hellbent passion of impulsive half-breed Pearl Chavez (Jennifer Jones) and spoiled-rotten cowboy Lewt McCandles (Gregory Peck) is infectiously febrile. Vidor suggested that Peck pattern his performance after Sportin' Life in "Porgy and Bess." Peck came through—he's gleefully salacious.

With a throbbing Dmitri Tiomkin score, this really is a horse *opera*—old-time blockbuster producers like Selznick (who wrote the script, based on Niven Busch's novel, from an adaptation by Oliver H. P. Garrett) put viewers on emotional roller coasters, not just thrills-and-spills rides. Selznick and Vidor create a bristling, melodramatic epic of frontier Texas, with Lionel Barrymore as the carnivorous patriarch of the McCandles clan, Lillian Gish as his wife, Joseph Cotten as his gentle son, Jess (Abel to Lewt's Cain), and hundreds of extras as cowpokes, cavalrymen, and railroad workers. The great Walter Huston plays a "sin-killer" who says, "Why, El Paso and Amarillo ain't no different from Sodom and Gomorrah. On a smaller scale, of course." It's partly an inside joke—few movies were bigger than "Duel in the Sun."

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael, Anthony Lane, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow.)

AMERICAN HEART—Jack Kelson (Jeff Bridges), the hero of Martin Bell's film, is a fortyish ex-con who lives in a miserable furnished room in Seattle with his fourteen-year-old son, Nick (Edward Furlong). This is the sort of character that tends to bring out the worst in actors: a

loser with big dreams. But Bridges wins the audience's belief. He doesn't try to *act* the movie's trite ideas about fatherhood and self-fulfillment and the American Dream: his physical eloquence makes everything Kelson does look like the result of a lifetime of constant trouble and lousy choices, and his dry, unassuming, lived-in acting style has a mysterious cumulative power. The documentary flatness of Bell's direction is ideal for recording a performance like this one. But when Bridges isn't onscreen the script (by Peter Silverman, from a story by Silverman, Bell, and Mary Ellen Mark) is left to its own devices, and the movie seems to flounder. The picture turns out to be about nothing more interesting than luck, and that's too bad, because Bridges' beautiful, radiantly precise acting has stirred in us the hope that it might actually be about grace. Also with Lucinda Jenny and Don Harvey.—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/14/93.) (Village East Cinemas, and 57th St. Playhouse.)

CLIFFHANGER—With Sylvester Stallone, directed by Renny Harlin. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Village Theatre VII, 34th Street Showplace, Gemini, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

UN COEUR EN HIVER—A tale of love and violins, but don't expect "Intermezzo." Claude Sautet's film, as its title suggests, is not much of a heartwarmer; but its cool look at thwarted passion is enthralling nonetheless. Stéphane (Daniel Auteuil) makes and mends violins; Camille (Emmanuelle Béart) plays them. The two of them shift from distrust to desire to disappointment—in other words, they go through all the motions of love except the making of it. This is so restrained it's shocking; we feel the terrible pressure of all that Stéphane might do with his life and yet refuses to attempt. With his spirit as buttoned down as his shirts, Auteuil offers a startling portrayal of failure, never hamming it up for the sake of our compassion. André Dussollier turns in an equally quiet performance as Stéphane's business partner and rival in love; add Béart's immaculate poise, and you wonder what strange district of Paris this is. The movie will hardly blow your mind, but there's nothing precious here; Sautet builds up a needling tension, aided by fine renditions of Ravel at his most difficult and plaintive. In French.—A.L. (6/7/93) (Village East Cinemas, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

THE CONNECTION (1961)—Adapted by Jack Gelber from his play, and directed by Shirley Clarke, the film became famous because of its four-letter-word censorship troubles. A group of addicts in a New York flat wait for the pusher, Cowboy (Carl Lee), their "connection." There's also a more experimental and more ambitious aspect to the situation: a documentary-film director (William Redfield) and his cameraman are also in the apartment, making a film of the addicts, and thus "The Connection" tries to be a comment on the relationship of artist and subject, as well as on addiction. It's painfully obvious that the dialogue is dramatic writing, and

this doesn't jibe too well with the conceit of the documentary's being made. And there are characters (such as a Salvation Army sister) who carry a whiff of antique dramaturgy. With Warren Finnerty, Roscoe Lee Browne, Garry Goodrow, and Jerome Raphael. The music includes Charlie Parker's recording of "Marmaduke" and jazz by Freddie Redd, who is on camera, along with his group, among the addicts.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; June 18 and 20.)

DAVE—Dave Kovic (Kevin Kline), the hero of Ivan Reitman's populist comedy, is a regular middle-class guy who happens to be a dead ringer for the President of the United States (also Kline). The screenplay, by Gary Ross, contrives to put Dave in the Oval Office, where he poses as the President and allows himself (initially) to be manipulated by the crafty White House chief of staff (Frank Langella). By the end of the picture, he has restored honesty and decency to the government, and has fallen in love with the First Lady (Sigourney Weaver). In the first half hour or so, the movie is hilarious, because its humor is mostly destructive; and Kline's performance as the real President is a chillingly funny portrait of Chief Executive as empty suit. But after the promisingly nasty beginning, the filmmakers settle into a sort of campaign mode, lulling and flattering the audience with a fairy-tale vision of the common man's victory over the Washington establishment. The movie's crowd-pleasing agenda inexorably saps its energy. Reitman and Ross are willing to sacrifice bite for across-the-board appeal, and they wind up with a political comedy that has no politics. Also with Charles Grodin, Ben Kingsley, and Kevin Dunn.—T.R. (5/17/93) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Tower East, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, and Columbus Circle.)

FLESH AND THE DEVIL (1927)—Greta Garbo, with pencil-line eyebrows above sex-drugged lids, plays a bored, sensual, wicked woman in a story about sacred and profane love, derived from a novel by Hermann Sudermann. It's far from a work of art, but Garbo was a blissfully beautiful twenty-one at the time, and no other actress went at the bodies of her leading men the way she did. This time John Gilbert and Lars Hanson each go a round with her. Clarence Brown directed; with Barbara Kent as the good girl. Silent.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; June 21.)

GUILTY AS SIN—There's a germ of an amusing idea in this farfetched "Jagged Edge" ripoff (from the same producer, Martin Ransohoff). The villain, a well-heeled gigolo, isn't a conventional ladies' man. He's a narcissistic male vamp: a sex-reversed femme fatale. But the germ doesn't have a chance to grow in the sterile atmosphere imposed by Sidney Lumet's journeyman direction and Larry Cohen's largely witless and mechanical script. Apart from Don Johnson, who camps things up as the bad guy, no one seems to be in on the joke—including Rebecca De Mornay, as his intrigued, then appalled attorney. She does, though, bear a remarkable



Chow Yun-fat in "Hard-Boiled."

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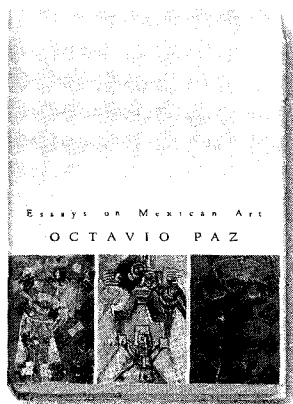
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IN BRIEF—Cont'd

resemblance to Hillary Rodham Clinton. With Jack Warden in the Robert Loggia role of the lawyer-heroine's trusted investigator and old pal.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Murray Hill Cinemas, Cinema II, Orpheum VII, Guild, and 84th Street Sixplex.)

HARD-BOILED—Hong Kong action specialist John Woo does a vivid cartoon version of the kinetics and the twisted-loyalty themes of Sam Peckinpah in this tale of duelling triads and lawmen. It gives the phrase "friendly fire" a new urban meaning: undercover police as well as innocent bystanders are caught in the crossfire when supercop Chow Yun-fat gets to the bottom of an enormous criminal arsenal. Images of a tearoom and a hospital shot up and transformed into chanel houses may reflect the chaos of Hong Kong, but Woo is no message-movie-maker—he works everything out strictly in terms of violent spectacle. His operatic excesses push it all into pitch-black comedy. Bodies don't just fall in this movie; they go into extravagant flailings that alternately resemble a tumbling act, a Twyla Tharp dance, and Sammy Davis, Jr.'s pistol-tap routine. In Cantonese.—M.S. (Cinema Village; starting June 18.)

JUDGMENT AT NUREMBERG (1961)—Stanley Kramer's version of the meaning of the Nuremberg trials, from a script by Abby Mann. Gavin Lambert summed it up: "An all-star concentration-camp drama, with special guest-victim appearances." Spencer Tracy is the simple, humane superjudge, a Yankee version of Tolstoy's clean old peasant, and the cast includes Burt Lancaster, Richard Widmark, Maximilian Schell, Marlene Dietrich, William Shatner, Werner Klemperer, and Alan Baxter. With Judy Garland and Montgomery Clift as the guests. When Mann's screenplay won the Academy Award, he accepted it, with excruciating humility, not only for himself "but for all intellectuals."—P.K. (Gramercy; starting June 22.)

LIFE WITH MIKEY—Chalk up the sprightliest patches in this disappointing "family comedy" to Michael J. Fox, who grows stubble on his fresh-faced smart-aleck persona. In the role of a stuck-in-the-past former child star turned juvenile-talent agent, Fox gets to parody his own ingratiating shtick. He shares a breezy rapport with Nathan Lane (who plays his weary brother and partner) and a cast of gifted young comedians, including Christina Vidal as a street-smart urchin and potential commercial sensation, and David Krumholtz as the agency's obnoxious established gold mine. But the movie's director, James Lapine, overdraws on the humor and charm of semi-amateur show biz. And the writer, Marc Lawrence, comes up with a feel-good plot—Vidal brings Fox into the present, and Fox gives her a future—that can't be redeemed by either the star's skill or the newcomer's feistiness. With Cyndi Lauper as the company secretary.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Murray Hill Cinemas, Sutton, 86th Street East Twin, and 62nd & Broadway.)

MADE IN AMERICA—"Broad comedy and heartfelt drama." Doesn't it sound grisly? And that's just how the press kit describes this slapstick sperm-bank sob story. TV-soap star Nia Long plays a brilliant, beautiful black high-school senior who discovers that her mother's husband died before she was even conceived, that her Afrocentrist mother (Whoopi Goldberg) was artificially inseminated, and that the sperm donor of record—whom she insists on calling her father—is a white, Barnum-like car salesman (Ted Danson). For half the running time, Danson pratfalls while Goldberg and Long burn; later, when Goldberg and Danson get cozy and Long objects, it becomes a failed tearjerker. All the crowd-pleasing guffaws are in the trailer, and they occur only when the plot turns. It's like a novel whose energy goes into funny chapter headings. Luckily, Will Smith, as Long's best friend, takes the lurches in his lanky stride—he's in the odd position of being the comic relief in a comedy. Richard Benjamin directed the script by Holly Goldberg Sloan (from a story by Marcia Brandwynne, Nadine Schiff, and Sloan).—M.S. (Village The-

atre VII, 19th Street East 6, 34th Street Showplace, New York Twin, Orpheum VII, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

MENACE II SOCIETY—This inner-city crime melodrama, set in Watts, is a speedy, violent, adolescent-cynical take on the no-hope lives of young black men. The filmmakers—twenty-one-year-old twins Allen and Albert Hughes—aren't interested in the tragic irony of the classic gangster film; they aim, instead, for the throwaway, life-is-cheap tone of grimy fifties B-pictures. They move from horror to horror in a businesslike, deadpan way that reflects, with frightening conviction, the thoroughness of their characters' alienation. The Hugheses are so scrupulous, so comprehensive, in their refusal to do the usual things that they leave themselves short on expressive options. As the picture goes along, you actually start to wish it were a little squarer, that the filmmakers would give you something more to hold on to than the grinding pulp momentum that substitutes here for true dramatic structure. The Hugheses achieve some brilliant and memorable sequences, and the lack of sentimentality is a step in the right direction, but the movie winds up running in place. With Tyrin Turner, Larenz Tate, Jada Pinkett, Vonte Sweet, Glenn Plummer, Bill Duke, Charles S. Dutton, and Samuel L. Jackson. Screenplay by Tyger Williams; cinematography by Lisa Rinzier.—T.R. (5/31/93) (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, Murray Hill Cinemas, 68th St. Playhouse, 86th Street East Twin, and Embassy.)

MONIKA (1953)—The uninhibited and skillful Harriet Andersson stars as a sensual wench who woos and marries a bourgeois youth named Harry (Lars Ekborg). Ingmar Bergman's sexy, fresh, sorrowful movie about a restless teenager's urge to escape her constricted life is also about the romantic disillusionment of her husband. Monika (who toils at a vegetable stall) sees Harry (who works at a glassware and china shop) as a relief from the usual brutes; her head stuffed with movie-bred fantasies, she hopes he'll rescue her from the cramped quarters she shares with a drunken father, a harried mother, and noisy siblings. For a summer, that's just what Harry does. He takes her island-hopping in the Stockholm archipelago, where the couple live like the Swedish Family Robinson. Then the fun runs out. In a prolonged closeup that Godard called "the saddest shot in the history of the cinema," Monika stares down the camera before bedding another man. Her audacious expression is confounding: a portrait of a woman without shackles—or scruples. In Swedish.—M.S. (Museum of Modern Art; June 21.)

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING—On the sunny side of the Bard, Kenneth Branagh leads us through the tiffs and deceptions of Shakespeare's comedy, all shot in and around a Tuscan villa. Branagh does not pay much heed to the virtues of restraint. This is confirmed by most of the performances—Branagh and Emma Thompson as Benedick and Beatrice, splashing out with grand comic gestures, and a mangy Dogberry from an unintelligible Michael Keaton. The movie's jollity feels forced—it's more of a guided tour than a relaxed show of wit. What potency there is comes from the characters who refuse to be gripped by good cheer—Don John, played by Keanu Reeves as a pinup with malice, and Don Pedro, played by Denzel Washington, whose cool gravity shames the rest of the movie.—A.L. (5/10/93) (Angelika Film Center, First & 62nd Cinemas, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

THE MUSIC OF CHANCE—Jim Nashe (Mandy Patinkin) is a mixture of tough guy and wandering spirit. On a country road he picks up Pozzi (James Spader), a gambler down on his luck. In one of the random, risky twists in which the film specializes, Nashe decides to help him out. They go to a lonely country house, inhabited by a pair of wealthy oddballs called Flower (Charles Durning) and Stone (Joel Grey), who trounce Pozzi at poker and then demand an unusual payment: he and Nashe must build a stone wall on the grounds. From here on the movie becomes an unlikely fable about power and freedom, as Nashe and Pozzi are put through their

paces like creatures of an author's cruel fancy. Philip Haas does well to curb the threat of whimsy in all this; he cuts Paul Auster's original novel back to the bone and toughens the progress of the plot. There's nothing he can do about Spader's silly, unconvincing Pozzi, but Patinkin is a great help; he looks so grave and laid-back that you almost end up believing in the whole thing.—A.L. (6/7/93) (Paris.)

ORLANDO—Sally Potter's film is based on Virginia Woolf's 1928 novel, which is not one of the author's major works. The story is a fragile piece of whimsy about an English nobleman born in the Elizabethan era who does not grow old or die and thus becomes the central figure in a series of historical tableaux that bring the viewer right into the twentieth century; at a certain point, the title character discovers that he has turned into a woman. Potter (who also wrote the screenplay) takes Woolf's exercise in frivolity awfully seriously; the movie is like a Benny Hill sketch performed with fringe-theatre solemnity. And if it weren't for bad acting, this picture wouldn't have any acting at all. Tilda Swinton, who plays Orlando, may not actually wink at the audience, but she always looks as if she were about to. Her smug performance is perfectly suited to the film's arch, knowing tone. Potter and Swinton manage to make androgyny seem at least as dull as conventional sexuality. Also with Billy Zane, Charlotte Valandrey, Lothaire Bluteau, and Quentin Crisp.—T.R. (6/14/93) (Angelika Film Center, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

VISIONS OF LIGHT: THE ART OF CINEMATOGRAPHY—This documentary, directed by Arnold Glassman, Todd McCarthy, and Stuart Samuels, is much more fun than its college-catalogue title suggests. The movie is cheery, convivial, and swift: for ninety minutes, stunning images, drawn from all eras of movie history, pass before us, and we listen to a couple of dozen veteran cinematographers speaking about what they do. The craftsmen are a likable and unpretentious bunch, and it's easy to share their delight in the achievements of their colleagues and masters: the film is a joy to look at. (The clips are taken from the best possible prints, and they're all shown in their original aspect ratios.) Movie-lovers can argue with some of the filmmakers' choices—the near total exclusion of images from Westerns is the most serious flaw—but, in a strange way, that's part of the picture's charm. It has the power to revive senses that have been dulled by the crushing predictability of recent movies. The cinematographers interviewed include Allen Daviau, Caleb Deschanel, Haskell Wexler, John Bailey, and the late Nestor Almendros (to whom the film is dedicated).—T.R. (4/5/93) (Quad Cinema.)

WIDE SARGASSO SEA—John Duigan's adaptation of Jean Rhys's strange and memorable 1966 novel is set in the West Indies of the mid-nineteenth century, and an air of thick tropical sensuality pervades the movie's imagery. The hero, a young Englishman named Edward Rochester (Nathaniel Parker), arrives in Jamaica sick with fever after his long ocean passage; his stay on the island, during which he marries a ravishing Creole heiress named Antoinette Cosway (Karina Lombard), is a blur of heightened perception and disordered reason. As the marriage goes bad, events take on a nightmarish inevitability, as if they were moving toward a preordained end. They are: the hero of this picture is the younger self of the Rochester that Charlotte Brontë created in "Jane Eyre," the brooding landowner who kept his mad wife locked up in his English estate house; and Antoinette is the young woman who became his prisoner and his shameful secret. Duigan and his cinematographer, Geoff Burton, merge the luxuriant erotic tension of a tropical idyll with the clammy apprehension of gothic fiction. And the film is so serenely paced and so envelopingly lovely to watch that you may not realize until the end that it is, in the deepest sense, a horror movie—an intimate portrayal of the relationship between a monster and his victim. Also with Claudia Robinson, Rowena King, Rachel Ward, and Michael York. Stewart Copeland's score is superb.—T.R. (4/19/93) (Village East Cinemas, and Cinema 3rd Avenue. . . .) World-wide Cinemas. Evenings only.)

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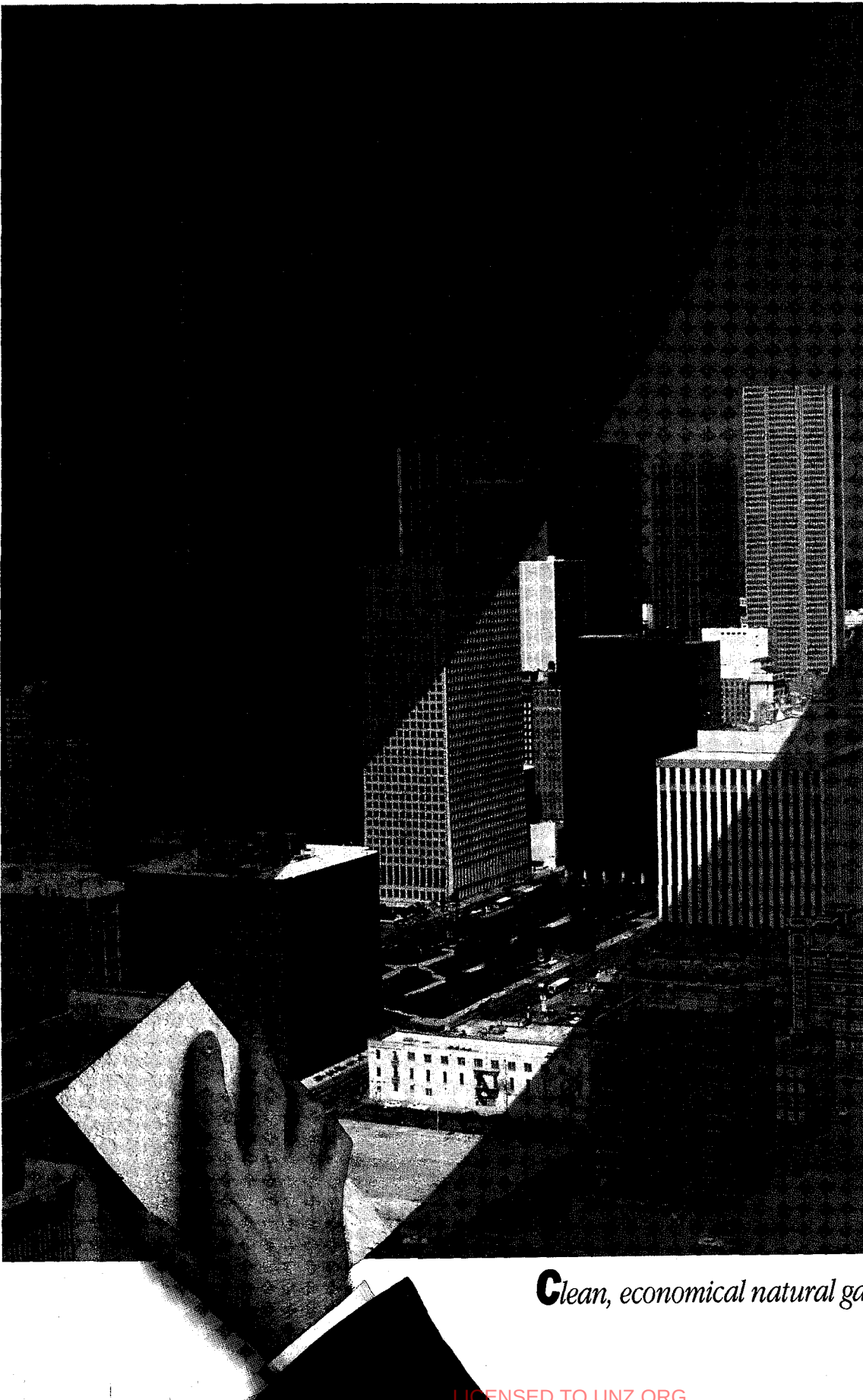
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

BALLYHOO

TWO hours before the Tony Awards ceremony, the playwright Tony Kushner was in his floor-through apartment in Carroll Gardens, getting ready for the big evening. A rainbow-colored votive candle stood in an aluminum pan on the kitchen sink in front of a picture of Kushner's deceased mother, and he was wearing his lucky "El Corazón" T-shirt, emblazoned with an image of a heart pierced by an arrow. "I didn't go to my senior prom," he said. "This is my prom night."

Kushner said that his play "Angels in America" would be performed this year in Zurich, Hamburg, Athens, Budapest, Prague, and Tel Aviv, and would even be translated into Japanese. Robert Altman had agreed to make films of both parts of the work, and studios were eagerly bidding for them. Although mostly hidden from view, the evidence of Kushner's success was crammed into every corner. The awards from the L.A. production of "Angels" languished in his "out" tray, and the Pulitzer Prize was buried in an armchair, under computer manuals, a Teddy bear, and a new pair of fifty-nine-dollar Army-Navy-issue black shoes, which he was going to wear that night. "You feel like you're going in drag," he said, switching off the computer and obliterating from the screen what looked suspiciously like an acceptance speech. He was later to appear at the Tonys in a red wrinkled-silk waistcoat to set off his tuxedo, and a Miriam Haskell choker, a gift from an H.I.V.-positive fan who had told him that the play had changed his life.

All over New York, nominees like Kushner were strapping themselves into finery and bedecking themselves with lucky amulets in preparation for the two-hour nationally televised ritual of self-congratulation, in the Gershwin Theatre. The director George C. Wolfe had tied around his left ankle a green ribbon from the Nosso Senhor do Bonfim church in Bahia, Brazil. Wolfe called it "the church where miracles happen." He'd taken a ten-day holiday in Brazil before resuming his job as the head of the Public Theatre. The producer Michael David, of Dodger Productions, who co-produced "The Who's Tommy," was looking hopeful, having shortly beforehand cracked open a fortune cookie at Ollie's which said, "You will be awarded some great honor." Rocco Landesman, the head of the Jujamcyn Theatres, where both "Angels" and "Tommy" were in residence, also felt his luck was in; the day before, he

had won a hundred and thirty-two dollars on a fourteen-to-one shot called Colonial Affair at the Belmont Stakes. "I want to win everything," he said. "It's a terrible trait."

The Tony Awards, which were created in 1947 to recognize excellence in the theatre, have been ballyhooed into Broadway's best marketing tool. Performers can survive without them, but most Broadway shows can't. In this generally dire year for Broadway, though, less drama was generated by the business of winning and losing than by a competition between the speakers and the orchestra, which had instructions to drown out any acceptance speech that lasted more than thirty seconds. The champion in this contest turned out to be Andrea Martin, who, accepting the award for best featured actress in a musical ("My Favorite Year"), managed to beat the clock, and with a joke; she thanked her extended Ar-



menian family "for giving me my roots, and my hairdresser, Gary, for restoring them to their natural color." Wolfe, collecting the best-director award for "Angels," shouted, "I can talk loud." Kushner, who won the big prize, lost the battle to be heard. The orchestra silenced him just as he was getting to the political part of his speech. He was about to say, "This is the time to end homophobia, to end racism, and sexism and every kind of oppression—now is the time to end the AIDS crisis—we can with enough money and will, and President Clinton, we are watching and waiting."

After the ceremony, the nearly thirteen hundred guests moved down Broadway to the ballroom of the Marriott Marquis to dance to the Emery Davis orchestra, which, surprisingly for the occasion, was short on show tunes and long on Viennese waltzes. Landesman said that the awards won by "Angels" would "add probably another year and a half to two years to the show's run." The ball was followed by several private parties, of which the noisiest was at Wolfe's apartment, on the Upper West Side. The host gave Kushner a belated opening-night present of an antique Filipino angel. "Remember this when you give me your notes on 'Perestroika,'" he said, referring to the second part of "Angels," which opens on Broadway in the fall. "It cost a *lot* of money." He also handed out colored ribbons from the Brazilian church of miracles. "They work, they work," said Susan Birkenhead, the lyricist of "Jelly's Last Jam," which was the director's previous Broadway production.

At 4 A.M., Wolfe was getting ready to head for the M & G Diner in Harlem for a fry-up. He couldn't get anybody to go with him. "I'll go after the next hit," someone said.

"I'm working for not-for-profit theatre now," Wolfe said. "I don't have hits. I have artistic accomplishments."

SLEUTHS

YOU could tell the media were sniffing around the Sheraton New York Hotel, because the pay phones in the dun-colored lobby were mostly taken by feverish, animated types, lots of them carrying shoulder bags made of beat-up

canvas or elaborately tooled leather. It turned out that a group called Investigative Reporters & Editors, Inc., was holding its annual national conference at the hotel. More than a thousand members of the group were in town for a four-day extravaganza, which included seminars with titles like "Doing Investigations Without a Big-Time Budget" and "Uncovering the Sacred Cow in Town."

The latest surveillance equipment was laid out in a booth upstairs. A mustachioed man from the *News* was admiring a hidden camera the size of a small tube of toothpaste. "This is fancy shit," he said. There were cameras hidden in denim jackets and in black cowboy hats. "We'll put a camera in anything you want it in," said the man from Abernathy's Surveillance, which is based in Nashville. In a seminar called "Art of the Interview," Mike Wallace dispensed tips in his sonorous voice. He wore a blue shirt and cocked his head as he talked. "They can't stand silence," he said, referring to all interviewees, and the reporters chuckled.

There were other big names at the conference. Bob Woodward wasn't one of them, but Seymour Hersh did show up; people said later, though, that he was testy about answering a few of the questions. Some journalists are more than testy. "Investigative reporters tend to work alone; typically, they're arrogant prima donnas," Sonny Albarado, who is the projects editor for the *Memphis Commercial Appeal*, said. A short, chatty man, with a peppery beard and round glasses, he didn't seem arrogant at all. An official in Donaldsonville, Louisiana, once threatened to shoot him dead with a pistol, Albarado said, but he added that dramas like that were happening less and less in the business. "With all the computers now, you get a lot of people who tap into the system rather than confront people."

The investigative world appeared increasingly split between big-bang interviewers and plodding techno-sleuths, and some of the former thought that the latter had overrun the conference. A man from the *Washington Post* called them "document geeks." A "computer camp" was set up in one of the rooms, and there pasty-faced reporters were tap-

ping away. Rebecca Thatcher, from the *Brownsville Herald*, in Texas, said she had just attended a seminar called "Inside the Documents of Business: Unravelling Corporate Information." A forensic accountant had been on the panel, along with reporters from *Newsday* and *Fortune*. Among other things, they talked about how to sift through bank records for signs of money laundering. "Some people think it's boring," Ms. Thatcher said, in a happy voice. "I think it's fascinating."

For lunch, the journalists came together to hear the writer Robert Caro, a sainted figure among document geeks. Caro looked natty in a blue blazer and wore horn-rimmed glasses as thick as saucers. He had been an investigative reporter at *Newsday*, and he talked nostalgically about digging through dusty government reports. His audience listened with rapt attention, scribbling notes and eating pistachio cookies. In preparing his four-volume biography of Lyndon Johnson (he's on Volume III), Caro said, he had read every shred of paper relating to the President's early life.

It was an inspiring talk, and the journalists responded with hearty applause. "The Mick Jagger of investigative journalism" is how one young reporter later described Caro. Most people scattered after lunch ("Shame of the Cities—Cops and the Criminal Justice System" was the next hot seminar, in New York Ballroom B), but a clutch of reporters rushed the biographer and assaulted him with questions. He leaned over the lectern a little awkwardly and gave his answers in a soft New York twang. Some of his admirers raised their hands, and some just stood with their mouths open. There was noise at the back of the mob, whereupon the people in front told everyone to pipe down. Robert Caro was talking about his filing system, they said, and they couldn't hear.

QUIZ MAN

IN a former night club on West Fifty-third Street, you will currently find a faithful replica of the set of a nineteen-fifties television quiz show called "Twenty-One." "Twenty-One" was at the center of a scandal that, in 1959, caused the networks to cancel all the prime-time quiz shows then on the air; and now Robert Redford is directing a

film about it all. One of the stars, John Turturro, is playing Herbert Stempel, a winning contestant who enjoyed brief national celebrity before testifying to Congress that the show had been rigged. "I've never played a living person before," Mr. Turturro said, during a rehearsal break last week. "Herbie is so vulnerable that I want to do right by the guy."

Mr. Stempel, who has been retained by Mr. Redford as a consultant, is now sixty-six years old, has hair streaked with gray, and lives with his second wife and two parakeets (named Adam and Eve) in a small, two-bedroom apartment in Forest Hills. "I didn't have a happy childhood," he says. "My father died when I was seven and a half, and I had a poor relationship with my mother. By 1956, I had spent eight years in the Army to get away from her. But I've always had a retentive memory, so that year I decided to take the test to be on 'Twenty-One,' which was one of the biggest of the shows then. I got the highest score ever, and they put me on. I started winning, and that meant I stayed on the show. It was a sensation. I got letters from Army buddies asking me for money. Old ladies would stop me on the street, pinch my cheek, and say, 'Such a smart boy.'"

Mr. Stempel says the show was fixed from the start. "The producer, Dan Enright, came to me and said the only way to get on the show was to play it his way. They told me all the questions and all the answers. Enright told me to shut up and pay attention to my lessons. I shouldn't have gone along with it, but I did. This was my first break ever. Eventually, though, Enright thought it was time for a change, and they brought in Charles Van Doren. He was the scion of a famous literary family, and they made it into a big cultural battle—City College, which I was attending at the time, against Columbia, where he was teaching. They portrayed me as what would be called a nerd today. My last show came down to a single question: Who won the Oscar for best picture of 1955? I knew it was 'Marty'—I'd seen it three times—but they made me say 'On

the Waterfront,' and that was the end of me on the show."

Mr. Stempel shakes his head and says, "After I took this dive, I saw Van Doren go on to bigger and better things. He went on the 'Today' show. He was on the cover of *Time*. After ascending to the pinnacle, I was thrust back into obscurity. I had won forty-nine thousand five hundred dollars, but I was bitter. I had been thrust into the outer darkness, and I wanted revenge."

In 1959, Mr. Stempel testified before a congressional subcommittee. Later, Mr. Van Doren admitted that he, too, had been given the questions and the answers in advance of each show. Mr. Enright said at the hearings that his television career was over. (Nevertheless, he continued to produce quiz shows until his death, last year.) Mr. Stempel was vindicated. But it did not make him happy. "This thing really crushed me," he says. "I became

very depressed for a very long time."

Mr. Stempel goes into a bedroom and takes an Encyclopædia Britannica "Book of the Year" from a shelf. He points to a line on the masthead: "Charles Van Doren, Vice President, Editorial." "It burns me up when I see that," he says. Mr. Van Doren lives in Connecticut and has never publicly discussed the quiz shows. As for Mr. Stempel, he worked for several years in a hosiery business run by his first wife's family, and then he taught social studies in the New York City public schools. Since 1984, he has been a records searcher for the city Department of Transportation.

Mr. Redford began shooting the movie, tentatively called "Quiz Show," late last month. The climactic congressional hearings will be filmed in the library of the New-York Historical Society. (The financially strapped society has been promised a benefit screening.) Though



"Of course, until they appoint a new N.E.A. chairman I'm in limbo."



"How about air-quality canaries on every flight?"

Mr. Stempel is being paid thirty thousand dollars as a consultant, his advice has rarely been sought. "A couple of weeks ago, I had dinner with John Turturro," he says. "He seemed like a nice fellow, but I'm not overly impressed with celebrities."

HIGH FLIERS

DOWN in SoHo, they're trying to teach chickens how to fly. It's happening at the New Museum, on Broadway between Prince and Houston Streets, and it's mainly an artistic endeavor, not a scientific one. "I wanted to make a piece that commented on this entire concept we have of evolution," said Andrea Zittel, the artist responsible for the strange display. It's a coop consisting of four wooden compartments, cobbled together side by side. Each contains three vertically stacked nests, mounted at different heights. The first compartment holds live chickens (two bantam hens, one bantam cock); the others will remain birdless until a new generation moves in. The top-level nests have plastic tubes, which will lead eggs laid in those nests into the neighboring compartment, where they will be incubated. Since only the eggs in the highest nests reach the incubators in the next com-

partment, only the offspring of the strongest-winged hens survive. Each compartment represents the development of a new generation, and in each compartment the nests become higher. Ms. Zittel hopes that by compartment No. 4 she'll have a new strain of flying chickens.

The piece is called "Breeding Unit for Reassigning Flight," and it's part of a show called "The Final Frontier," in the museum's main gallery. Ms. Zittel, who is from a small town in Southern California called Escondido, said, "It's not about the birds, it's about structure." Her breeding contraption could produce flying chickens, but she thinks that, realistically, it would take at least two years of breeding for that to happen. Ms. Zittel reads books on poultry raising ("Quail Manual: Dedicated to the Successful Propagation of Coturnix Laying Quails") and industry magazines (*Poultry Digest*, *Egg Industry*), so she knows her way around the bird-breeding world. "It's this whole idea of purity and hygiene," she said. "They make models of birds like models of cars."

Ms. Zittel has been in the news before. We found a picture of her in one of the city's trendier magazines, looking almost winsome with a chicken on her head. She's a tall woman, with a broad,

pleasant face, and a fresh, alpine complexion. She said she's been breeding chickens with real purpose for a while now, and that she also emphasizes woodwork and clothing in her art. Her bantam show birds—she has twelve at the moment—are an elegant bunch, with elaborate names like Silver Sea Bright and Black Silkie. "Within five years, I'm hoping to create a new breed," Ms. Zittel said. "I think my bantam chickens could be the luxury pet of the nineteen-nineties—the way miniature horses were in the nineteen-seventies."

On being asked about the artistic aspects of her work with chickens, she looked pensive, and said, "I first had the idea of raising a chicken from the egg and then killing it and having it stuffed. I

wanted to explore the issues of possession and ownership—of whether giving a being life gives you the right to end that life. But when the time came I couldn't bring myself to do it. I had all those birds running around my studio, and I agonized for months about how to kill one of them—what method to use. I even chose the one I would kill—the meanest one of the bunch—but I just couldn't do it. Instead, I felt this desire to find a way to organize and control them, so I began to study books about breeding and bird management."

Like many artists, Ms. Zittel has had her struggles. She's twenty-seven years old, and for a long while she worked for low wages as an assistant in a downtown gallery. She lived in a dingy two-hundred-square-foot Brooklyn storefront, and for a year she didn't have a telephone. From these pinched circumstances she has cultivated what she calls "a luxury of minimalization." She will wear the same outfit (a black faille skirt, usually, and a crisp white shirt) six months straight (she has different pairs), and then replace it. "By always wearing the same thing, you liberate a lot of time," she said. And that is a good thing, because her chicken contraptions are catching on. Last week, she took a breeding unit to Venice, for the Biennale. ♦



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NIGHTS AT THE OPERA

THE LAST ITALIAN TENOR

The press and purists are outraged by the antics of Luciano Pavarotti, who sings in Central Park next week. But, at fifty-eight, he remains opera's greatest star, and there is no one to take his place.

BY DAVID REMNICK

THE humid January air of Singapore was ideal for the throat of a tenor in late middle age. The arena, a more likely venue for professional basketball than for bel canto, was sold out, with the dictator and his guests in the front row, diplomats and trade barons just behind. Even Singapore itself, where befouling the street with a dropped Dixie cup brings a stiff fine and a shaming picture in the *Straits Times*, seemed to insure a soft landing for the Luciano Pavarotti juggernaut. The focus of all this commerce, efficiency, and attention, however, was suffering in his suite at the Regent Hotel. In the days, a quarter century ago, when Pavarotti was establishing himself as the next great Italian tenor in the line from Caruso to Di Stefano, *Times* critic Harold C. Schonberg said of this portly baker's son from Modena that "God had kissed his vocal cords." Now the blessing was, if not gone, then infected.

Luciano Pavarotti had a cold. Somewhere along this tour of sports arenas from Düsseldorf to Honolulu, he had picked up—along with fees of at least a hundred thousand dollars per concert—the sort of affliction that is hardly noticed by most mortals but is a horror for one who depends for his living and his reputation on the clarity of the resonators in his chest and in his head. With a stuffed nose, the King of the High C's knew only fear at the prospect of the cli-

mactic note in "Nessun dorma"—the B-natural. Phlegm in his throat would mock his attempts to control the dark passages of "E lucevan le stelle." The mere threat of a cough hung over "O sole mio" like a machete. One of his concerts in Japan had been especially trying, and the cold still lingered during the flight

south to Singapore. Nothing—not the gallons of French springwater, not the inhalers or medicines, not the Ricola drops or slices of apple—would clear the Maestro's throat.

Colds hit the fragile psyche of a tenor with insidious stealth. They play on his vanity, then crush him. Very often, the day before the cold asserts itself the voice can be plush, almost velvet, in tone; the lining of the nose and throat, the resonant tract, is hypertrophic,

swollen and damp. For a moment, the voice mysteriously elevates. It soars. But then the rogue secretions increase. Postnasal drip sets in. The lining of the throat reddens and swells. The throat itself becomes less pliant. Mucus thickens almost to the consistency of rubber cement and rains cruelly down on the vocal cords. Speech, to say nothing of song, requires a Herculean push through the muck. Breathing grows labored. A change in temperature causes changes in the hydration of the throat. The effort to produce a true musical note becomes a painful exercise in anxiety and overcompensation. There is a metamorphosis. The canary becomes a pigeon.



"When I was growing up, there were thirty great tenors, not three," says Pavarotti. "I don't know why things are now the way they are."

Even without a cold, Pavarotti always dreads the anticipation of singing more than the singing itself. "The ten minutes before the performance you wouldn't wish on your worst enemies," he says. "Then you go out and begin to sing. If the voice is with you, then you are going to share a gift of God, and there is nothing better than that. But if you have a little cough, then you have to try to force a good performance even though you are sick, and that—well . . ."

With one day still left to go before the Singapore concert, Pavarotti's manager and friend, Herbert Breslin, waited for the singer to descend from his suite to the lobby. Across town, an orchestra and a conductor tuned up and waited.

"This is pretty unusual," Breslin said, glancing at a clock. "Luciano's usually on time for rehearsals."

Breslin is a man of rubbery features and a hard glare. He is sixty-eight years old and has been Pavarotti's manager for twenty-five. In that time, he has helped a great, but by no means singular, tenor achieve a visibility previously unknown in the history of classical music. Not since P. T. Barnum promoted Jenny (the Swedish Nightingale) Lind on her tour of the United States, in the eighteenth-fifties, has the world of opera seen such a marriage of talent and hype. Beloved as an image of virtue, Lind mixed standard arias with the treacly pop songs of the day; she sang to adoring crowds, who then rushed off to buy Jenny Lind candies and Jenny Lind dinner services. With Pavarotti, Breslin has been able to outstrip Barnum. Even more than Jascha Heifetz, Arturo Toscanini, Maria Callas, or Leonard Bernstein, Pavarotti has used virtuosity as a stepping stone to mega-celebrity, and in the process he has acquired a fortune estimated at between twenty-five and fifty million dollars. Performing a fairly stock set of arias and popular Italian love songs—all of them packaged and repackaged many times on compact disk, laser disk, and videocassette—he has drawn Woodstockian crowds to the great parks of London, Buenos Aires, San Francisco, and New York. When he sang "La Bohème" in Beijing in 1986, two hundred and fifty million Chinese watched on television. Five hundred million saw the "Three Tenors" concert (Pavarotti co-starring with Plácido Domingo and José Carreras) at the Baths of Caracalla

in Rome in 1990. That same year, the only musicians who sold more recordings than Pavarotti were Elton John and Madonna. Domingo, a tenor of far greater range, cannot, despite his own commercial strivings, match Pavarotti's fame. He does not have the same ineffable warmth in his voice or stage persona, and he does not have Herbert Breslin.

"The thing with Luciano is that he has penetrated the world of classical music like no one else in the history of the art form," Breslin said as he waited in the lobby of the Regent Hotel. "Who would have thought you could sell out arenas for an Italian tenor in all these exotic places? They all know him and they get to see him. The phenomenon is tied to the events in communications: the VCR, the CD, the spread of television. Television has made him known all over the world. He may not be the greatest musician in the world, but his singing speaks to the soul. The Pavarotti sound gets you right in the center of your being. If he's in good form tomorrow, you'll see fifteen thousand Singaporeans going crazy. See, Luciano is really like a rock star for people over thirty. These are the people who have the money. People under thirty don't spend a hundred or two hundred dollars for a concert ticket. In every city in the world, there is always a substantial number of people who support the arts, and they are the movers and the shakers, the people in the philharmonic societies, the moneyed classes. They love Pavarotti, and that's why he's the greatest fund-raiser in the history of music. He's done more benefits than Carter has liver pills."

Breslin, who began his career as a public-relations man for Chrysler in Detroit, was giving the Pavarotti pitch. His patter is extraordinary in its speed and confidence, and he is experienced. His first client in music was, in salesmen's terms, a Pinto: the soprano Elisabeth Schwarzkopf. "A wonderful singer," Breslin says, "but she presented a tough P.R. problem." (Schwarzkopf was a member of the Nazi Party.)

As Breslin spoke, he went on watching the hotel elevators open and shut, a loud pinging preceding each arrival. "Plácido does arena concerts, too, but not ten or fifteen thousand people all the time. Only Luciano can do that. He's

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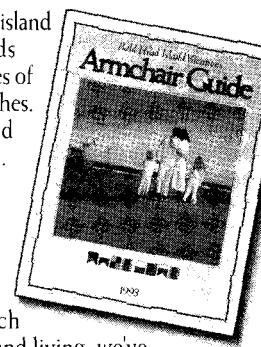
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single-handedly made the opera a world in which the men predominate. Before, it was Callas and Leontyne Price and Joan Sutherland and all the rest. A man couldn't get to first base. Now look! Sure, you've got someone like Kathy Battle now, but she has a very limited repertoire. Luciano and I have been together for twenty-five years, and everything he's done is to make himself an independent spirit. We began twenty years ago, with recitals in Liberty, Missouri, Dallas, and Carnegie Hall, and those concerts gave him independence. If you succeed at that kind of thing, you don't need an opera company. You can just be yourself. We started with concerts with a piano, then moved on to orchestras. I'm telling you he could read the telephone book and people would enjoy it."

Yet another elevator door opened, and this time Pavarotti, trailed by a few unsmiling members of his entourage, stepped out into the marble lobby. Rossini once described the great contralto of his era, Marietta Alboni, as an "elephant that swallowed a nightingale." It does not take a malicious spirit to think the same of Pavarotti. He is huge. And yet he is immediately appealing. He has a great face: squared off, thickly bearded, immensely alive. You never feel you are looking at a fatty with a comb-over. He is somehow the living embodiment of the romantic Italian tenor. Women, especially, do not mind his bulk. As one member of the retinue was eager to report, Pavarotti receives as many sexual offers "as your average rock star."

But now Pavarotti seemed glum, unhealthy, in pain. As he headed through the lobby for the door, you could hear his chuffing breath from ten feet away. He had not taken many steps. Breslin tenderly put his hand on Pavarotti's elbow, and the two men, speaking Italian, went out to the driveway and eased themselves into a car. The rest of the crew, including a team of German security men with walkie-talkies, followed in a Mercedes caravan.

THE concert in Singapore was to be a kind of farewell. Pavarotti was postponing a series of appearances and would "disappear" for a couple of months. He would go home to his family, in Modena, start a diet ("Maybe I lose eighty pounds"), and endure an operation for an old and nagging knee in-

jury. Breslin knew that the cancellations would be a public-relations blow. The past couple of years had punished the legend. Ardis Krainik, the general director of Chicago's Lyric Opera, let loose a skein of bad publicity in 1989 by cutting off all contractual relations with Pavarotti after he cancelled a performance of "Tosca." Krainik says that she "loves" the singer but that, as a business executive, she had no other choice. It had been his twenty-sixth cancellation out of forty-one scheduled appearances at the Lyric.

In 1991, Pavarotti tried to extend his range from the lyric to the dramatic in a concert version of Verdi's "Otello"—an opera that demands of the tenor a richer, darker sound than Pavarotti can carry—and he was rewarded with a string of devastating reviews. Peter G. Davis's piece, in *New York*, was representative, slamming Pavarotti for his "mechanical, score-bound declamation," and going on to say, "Most of the time he simply sounded scared out of his wits. Perhaps he was. When not singing, the tenor sat next to a table with his face buried in a huge white handkerchief, nervously helping himself to an extraordinary variety of potables and refreshments laid out for his convenience." Pavarotti, for his part, said he had a cold.

In another incident, the BBC sued when its executives discovered that a 1992 Pavarotti concert they had bought for broadcast had been lip-synched. Some fans might have wished for more lip-synching: At the opening of La Scala last December, Pavarotti was poorly prepared for his role in "Don Carlo" and sang badly. The ardent fans in the balconies, the *loggionisti*, booed.

When the caravan arrived at the rehearsal hall, a member of the advance team said, with a sense of triumph,

"We're lucky. The walk isn't too bad. And there's a good elevator." Pavarotti unfolded from his car. As he walked, he rested his right hand on the shoulder of Judy Kovacs, a stunning young woman who travels the world with him as his personal assistant and occasional photographer. He winced a little as he headed slowly toward the elevator. "More slowly, Judy," he said. "More slowly."

Inside the hall, Pavarotti's special stool, which also travels the world with him, and a local orchestra were in place. Pavarotti smiled, nodded at the assembled musicians, sat down, and quickly settled into an easy groove, softly singing his way through his standard arena program of chestnut arias and Italian songs. For Pavarotti, rehearsal is a mix of the casual and the disciplined, an attempt to sharpen the timing without exhausting the body. He worked with his arms folded over his chest; his eyes narrowed and widened with the music, as if he were watching his voice, testing it for signs of strain or illness. There were a few.

Sitting now in the fifth row of the hall, Breslin watched his man noodle through one aria after another: "Una furtiva lagrima," "O paradiso," "Recondita armonia," "E lucevan le stelle," and the signature, the aria used as the theme music for the 1990 World Cup, "Nessun dorma."

No matter what Pavarotti has lost to age, no matter, even, what hellish tricks his cold was playing on him, his sound came shimmering out of him. To sit so close to that voice, even when it was in half-bellow, was thrilling. Breslin alternated between singing along and talking as the spirit moved him. "You know, the idea for a rest is good," he said. "Luciano told me he woke up the other morning, went into the bathroom, looked at himself in the mirror, and said, 'Luciano, you are fat!' The main thing is that he must lose some weight. It's gotten to the point where he is practically immobile." Pavarotti does not reveal his weight, even to his own dietitian, but he was surely well over three hundred pounds in Singapore. In order for him to perform certain operas onstage in recent years, directors have had to eliminate steps, plant cups of water on the set, and otherwise design the production for the health and safety of the tenor. Dor-



othy Kirsten, a frequent co-star with Pavarotti in New York and San Francisco over the years, once told *Opera News*, "If he doesn't lose some of that weight, he'll have a heart attack. It's a shame, because now he's more insecure vocally and nervous and not nearly the artist he was when I first sang with him. Let's hope someone can convince him to do something quick before it's too late!" And that was when Pavarotti was forty-one. He is now fifty-eight.

Breslin hummed along with the orchestra as it played the opening bars of "Vesti la giubba," an aria from "Pagliacci" that is all the more familiar for having once been used as the music for a Rice Krispies commercial. I leaned over to Breslin and said that news of Pavarotti's cancellations was likely to be in all the papers at home.

Breslin rolled his eyes and nodded. "Of course, of course," he said. "Luciano complained to me, 'When my colleagues cancel, no one hears about it. When I cancel, the whole world knows about it.' I told him, 'Luciano, you go to the bathroom and the whole world wants to know.'"

The next night, Pavarotti sang to the elite of Singapore. It was, for those who knew him, a middling performance. Singapore hardly knew him. At the end, the crowd was on its collective feet, roaring its collective glee. They were applauding an opera star, the guest on the talk shows who cooks spaghetti, the man in the American Express Card commercial. Even before he sang a single note, Pavarotti extended his arms in embrace, threw his head back, and brought on the applause. "Do you know me?" Pavarotti seemed to ask as the sweat poured down his face, and his chest heaved. "Do you adore me?" And yes—yes, they did.

THE next day, the road show broke up. Pavarotti flew home to lose weight. I flew home to learn more about Pavarotti. In the course of reading through a stack of clippings and books, I came across a line from the late singer Richard Tucker: asked by *Newsweek* about being the world's greatest tenor, Tucker said, "You have no idea what a great responsibility it is." Tucker's remark has about it all the comic self-dramatizing, the narcissism, of the performing-arts world. But it is also true. Opera fans are not much different

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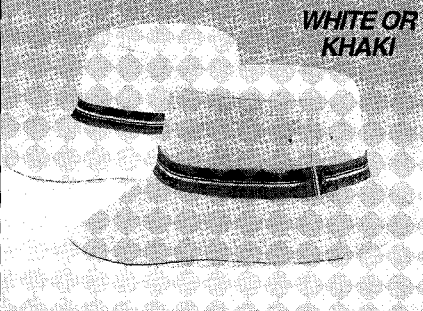
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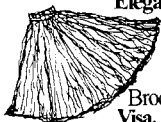
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from the most discriminating baseball fans. At once emotional and impossibly knowledgeable, they are the self-appointed guardians of the art, and buy their season tickets at least in part to hold the current practitioners up to constant scrutiny and historical comparison. Just as the memory of Willie Mays lurks behind every exploit and pretension of Barry Bonds, so does Jussi Björling's 1944 "Nessun dorma" haunt the attempts of Pavarotti to match it. "The opera aficionado is a very strange person," Beverly Sills says. "There's this incredible possessiveness in him. Somehow he feels the opera star should be for him alone, and he doesn't want to share, especially with a cross-over public."

It sometimes seems as if the composers had written arias with the precise purpose of undermining the ego of that supreme egoist, the tenor. The ghostly composer sometimes wins by a knockout. Once, in Peru, a tenor faced with singing the daunting series of high C's in "Di quella pira," from Verdi's "Il Trovatore," stopped the orchestra and suddenly announced that he would now, "by popular request," replace the aria with "Come Back to Sorrento." Pavarotti is braver but no less frightened. He once recalled that, confronted with singing nine high C's in a single aria in Donizetti's "La Fille du régiment"—a feat that helped make his name—"I was so scared I didn't know which muscle to use most, the throat or the sphincter."

The responsibility of tenors to the aficionados, and to the music itself, is enormous. For Pavarotti, it is unprecedented. Unless some miracle occurs very soon, he is the last in the line of great Italian tenors. The sense of imminent extinction, of lastness, does not allow him to age peacefully. Until recently, competition among tenors was furious. After Caruso, the species only thrived: Beniamino Gigli, Tito Schipa, Ferruccio Tagliavini, Mario Del Monaco, Franco Corelli, Carlo Bergonzi, Giuseppe Di Stefano. "When I was growing up, there were thirty great tenors, not three," Pavarotti says. "I don't know why things are now the way they are." Now there are a few strong tenors—Richard Leech and Jerry Hadley among them—but, according to most critical reckoning, there

are no greats, and certainly no great young Italians. "Good tenors are so scarce," George Bernard Shaw wrote, "that the world has always condoned any degree of imbecility for the sake of an *ut de poitrine*"—a high C from the chest. And never more than now. Domingo, Pavarotti's only real competitor, is a Spaniard, and is himself in his fifties.

Opera may now be on television all the time in Italy and around the world, but it has about it the dank smell of preservationism. When Pavarotti was growing up, there were still teachers and conductors alive who had worked with Puccini, who had been part of the Golden Age. Compared with the Metropolitan Opera of the fifties and early sixties, when Renata Tebaldi

would sing one night and Callas the next, when Rudolf Bing could afford to fire Richard Tucker if he felt like it, the place is now in serious vocal decline, especially for the nineteenth-century repertoire.

In the criticism levelled against Pavarotti and Breslin, there is an undertone suggesting that somehow they are prime culprits in the slide of the opera world. Few doubt that Pavarotti's achievements are considerable—especially his recordings with Joan Sutherland and Richard Bonynge—but there is also a feeling that he and Breslin have gone a long way toward trashing a cathedral. Herbert Breslin "has built around the Pavarotti persona a vast promotional apparatus that many in the music world find thoroughly repulsive," Will Crutchfield wrote in the *Times*. "The publicity shunts even a noble work like the Verdi 'Requiem' off into small print on posters for what is first and foremost a Pavarotti Appearance. It makes claims about the tenor's artistic attainments and status that are frankly preposterous to anyone who knows opera and vocal history. In exposure and income Mr. Pavarotti surpasses by light years several tenors whose actual voice and art he may surpass by only a slight margin, or not at all."

The opera critic Peter Conrad told me, "It's neurotic enough when your career depends on two bits of gristle in your throat, but when you are all hyped, and you are a milk cow producing money for everyone, the pressure



is just huge. Pavarotti's high notes ran out some time ago. Now it's often a strangled bleat."

William Weaver, a prominent translator and a critic for the *Financial Times*, told me that he has heard Pavarotti sing well in the past—"marvellous clarity of enunciation, the beautiful pure vowels"—but that "all the inartistic things he does have resulted in a loss of sensitivity," and that now he hears a "coarseness" in Pavarotti's tone and delivery. I asked Weaver if he saw the "Three Tenors" concert. "I never heard such ghastly singing in my life, and Pavarotti was the worst," he said. "He added extra vulgarity: I thought he'd drag out 'O sole mio' until the end of time."

Perhaps no remark on the subject has been more devastating than Bing's before the release of Pavarotti's abysmal 1982 movie, "Yes, Giorgio." "I won't say that I'd fire him on the spot," Bing said in *New York*. "But I must say that seeing that stupid, ugly face everywhere I go is getting on my nerves. It's all so unnecessary, so undignified."

It is hard—at least, historically—to understand what all the fuss is about. Risë Stevens and Geraldine Farrar did cigarette ads. Roberta Peters did a Chock Full o' Nuts spot on television wearing a toga. Rosalind Elias did an advertisement for Playtex in which she announced that her Cross Your Heart brassiere made her high C come out better. Robert Merrill, usually a paragon of career planning, was once fired from the Metropolitan for starring in "Aaron Slick from Punkin Crick" with Dinah Shore. Opera stars have always straddled the shadow-line between high art and low camp. "If Elvis or the Beatles can make a grand living, why should an opera singer be prevented from doing it?" says Ardis Krainik, of the *Lyric*. "Luciano loves it when eighteen thousand people cheer him. I don't begrudge him that. It doesn't cheapen anything." Bruce-Michael Gelbert, a critic for the *New York Native*, told me that, while Pavarotti has lost his high notes and probably should not have taken on heavier roles like "Otello," "I still think he sounds so much better than almost anyone else," and he added, "When he's at his best, few can touch him. He usually sounds better than I expect, even though the King of the High C's now can crack on a B-flat."

The problem is very simple: Pavarotti is getting older. A process of aging begins in every singer at, roughly, the age of thirty. The muscle tone of the abdomen begins to decrease. The lungs lose their elasticity. The thorax loses its distensibility. The neck bones become less flexible, and this affects the ability to raise and lower the larynx; the larynx loses bulk and muscle tone; the cartilage in the larynx becomes ossified. Joints on the back of the larynx can stiffen, and the result is increased breathiness. The vocal cords begin to thin out and bow; the surrounding connective tissue grows flaccid. Because the cords do not close as easily as they once did, the singer overcompensates. He pushes. A still breathier tone results. Also, hearing becomes less acute. The singer's feedback system goes awry. One sign of age is that the pianissimo in the upper middle range loses its shimmer. And the nature and volume of the secretions in the throat change; hydration is more erratic; high notes become more of an adventure.

"It's a fact of life. Singers are like athletes," says Dr. Scott Kessler, a specialist in maladies of the voice. "Like an athlete, a singer needs constant training and muscle toning. The fine control goes before the stamina."

WHEN Pavarotti travels, he stays in the same hotels and, if he can, the same rooms. In New York, he has a twenty-third-floor apartment on Central Park South. The fear of a cold keeps him indoors on all but ideal days. When he does go out, it is always with a scarf and a hat. If he forgets, Judy Kovacs will run up from behind and throw the scarf around his neck. "I am a slave to my throat," Pavarotti complains. There is, despite this awful bondage, almost always someone around to do his bidding. Pavarotti is among the more pampered creatures in the world. "Luciano loves to sit on the couch, make phone calls, and order people around—that's what he does," Breslin says. "Mainly, he's a simple country man. His real passion is horses. He's not much of a reader. He always has to have sixteen people around. Luciano is spoiled. He is who he is and he doesn't like change."

For two months after the Singapore concert, Pavarotti stayed home in Modena with his wife, Adua, and near

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"I understand they have some lovely things."

his three grown daughters and his personal dietitian. He made his calls and tried to survive on fifteen hundred calories a day. When the layoff was done, Pavarotti returned to performing looking a little lighter—thirty-two pounds lighter, he informed his dietitian—and more at ease. His knee was still sore from the operation, and no one had made him any younger, but he moved more easily and was eager to sing. In early May, he and the soprano Aprile Millo gave a benefit concert at the Metropolitan Opera of Puccini and Verdi arias and duets. At times, it was hard to imagine him singing better.

The morning after the concert, I went to see Pavarotti at his apartment. He was sitting at his desk, contentedly looking out the window and waiting for the phone to ring. He had the sweet, aimless look of a lion after lunch, though lunch, he assured me, had not been much: "Today, it was a hot dog. Not bad! If you look at the calories of a hot dog—well, it would be, maximum, two, three, four hundred calories. I try to

make one meal divide into two. So if I eat pasta in the daytime, one plate, not even big, with some fruit after, then I can have for dinner maybe fish, salad, and a piece of bread. But only a little piece of bread! This means fourteen hundred calories. If I eat normally, I eat three thousand calories. Easy!"

Pavarotti was pleased with his performance the previous night, but he was still smarting from the accumulation of bad publicity over the past couple of years. "I think this is particularly an attitude of today's world," he said. "They are not interested if something is very nice. They want to say something very bad. They want to see a massacre, like in Waco. If people live in a monastery and stay there and just pray to God, nobody cares. People ask what I will do next to extend myself. I have really done everything possible. We have done four performances of 'Otello,' four performances of 'Pagliacci,' a beautiful recording of 'Manon Lescaut'—these three are the most dramatic operas of the entire Italian repertoire. 'Extend' is not the

word. It is not possible. Last night, it was arias from 'Aida,' 'Tosca,' 'Bohème'—different periods of a life of a singer. When a tenor is a lyric, abundant tenor, he can sing almost anything. He can sing 'Elixir of Love,' all the most difficult arias for a light tenor. It all depends on how you treat the voice. If you treat it well, it stays with you a long time. There are tenors singing till the age of seventy, seventy-five.

"Things are easier for singers than they were. You have better food, better medicine, better ways to travel. We did a concert two days ago in Germany. The day after, we woke up at seven, took a private plane from Dortmund to Paris—forty minutes. We took the Concorde here—three and a half hours. I slept one and half hours. What can be better than that? It cannot be better

than that. They talk about stress, but my profession is not work. My profession is pleasant. You suffer the preparation because you are not sure what is going to happen. That is a kind of necessary suffering. But to suffer because you have to sing is slightly ridiculous. When my daughter was seven, she thought I was a thief, because she never saw me work. For her, singing is not work. Probably she is right!"

Pavarotti's talk of pleasure, even ease, was a relief after all my reading about the self-lacerating lives of other singers. But it was still hard to believe. That morning, I had watched, for the twentieth time or so, a tape of Pavarotti singing "Nessun dorma" at the end of the "Three Tenors" concert. The tape provides a closeup that no audience member ever gets, and it reveals a physical exertion and fear of failure known at certain moments to aerialists, matadors, surgeons, soldiers. Just before the climax of the aria—the B-natural scream—a look of terror sweeps across Pavarotti's huge, sweating face. His eyes bulge, his jaw

squares, and then, at the precise moment when he releases the final note—a direct hit—the eyes betray not pleasure but the most exquisite sense of relief. He has done it again. Another trip through the Puccini minefield.

As I recalled the moment, Pavarotti smiled and nodded indulgently. "Look, there are two kinds of singers," he said. "One who is doing everything very easily. The top note for him is like a—peanut! He just picks it off! And then there are the singers who have a little trouble with the top note, but they give you their heart. For me, personally, I like the singer who makes you feel something very important. The first kind comes out of the schools and they have all the pyrotechnics. So? So? I think you need a little effort. A cry. Pain. Something in there to make you think it is true—to the singer and to the audience. As for 'Nessun dorma,' this is an aria I have sung since I had a tiny little voice like that. So 'Nessun dorma' isn't difficult if you approach it with the maximum respect. You cannot be totally wild in this aria. You must think. The most important thing is to make the phrasing true and at the end make the top, because there is the scream, 'Vincerò!'—'I will win!' It's a real scream! The top in an aria is generally a cry or sound of happiness. But in this there is all the hope of a man. So that is why the people, when they hear this aria, they love it. 'I will win!' I will win in life, I will win in love, I will win in work, I will win in every little thing. In the morning, when you hear this aria you are thrilled. It is the hope of man translated into a piece of music. In the opera, it is a man who will die if he does not win."

TEN days later, after a quick trip home to Modena and a concert in Monte Carlo, Pavarotti returns to New York. On the morning of May 14th, he rides to City Hall to take part in a press conference with Mayor Dinkins announcing that he will give a free concert in Central Park on June 26th. The concert, with a full orchestra and the Harlem Boys Choir, will be broadcast live on PBS; the next day, it will be shown around the world. One may fairly expect the full package: compact disk, laser disk, videocassette, et al.

Pavarotti sits patiently through the speeches at City Hall. He mugs for the

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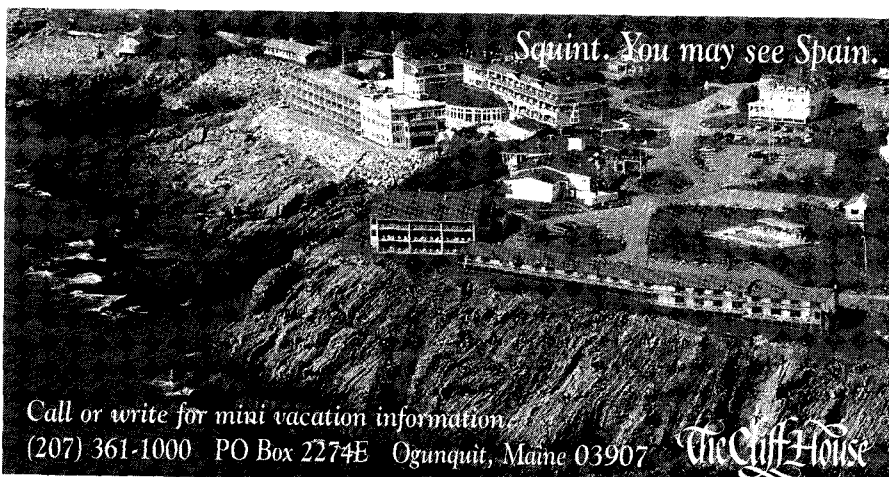
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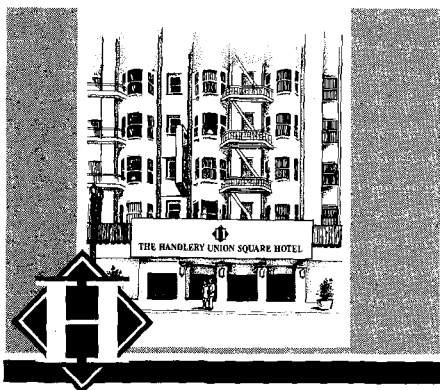


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cameras once in a while. But he seems down, worse than in Singapore. A cold is plaguing him again. After the press conference, the caravan heads for LaGuardia, where a private plane is waiting on the runway. There will be a concert the next night at Philadelphia's Spectrum arena, the cavernous home of the 76ers and the Flyers. Breslin, as always, is near his man. "I like to be in his eyesight," he says. Once the plane is aloft, a flight attendant comes around with huge plates of sandwiches, fruit, sweets of all kinds. Pavarotti nibbles a little fruit. He is trying to be good. He has to. His dietitian, an elegant French-woman named Marie-Pierre Grenier, is sitting nearby and keeping watch. Breslin pretends not to care less. "Hey, Luciano!" he shouts. "Peanut-butter cookies! Mmmm!"

Someone else tucks into the chocolate-dipped strawberries.

Pavarotti winces, operatically.

Grenier's previous employment was the care and feeding of the leading soccer team of Marseilles. "But this is an adventure," she says. "I lose weight, and Luciano, I hope, he loses weight, too. He goes into the bathroom and weighs himself. He won't let me see the scales. He comes out and says, 'Two more kilos!' I hope he is right." Later, she says, "Luciano has the *cafard*, the blues. I ask him in the morning 'How are you?' He says, 'Fine,' and I say, 'It's not true,' and he smiles. He says, 'How did you know?'"

In Philadelphia, Pavarotti mostly stays in his room, making phone calls and eating the meals dictated by Marie-Pierre Grenier. Downstairs, just a few hours before the concert, Breslin sits down to a plate of cookies and a pot of coffee at the hotel café and picks up the narrative where he had abandoned it in Singapore. How things really took off when he started working together with Tibor Rudas, formerly of Resorts International in Las Vegas and Atlantic City, putting together concerts in sports arenas and stadiums. "He came to me with the idea of presenting Luciano, and I paid him no attention at first. He says I threw him out of my office. Not true. But close."

Once the coffee is drained, Breslin goes up to Pavarotti's suite, on the ninth floor. Judy Kovacs opens the door. The

suite has about it a crepuscular gloom. Scattered all around, like cracked eggs, are open, half-packed bags. Pavarotti sits on the couch, taking calls. His leg is propped on the coffee table, and there is a bag of ice on his knee, a scarf the size of a sheet draped over his belly. He nods solemnly, like a man getting bad news. Finished, he turns to Breslin, and he does not smile. Their brief conversation ends unpleasantly and Breslin knows not to push it. He backs out of the room and closes the door—carefully, the better not to disturb his man.

Pavarotti seems awfully down, not like a man who has to sing "Vesti la giubba" for Philadelphia in two hours, I say after a while.

Breslin smiles darkly. "Look," he says. "There's Luciano Pavarotti the artist and there's Luciano Pavarotti the man. It's two different things, and as a man he is facing the problems of getting older, with all that implies. And there is not a damn thing I, or anyone else, can do for him. Look, I feel it, too. We'll all feel it. I wish I were thirty-five years younger. I hate getting older. They say, 'Oh, it's not how old or young you are, it's how you feel.' Yeah, bullshit. I'm going to be sixty-nine in October, and I hate it. I hate getting older. I'm a basket case."

A little while later, Breslin and I are sitting together in the front row of the Spectrum waiting for the concert to begin. The houselights dim. Pavarotti comes out, he spreads his arms, and, like a child told to smile once for the camera, he smiles. I thought his face would crack in two. The place explodes. He sings. The acoustics are roughly the same as those of the Lincoln Tunnel. Between the sound and the cold, it is not much of a performance. After the encore arias, from "Manon Lescaut," hundreds of people start calling for "Nessun dorma."

"He won't do it," Breslin says. "He's working too hard."

Pavarotti thanks the crowd and walks off. Behind the stage, a security man in an electric cart meets him and drives him the fifty yards or so to his dressing room. The houselights go up. We are left silent, blinking.

"He's right," Breslin says. "No 'Nessun dorma.' He shouldn't do it."

AFTER the show, Pavarotti sat in his dressing room signing autographs and icing his knee. Considering his

mood and the cold, he might have been better off cancelling. "Some people do in these conditions, but I can't," he said later. "To send home ten thousand people is not fair. There are people who fly in, they stay at a hotel. They've seen you on video. They have the records. How do you cancel?"

After signing posters, programs, matchbooks, and casts for an hour and a half, Pavarotti went back to the hotel. Tibor Rudas's people set out steam plates filled with shrimp and lobster and called it a celebration of Rudas's hundredth concert with Pavarotti. It was a clumsy affair—one of those parties where the band's practiced cheer only highlights the gloom of the guest of honor. People were standing around in quiet little clumps. Pavarotti shimmied for a while on the dance floor and waited for the party to get better.

One of the tour workers came over to me and said quietly, "Please don't stand. He wants people sitting around him."

Breslin and I left the party at about midnight and started the drive to New York. "There's just nothing going on in music," he said, turning to a favorite, desperate theme. "No one really commands your attention the way they did. I mean, just try and give me a cast these days for 'Macbeth.' You can't! Give me a cast for 'La Bohème.' For 'Aida.' These are the days of *medium*. The greatness is just not there. The last time it was there was in the mid-sixties, in the last years when Bing was running the Met. Look who could sing, say, 'Tosca.' Maria Callas. Renata Tebaldi. Leontyne Price. Birgit Nilsson. Régine Crespin. Leonie Resinek. Or the tenors. Jon Vickers. Franco Corelli. Richard Tucker. You just can't find anyone like that now. The whole opera-company system is dead. There aren't even any coaches around. A discerning audience barely exists anymore."

What did Pavarotti have left in him, I asked.

"I think Luciano might give up opera on the stage in a year or two and just do concerts," Breslin said. "One thing I'm pretty sure of: he doesn't want to learn anything new. He's just gone through learning 'Otello' and 'Don Carlo.' There's a new production of 'I Lombardi' at the Met in the fall, and he's just recorded 'Manon Lescaut.' Just concerts:

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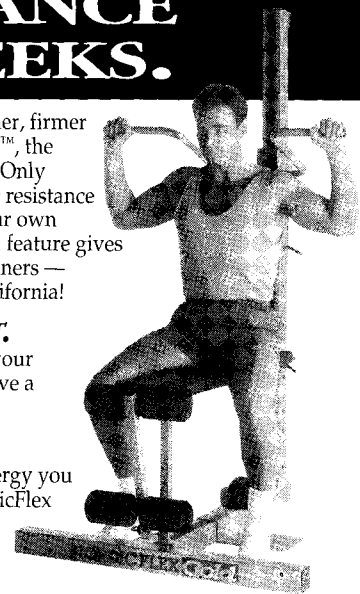
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A D V E R T I S E M E N T

I think that's in the cards. I had hoped he'd do 'Otello' on the stage, but now I doubt that will ever happen."

IF and when Pavarotti leaves the opera house for good, the moment of extinction will have come: the last of the Italian tenors. I went to see Pavarotti one more time a couple of days after the Philadelphia concert, and his mood had been transformed once again. The cold was fading. He would hear nothing of retirement. There was the Central Park concert to think about, "I Lombardi" to study, and, in the fall, the twenty-fifth anniversary of his and Domingo's débuts at the Metropolitan.

"That was probably the program, to stop singing opera in 1995 and just do concerts maybe once a week and enjoy the life, enjoy the weekend," he said. "But this was a man thirty pounds heavier than now and feeling very bad in the knee. Now it is totally different. You are talking to a different person. My project is in a year or two to go back to playing tennis and get back to the stage without having any pain or needing supports here and there. Coming home from Philadelphia, I was thinking to myself that if my body feels good, like now or even better, I think I want to do something new on the stage. I have a couple of operas in mind. I don't have the courage to say which. Basically, you start out an opera singer and you like being one. All the entourage is around. The orchestra, the colleagues, the make-up people, the stage director, the conductor. I like that. So I want to keep making operas. My father is eighty years old, and he called me wishing me the best and told me he had just sung 'Ave Maria' in church. He has a beautiful voice, a fantastic instrument, even now. So why not?"

Pavarotti saw me out. He was leaning heavily on the door and watching the numbers on the elevator rise. He smiled, the better to mask his impatience. When the little bell rang, he said another goodbye and closed the door. ♦

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IN THE GARDEN

ALIEN SOIL

While some people like to remake nature in their own image, others prefer to live and let live.

BY JAMAICA KINCAID

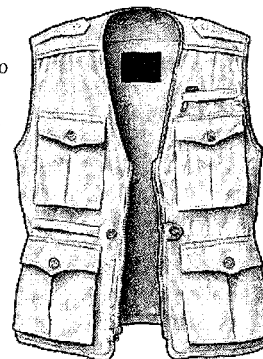
WHATEVER it is in the character of the English people that leads them to obsessively order and shape their landscape to such a degree that it looks like a painting (tamed, framed, captured, kind, decent, good, pretty), while a painting never looks like the English landscape, unless it is a bad painting—this quality of character is blissfully lacking in the Antiguan people. I make this unfair comparison (unfair to the Antiguan people? unfair to the English people? I cannot tell, but there is an unfairness here somewhere) only because so much of the character of the Antiguan people is influenced by and inherited, through conquest, from the English people. The tendency to shower pity and cruelty on the weak is among the traits the Antiguan people inherited, and so is a love of gossip. (The latter, I think, is responsible for the fact that England has produced such great novelists, but it has not yet worked to the literary advantage of the Antiguan people.) When the English were a presence in Antigua—they first came to the island as slaveowners, when a man named Thomas Warner established a settlement there in 1632—the places where they lived were surrounded by severely trimmed hedges of plumbago, topiaries of willow (casuarina), and frangipani and hibiscus; their grass was green (odd, because water was scarce; the proper word for the climate is not “sunny” but “drought-ridden”) and freshly cut; they kept trellises covered with roses, and beds of marigolds and cannas and chrysanthemums.

Ordinary Antiguan (and by “ordinary Antiguan” I mean the Antiguan people, who are descended from the African slaves brought to this island by Europeans; this turns out to be a not un-



common way to become ordinary), the ones who had some money and could live in houses of more than one room, had gardens in which only flowers were grown. This made it even more apparent that they had some money, in that all their outside space was devoted not to feeding their families but to the sheer beauty of things. I can remember in particular one such family, who lived in a house with many rooms (four, to be exact). They had an indoor kitchen and a place for bathing (no indoor toilet, though); they had a lawn, always neatly cut, and they had beds of flowers, but I can now remember only roses and marigolds. I can remember those because once I was sent there to get a bouquet of roses for my godmother on her birthday. The family also had, in the middle of their small lawn, a willow tree, pruned so that it had the shape of a pine tree—a conical shape—and at Christmastime this tree was decorated with colored lights (which was so unusual and seemed so luxurious to me that when I passed by this house I would beg to be allowed to stop and stare at it for a while). At Christmas, all willow trees would suddenly be called Christmas trees, and for a time, when my family must have had a small amount of money, I, too, had a Christmas tree—a lonely, spindly branch of willow sitting in a bucket of water in our very small house. No one in my family and, I am almost certain, no one

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in the family of the people with the lighted-up willow tree had any idea of the origins of the Christmas tree and the traditions associated with it. When these people (the Antiguans) lived under the influence of these other people (the English), there was naturally an attempt among some of them to imitate their rulers in this particular way—by rearranging the landscape—and they did it without question. They can't be faulted for not asking what it was they were doing; that is the way these things work. The English left, and

most of their landscaping influence went with them. The Americans came, but Americans (I am one now) are not interested in influencing people directly; we instinctively understand the childish principle of monkey see, monkey do. And at the same time we are divided about how we ought to behave in the world. Half of us believe in and support strongly a bad thing our government is doing, while the other half do not believe in and protest strongly against the bad thing. The bad thing succeeds, and everyone, protester and supporter alike, enjoys immensely the results of the bad thing. This ambiguous approach in the many is always startling to observe in the individual. Just look at Thomas Jefferson, a great American gardener and our country's third President, who owned slaves, and strongly supported the idea of an expanded American border, which meant the extinction of the people who already lived on the land to be taken, while at the same time he was passionately devoted to ideas about freedom—ideas that the descendants of the slaves and the people who were defeated and robbed of their land would have to use in defense of themselves. Jefferson, as President, commissioned the formidable trek his former secretary, the adventurer and botany thief Meriwether Lewis, made through the West, sending plant specimens back to the President along the way. The *Lewisia rediviva*, state flower of Montana, which Lewis found in the Bitterroot River valley, is named after him; the clarkia, not a flower of any state as far as I can tell, is named for his co-adventurer and botany thief, William Clark.

What did the botanical life of Antigua consist of at the time another fa-

mous adventurer—Christopher Columbus—first saw it? To see a garden in Antigua now will not supply a clue. I made a visit to Antigua this spring, and most of the plants I saw there came from somewhere else. The bougainvillea (named for another restless European, the sea adventurer Louis-Antoine de Bougainville, first Frenchman to cross the Pacific) is native to tropical South America; the plumbago is from Southern Africa; the croton (genus *Codiaeum*) is from Malay Peninsula; the *Hibiscus rosa-sinensis* is from Asia



and the *Hibiscus schizopetalus* is from East Africa; the allamanda is from Brazil; the poinsettia (named for an American ambassador, Joel Poinsett) is from Mexico; the bird of paradise flower is from Southern Africa; the Bermuda lily is from Japan; the flamboyant tree is from Madagascar; the casuarina is from Australia; the Norfolk pine is from Norfolk Island; the tamarind tree is from Africa; the mango is from Asia. The breadfruit, that most Antiguan (to me) and starchy food, the bane of every Antiguan child's palate, is from the East Indies. This food has been the cause of more disagreement between parents and their children than anything else I can think of. No child has ever liked it. It was sent to the West Indies by Joseph Banks, the English naturalist and world traveller, and the head of Kew Gardens, which was then a clearing house for all the plants stolen from the various parts of the world where the English had been. (One of the climbing roses, *Rosa banksiae*, from China, was named for Banks' wife.) Banks sent tea to India; to the West Indies he sent the breadfruit. It was meant to be a cheap food for feeding slaves. It was the cargo that Captain Bligh was carrying to the West Indies on the ship *Bounty* when his crew so rightly mutinied. It's as though the Antiguan child senses intuitively the part this food has played in the history of injustice and so will not eat it. But, unfortunately for her, it grows readily, bears fruit abundantly, and is impervious to drought. Soon after the English settled in Antigua, they cleared the land of its hardwood forests to make room for the growing of tobacco, sugar, and cotton, and it is this that makes the island drought-ridden to this day. Antigua is

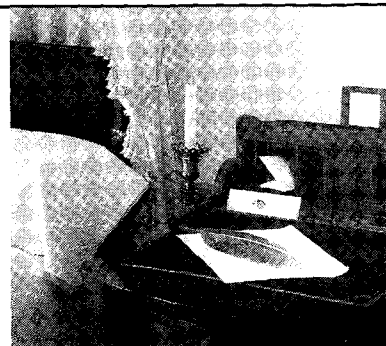
also empty of much wildlife natural to it. When snakes proved a problem for the planters, they imported the mongoose from India. As a result there are no snakes at all on the island—nor other reptiles, other than lizards—though I don't know what damage the absence of snakes causes, if any.

What herb of beauty grew in this place then? What tree? And did the people who lived there grow anything beautiful for its own sake? I do not know; I can only make a straightforward deduction: the frangipani, the mahogany tree, and the cedar tree are all native to the West Indies, so these trees are probably indigenous. And some of the botany of Antigua can be learned from medicinal folklore. My mother and I were sitting on the steps in front of her house one day during my recent visit, and I suddenly focussed on a beautiful

bush (beautiful to me now; when I was a child I thought it ugly) whose fruit I remembered playing with when I was little. It is an herbaceous plant that has a red stem covered with red thorns, and emerald-green, simple leaves, with the same red thorns running down the leaf from the leafstalk. I cannot remember what its flowers looked like, and it was not in flower when I saw it while I was there with my mother, but its fruit is a small, almost transparent red berry, and it is this I used to play with. We children sometimes called it "china berry," because of its transparent, glassy look—it reminded us of china dinnerware, though we were only vaguely familiar with such a thing as china, having seen it no more than once or twice—and sometimes "baby tomato," because of its size, and to signify that it was not real; a baby thing was not a real thing. When I



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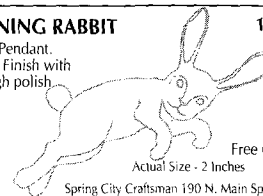
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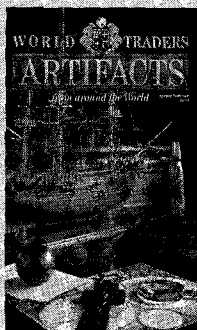
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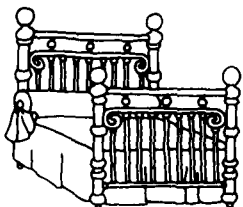
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pointed the bush out to my mother, she called it something else; she called it cancanberry bush, and said that in the old days, when people could not afford to see doctors, if a child had thrush they would make a paste of this fruit and rub it inside the child's mouth, and this would make the thrush go away. But, she said, people rarely bother with this remedy anymore. The day before, a friend of hers had come to pay a visit, and when my mother offered her something to eat and drink the friend declined, because, she said, she had some six-sixty-six and maiden-blush tea waiting at home for her. This tea is taken on an empty stomach, and it is used for all sorts of ailments, including to help bring on abortions. I have never seen six-sixty-six in flower, but its leaves are a beautiful ovoid shape and a deep green—qualities that are of value in a garden devoted to shape and color of leaf.

People who do not like the idea that there is a relationship between gardening and wealth are quick to remind me of the cottage gardener, that grim-faced English person. Living on land that is not his own, he has put bits and pieces of things together, things from here and there, and it is a beautiful jumble—but just try duplicating it; it isn't cheap to do. And I have never read a book praising the cottage garden written by a cottage gardener. This person—the cottage gardener—does not exist in a place like Antigua. Nor do casual botanical conversation, knowledge of the Latin names for plants, and discussions of the binomial system. If an atmosphere where these things could flourish exists in this place I am not aware of it. I can remember very well the cruel Englishwoman who was my botany teacher, and that, in spite of her cruelty, botany was one of my two favorite subjects in school. (History was the other.) With this in mind I visited a bookstore (the only bookstore I know of in Antigua) to see what texts are now being used in the schools and to see how their content compares with what was taught to me back then; the botany I had studied was a catalogue of the plants of the British Empire, the very same plants that are now widely cultivated in Antigua and are probably assumed by ordinary Antiguan to be native to their landscape—the mango, for example. But it turns out that botany as a subject is no longer taught in Antiguan

schools; the study of plants is now called agriculture. Perhaps that is more realistic, since the awe and poetry of botany cannot be eaten, and the mystery and pleasure in the knowledge of botany cannot be taken to market and sold.

And yet the people of Antigua have a relationship to agriculture that does not please them at all. Their very arrival on this island had to do with the forces of agriculture. When they (we) were brought to this island from Africa a few hundred years ago, it was not for their pottery-making skills or for their way with a loom; it was for the free labor they could provide in the fields. Mary Prince, a nineteenth-century African woman, who was born in Bermuda and spent part of her life as a slave in Antigua, writes about this in an autobiographical account, which I found in "The Classic Slave Narratives," edited by Henry Louis Gates, Jr. She says:

My master and mistress went on one occasion into the country, to Date Hill, for change of air, and carried me with them to take charge of the children, and to do the work of the house. While I was in the country, I saw how the field negroes are worked in Antigua. They are worked very hard and fed but scantily. They are called out to work before daybreak, and come home after dark; and then each has to heave his bundle of grass for the cattle in the pen. Then, on Sunday morning, each slave has to go out and gather a large bundle of grass; and, when they bring it home, they have all to sit at the manager's door and wait till he come out: often they have to wait there till past eleven o'clock, without any breakfast. After that, those that have yams or potatoes, or fire-wood to sell, hasten to market to buy... salt fish, or pork, which is a great treat for them.

Perhaps it makes sense that a group of people with such a wretched historical relationship to growing things would need to describe their current relationship to it as dignified and masterly (agriculture), and would not find it poetic (botany) or pleasurable (gardening).

In a book I am looking at (to read it is to look at it: the type is as tall as a doll's teacup), "The Tropical Garden," by William Warren, with photographs by Luca Invernizzi Tettoni, I find statements like "the concept of a private garden planted purely for aesthetic purposes was generally alien to tropical countries" and "there was no such tradition of ornamental horticulture among the inhabitants of most hot-weather places. Around the average home there might be a few specimens chosen especially be-

cause of their scented flowers or because they were believed to bring good fortune. . . . Nor would much, if any, attention be paid to attractive landscape design in such gardens: early accounts by travellers in the tropics abound in enthusiastic descriptions of jungle scenery, but a reader will search in vain for one praising the tasteful arrangement of massed ornamental beds and contrasting lawns of well-trimmed grass around the homes of natives." What can I say to that? No doubt it is true. And no doubt contrasting lawns and massed ornamental beds are a sign of something, and that is that someone—someone other than the owner of the lawns—has been humbled. To give just one example: on page 62 of this book is a photograph of eight men, natives of India, pulling a heavy piece of machinery used in the upkeep of lawns. They are without shoes. They are wearing the clothing of schoolboys—khaki shorts and khaki short-sleeved shirts. There is no look of bliss on their faces. The caption for the photograph reads, "Shortage of labour was never a problem in the maintenance of European features in large colonial gardens; here a team of workers is shown rolling a lawn at the Gymkhana Club in Bombay."

And here are a few questions that occur to me: what if the people living in the tropics, the ones whose history isn't tied up with and contaminated by slavery and indenturedness, are contented with their surroundings, are happy to observe an invisible hand at work and from time to time laugh at some of the ugly choices this hand makes; what if they have more important things to do than make a small tree large, a large tree small, or a tree whose blooms are usually yellow bear black blooms; what if these people are not spiritually feverish, restless, and full of envy?

When I was looking at the book of tropical gardens, I realized that the flowers and the trees so familiar to me from my childhood do not now have a hold on me. I do not long to plant and be surrounded by the bougainvillea; I do not like the tropical hibiscus; the corallita (from Mexico), so beautiful when tended, so ugly when left to itself, which makes everything around it look rusty and shabby, is not a plant I like at



all. I returned from my visit to Antigua, the place where I was born, to a small village in Vermont, the place where I choose to live. Spring had arrived. The tulips I had planted last autumn were in bloom, and I liked to sit and caress their petals, which felt disgustingly delicious, like scraps of peau de soie. The dizzy-making yellow of dandelions and cowslips was in the fields and riverbanks and marshes. I like these things. (I do not like daffodils, but that's a legacy of the English approach: I was forced to memorize the poem by William Wordsworth when I was a child.) I transplanted to the edge of a grove of pine trees some foxgloves that I grew from seed in late winter. I found some Virginia bluebells in a spot in the woods where I had not expected to find them, and some larches growing grouped together, also in a place I had not expected. On my calendar I marked the day I would go and dig up all the mulleins I could find and re-plant them in a very sunny spot across from the grove of pine trees. This is to be my forest of mulleins, though in truth it will appear a forest only to an ant. I marked the day I would plant the nasturtiums under the fruit trees. I discovered a clump of Dutchman's-breeches in the wildflower bed that I inherited from the man who built and used to own the house in which I now live, Robert Woodworth, the botanist who invented time-lapse photography. I waited for the things I

had ordered in the deep cold of winter to come. They started to come. Mr. Pembroke, who represents our village in the Vermont legislature, came and helped me dig some of the holes where some of the things I wanted to put in were to be planted.

Mr. Pembroke is a very nice man. He is never dressed in the clothing of schoolboys. There is not a look of misery on his face; on his face is the complicated look of an ordinary human being. When he works in my garden, we agree on a price; he sends me a bill, and I pay it. The days are growing longer and longer, and then they'll get shorter again. I am now used to that ordered progression, and I love it. But there is no order in my garden. I live in America now. Americans are impatient with memory, which is one of the things order thrives on. ♦

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FOR EVERY DAY

UP IN THE OLD HOTEL

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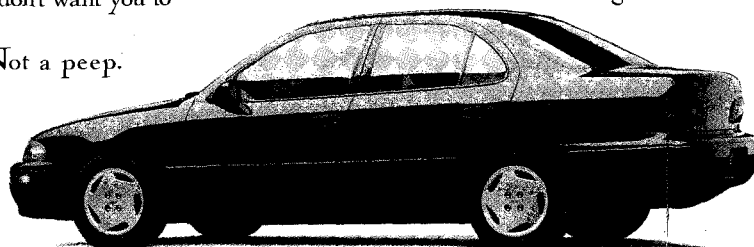
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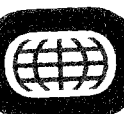


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A REPORTER AT LARGE

DEATH OF A PARTNER

Abiding by the traditions of the "Cravath system," the law firm of Cravath, Swaine & Moore is a strict meritocracy that demands dedication and discretion from its partners, and David Louis Schwartz drove himself hard to fit that mold. Until he was murdered, no one knew about his dangerous hidden life.

BY JAMES B. STEWART

ON November 11th of last year, mourners began gathering in the pews of Central Synagogue, on Lexington Avenue. As the organ murmured softly in the background, William Zeckendorf, Jr., and Daniel and Frederick Rose took seats alongside Marshall Field V, who had flown in from Chicago and, alone among friends and clients, had placed a memorial notice in the *Times*. The sanctuary was soon filled with more than five hundred people, among them real-estate moguls, luminaries of the bar, and family friends—just one measure of the stature of the deceased, a fifty-five-year-old real-estate lawyer named David Louis Schwartz.

The immediate family entered from the side—his two daughters and his son, all in their twenties. With them was Schwartz's mother, Annie Schwartz, over whose various ailments he had worried for many years, never dreaming that she'd outlive him. His wife, Nancy, looked stricken, her face expressionless and ashen with no makeup, her graying hair in disarray, as though someone else had tried to tuck it into place under her black veil. She had to be helped to her seat by her son and a close family friend.

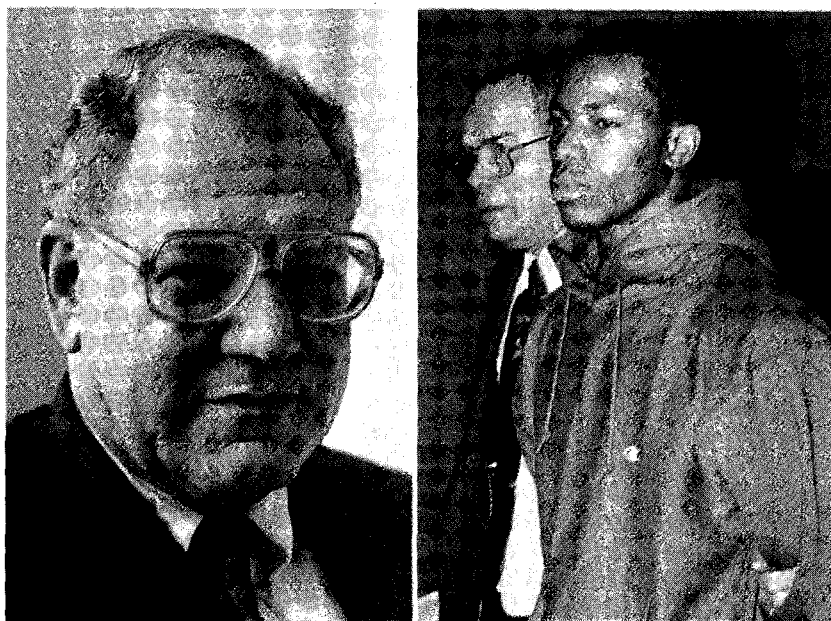
A large block of seats at the front of the sanctuary remained empty, enclosed by velvet ropes. Then, as the organ swelled and the faint hush of whispered greetings among the mourners subsided, a procession entered from the rear. Marching two by two, uniformly clad in

dark suits, ties, and white shirts, sixty partners of Cravath, Swaine & Moore marched slowly down the central aisle in a procession known as the Cravath walk—a tradition at the funeral of every Cravath partner. As they filled the front of the synagogue, their en-banc presence

tional middle-class urban Jewish upbringing. But, partly in deference to his mother, he had dutifully observed the important holy days and donated to Central Synagogue.

Rabbi Peter J. Rubinstein urged the mourners, "Do not let the circumstances

of his death color your view of him." A close friend, Dr. Robert Auerbach, praised Schwartz as "giving," and as a "good father and loving husband and family man." Schwartz's son, Danny, said his father had become "my best friend." The rabbi read a brief tribute from one of the daughters. But the core of the service was the eulogy from a Cravath partner—an observance that was as much a tradition at funerals as the Cravath walk. For David Schwartz, as for most Cravath partners, the firm and his work for it were assumed to



Colleagues were stunned when David Schwartz (left) was found dead at a motel in the Bronx (opposite page). Raymond Childs (right) was charged with his murder.

announced, as it had on so many occasions in the past, "A partner has died; the firm lives."

David Schwartz hadn't been especially religious. His eldest daughter married out of the faith; just a year before, Schwartz had been the proud father at a lavish wedding and reception atop Rockefeller Center. His successful career at the pinnacle of the Manhattan business world; the trappings of a partner's income of two and a half million dollars a year, which included a Park Avenue duplex and a Westport country home; and his interest in antiques, fine art, and expensive cars—all these had taken him far from his Bronx roots and a tradi-

have been the primary focus of his life. The partner chosen for the eulogy was Max R. Shulman, known as Bud. It is often said of Schwartz that he wasn't a "typical" Cravath partner; the same is often said of Shulman. Otherwise, the two seemed to have little in common. Shulman's father was the well-known Hollywood scriptwriter and author, creator of "Dobie Gillis"; the adjectives that often surface in discussions of Bud Shulman are "hip" or "cool." Those words are very un-Cravath-like, but they are not words that would have ever been applied to Schwartz. Schwartz was usually disheveled; he was ill at ease in most social situations; and he was easily spoofed in

LEFT: HARVEY WANG, RIGHT: JOHN PARASKEVA / NEW YORK NEWSDAY

skits at the firm's annual outings. Shulman was in litigation; Schwartz headed the real-estate department. Still, while Schwartz had had stormy relationships with many of his partners, he and Shulman had got along well, and over a nine-year period Shulman had nearly always been Schwartz's first choice when he needed litigation support. Schwartz probably had closer friends within the partnership, lawyers closer to his own age—the corporate partners Melvin L. Bedrick and John F. Hunt, perhaps—but as a litigator Shulman was a better speaker. More to the point, he was adept in awkward situations.

Shulman began by describing his first assignment from Schwartz.

"When I walked into his office, he immediately grabbed me and rather breathlessly said that he had something critically important that had to be done that very afternoon," he said. "Of course, he forgot to tell me what it was or who the clients were or what the claims might be. He just bundled me up, said 'Come on,' and off we went to a meeting in some office building somewhere in Manhattan, where he introduced me—with great solemnity—to a room filled with slightly nervous, slightly sweaty people as the Cravath litigation partner whom he had to call in, because a lawsuit was simply going to have to be filed.

"Not knowing what lawsuit, or what side I was supposed to be on, or even whether we were the sue-or or the sue-ee, I sat there looking slightly dangerous and muttering things I had read about in law school, like '*lis pendens*' and 'rule against perpetuities' and 'preliminary injunction,' and other appropriately aggressive catchwords.

"At the end of the meeting, everyone stood up, shook hands, and we left.

"*'Terrific job,'* David said to me. 'You were *brilliant*. We got *just* what we needed. I don't know *how* you did it.' Neither, of course, did I. I didn't know how I did it—or even what it was.

"That was my introduction to real-estate litigation. 'This isn't bad,' I said to myself. 'You go to a meeting that you know nothing about with some people

you've never met. You yell at them—hopefully not at your own clients. You threaten to sue—again, hopefully not your own clients. And in the end everyone shakes hands and does the deal."

Shulman's anecdote did capture many of Schwartz's distinctive traits and cast them in a generally favorable light. Nearly everyone who worked with Schwartz describes the same through-the-looking-glass quality of the process—specifically, his impetuous assignments; his penchant, conscious or not, for withholding crucial information; and his sense that real-estate work was undignified by Cravath standards and involved clients who were often a boorish lot who yelled and had to be threatened.

As Shulman continued, he dwelt at some length on the transaction that,



but for the macabre circumstances of Schwartz's death, would undoubtedly have been his principal legacy at Cravath (which for as long as anyone could remember had been known as a "downtown" law firm): its 1989 move to a midtown Eighth Avenue skyscraper. As Cravath's principal real-estate lawyer and, more important, a partner who had come to embody the history and institutional identity of the firm, Schwartz had been designated by Samuel C. Butler, Cravath's presiding partner, to oversee a possible move.

Shulman told the mourners, "I remember a meeting of the partners when David first mentioned the possibility of a new building to be built on a vacant parking lot far on Manhattan's West Side. Those present could hardly choke

down their shrimp cocktails. A clamor arose. We were appalled that one of us could let the thought even flicker across his obviously addled brain that the Cravath firm might find itself in such a neighborhood. En masse, we rose and decided—with only David dissenting—that we were never, ever, to think such awful thoughts again."

Thanks to Schwartz's single-minded determination, the unthinkable became reality. Cravath did move into what became World Wide Plaza, a striking building, stretching from Forty-ninth to Fiftieth Street and from Eighth Avenue all the way to Ninth.

"He was a helper," Shulman continued. "He helped people. He helped Cravath. He viewed the firm as a great institution, much bigger than the sum of its parts. He was disturbed when he thought he saw individuals elevating their own egos or interests above the interests of the firm as an institution."

David Schwartz was thus buried as he had lived: as a family man, an important lawyer, and, above all, a devoted Cravath partner. The harsh realities that had brought the mourners to this ceremony went unmentioned; for many mourners, even family members, they weren't yet known. The truth was simply too painful, and too embarrassing. The detectives assigned to the Schwartz case hadn't been able to tell even Schwartz's wife the truth.

When the service was over, most Cravath partners appeared to be relieved that it had ended without further embarrassment to the firm. But afterward, as the organ music resumed and the mourners filed out of the sanctuary behind the casket, there was a jarring interruption: the family's maid shrieked as the casket was removed, and then she fainted. In the background there were disgruntled comments from a few of the people who had attended the service and had waited for the truth to be confronted and put into some kind of perspective—who had been offended by all the references to Schwartz as a "family man."

"It was sick," says Disque D. Deane,

the former chairman of Corporate Property Investors, known as C.P.I., which was once one of Schwartz's most important clients. "Calling it a 'tragedy' was as close as they could come to the truth. The whole funeral was a mistake. They should have just got the body into the grave as quickly as possible, and the less said the better. If I were Mrs. Schwartz, I would have got on a plane for Timbuktu."

For the unspeakable facts were these: David Schwartz was murdered. He was killed in a sleazy Bronx motel. He was stabbed by a black eighteen-year-old male. He appears to have been leading a secret double life of clandestine and often dangerous gay sexual encounters. So far as can be determined, no one at Cravath and no one in his family had known.

It was the General Motors Building, at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-eighth Street, that had consolidated Schwartz's reputation as a kind of real-estate-tax genius. An option to buy the G.M. Building was acquired by C.P.I. in 1981 and, after its exercise, the building was leased back to General Motors. This variation on the sale and leaseback became a staple of real-estate financing and tax avoidance which continues today. Schwartz was also the brains behind the refinancing that salvaged 666 Fifth Avenue, the tower once best-known for its Top of the Sixes restaurant. Also in the immediate vicinity, Schwartz had had a hand in the Equitable Center, Museum Tower, CBS's "Black Rock" headquarters, the Continental Bank Building, and numerous office buildings, along Fifth Avenue and elsewhere in Manhattan, that were owned by two of Manhattan's largest landlords, both Schwartz clients—the MacArthur Foundation and Winthrop Property Investments.

Schwartz's importance in the high-end Manhattan real-estate world, while it was known to the major participants in those transactions, eventually came as a surprise to many people, including even many developers and other real-estate lawyers, which is how Schwartz and Cravath preferred to operate. With its roots deep in the financial establishment, Cravath, as a firm, had never placed much emphasis on real-estate work. As with divorce and bankruptcy cases, the work had traditionally been

CROSSED

I pity myself as I pity God.
—Nijinsky.

Black when you look up at them,
They occupy the sky
And then fall in the wind
To become a gauze, a field of white,
Through which a gull flies motionless.

Someone is sticking needles
Into my fingertips. My knees buckle
And my feet thud in a private earthquake.
I lurch dizzily toward the black house.
Is this an epileptic dream?

At home the carbonated kisses
Of fish rise in the window tank,
The bedroom door is open wide,
An animal with two backs writhes
In the bed, bathed in a red light.

"It's snowing outside," I say.
She mumbles "Hi," from outer space.
It is then I see, for the last time,
The tattoo on her back: a pierced
Heart, dripping blood or, possibly, tears.

—STEPHEN STEPANCHEV

delegated to other firms. The deals, and the clients, could often be unpleasant, with raised voices and hair-raising brinkmanship the norm. By 1969, when Schwartz was being considered for partnership in the firm, most of its real-estate work was being done as a service to large corporate clients of the firm and, in some cases, to the people who ran those corporations.

Schwartz's mentor among the partners at Cravath was Thomas A. Halleran, a corporate partner, who at that time oversaw the real-estate work, most of which was handled by a group of lawyers known as "permanent associates." Those lawyers were an exception to the practice pioneered by Paul D. Cravath, who ruled the firm with an iron hand from 1899 until his death, in 1940. Under "the Cravath system," subsequently adopted by nearly every major firm in New York, young lawyers were hired directly from law school or clerkships and trained under the watchful eyes of partners for approximately seven years before being considered for partnership. (In the nineteen-seventies, I myself was briefly

an associate at the firm, though I had no dealings with Schwartz.) The firm maintained a strictly up-or-out policy: if a lawyer was "passed over," he (the lawyers were then all male, as were most of the firm's secretaries) was expected to leave the firm's employ. On the other hand, if the coveted partnership was bestowed, it was the equivalent of lifetime tenure.

The meritocratic hiring and promotion standards laid down by Cravath were revolutionary at a time when family and social connections were decisive at many firms. Though Cravath had long been considered a "white shoe" firm, consisting mostly of lawyers who were white, Protestant, and from socially prominent families, that description tended to be applicable more to its clients than to the firm itself. This view was articulated in 1948 by Robert T. Swaine, also a name partner, who had worked closely with Cravath, in "The Cravath Firm and Its Predecessors, 1819-1948," a book privately published and circulated among the partners:

Probably the most rigid feature of the "Cravath system" has been insistence that

for every man in the office, from the senior partner to the neophyte law clerk, the practice of law must be the primary interest and that that practice shall be solely as a member of the Cravath team. . . . The problem of the firm is to do effectively the business which comes to it; by so doing that business, more comes in. Hence, business-getting ability is not a factor in the advancement of a man within the office at any level, except in so far as that ability arises out of competence in doing law work, as contrasted with family or social connections.

David Schwartz certainly had no prominent family or social connections to speak of. His father, Abraham, was a housepainter who had briefly studied law; he had worked long hours, and had often exhorted David not to follow in his footsteps. David's mother, Annie, was a housewife who sometimes took part-time jobs outside the home. The family lived in the Bronx, in a three-story house on Morris Park Avenue, which was a mostly white, Italian middle-class neighborhood. This part of the Bronx remains middle-class, although it is now more racially and ethnically mixed.

To outward appearances, David Schwartz's upbringing was conventional in nearly all respects. Relatives recall him as quiet and bookish, someone who excelled at his studies, first at Evander Childs High School, in the Bronx, and then at Columbia University, where he earned his bachelor's degree in 1957. His first real exposure to the world outside New York City came the next year, when he enrolled in the University of Virginia Law School, in Charlottesville.

Charlottesville wasn't then the cosmopolitan university town that it is today. The university's idyllic colonnaded campus was an island of privileged young Southern white men, of fraternity parties, of Jeffersonian ideals. The law school, which Jefferson founded, has long been one of the country's most distinguished. But beneath the genteel surface lurked racism, intolerance, and conformity. As a Jew, Schwartz was already something of a rarity; to have revealed himself as homosexual, or bisexual, or whatever he was, would have been suicidal. Jefferson himself, in his "Notes on the State of Virginia," advocated the castration of "sodomites." Philosophically, many of the conservative faculty members were in the thrall of St. Thomas Aquinas, who deemed homosexuality an affront to natural law.

Schwartz reacted to Virginia by ap-

plying himself to his studies; he made the law review and graduated, in 1961, near the top of his class. He was eager to return to New York; Cravath, which had several Virginia alumni as partners, was well known at Virginia as one of the city's leading firms. Schwartz was hired by Cravath that same year, opted for corporate law, and was soon working the long hours for which the firm was legendary. He married Nancy Ruth Schnitzer in the fall of 1963, and by the time Thomas Halleran proposed him for partnership, in 1969, the couple had three children.

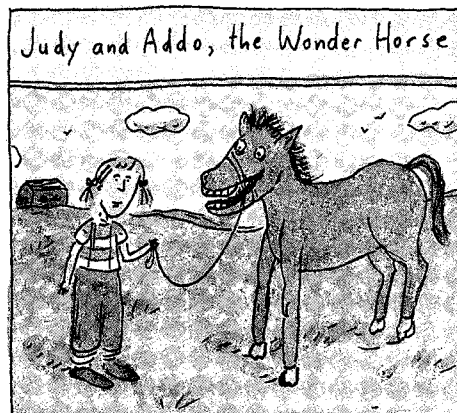
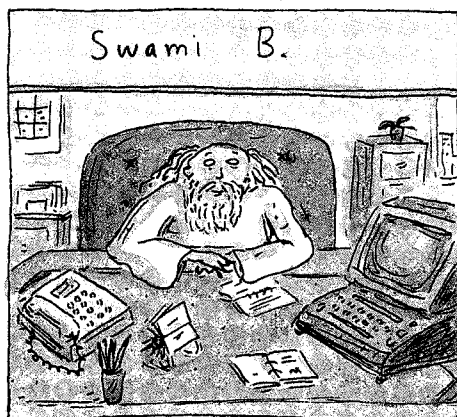
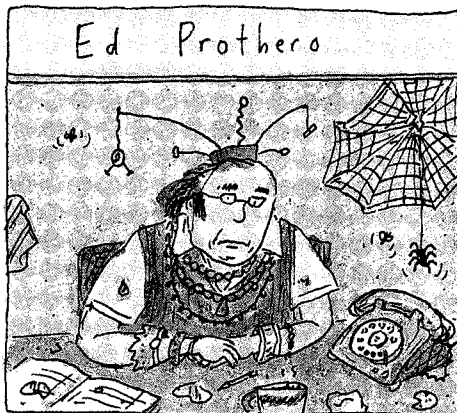
Fortunately for Schwartz, Cravath's ability to "do the firm's business," as Swaine had put it, had recently been handicapped in the real-estate area by the unexpected resignation of the senior permanent associate handling the work. At the same time, Halleran recognized that real estate was growing in its potential to generate fees. When the Cravath partners gathered for the biannual election of new partners, Hal-

leran proposed that Schwartz be made the firm's first full-time real-estate partner and develop real estate into a practice area within the corporate department. "He's the brightest associate who's ever worked for me," Halleran proclaimed at the meeting, causing some dismay among several Cravath partners present who had worked for Halleran as associates. But there was little discussion of Schwartz; there was little to discuss, for, as was so often the case with the associates they made partners, they knew relatively little about Schwartz, and virtually nothing about his life outside the office. At Cravath, he was eager, diligent, dedicated, hard-working, and bright, and these were the relevant criteria for the Cravath meritocracy. It is hard for outsiders, and particularly outsiders who work in offices where idle gossip routinely animates the day, to understand that the practice of law so dominates the lives of most Cravath partners that personal matters are almost never discussed. There



"All right, I lied to you. All governments lie!"

ALTERNATIVE ACCOUNTANTS



n.cw

isn't time for curiosity to take root, especially about someone like Schwartz, who seemed in every respect a conventional Cravath associate destined for partnership. It was only in the ensuing years that his distinctive peculiarities emerged.

MANY people who knew Schwartz believe that his accession to the Cravath partnership marked the high point of his life. He never forgot the debt he owed Halleran, and long after Halleran's death he and his other partners dutifully tended to the legal and business needs, even minor ones, of Halleran's widow. In many ways, Schwartz's own personality fused with the illustrious reputation of the firm. Cravath's reception area, whose furnishing Schwartz oversaw, displays a "family tree" of the Cravath partnership, showing every partner and firm name, going back to 1850. It also has a small cache of the firm's mementos, including a letter to the firm from Abraham Lincoln. Schwartz further embellished the reception area with antique furniture. (He also acquired an extensive furniture collection of his own.) "David was constantly worrying about how the place looked—he was creating this image of Cravath," a former partner, Bill Dickey, says.

Now that Schwartz was a partner, young associates were assigned to him as part of their rotation through the corporate department, and he constantly stressed the importance of the firm's reputation. Dickey, who worked for Schwartz as an associate and became the first partner to join him in the real-estate department, recalls bringing to his attention a particularly thorny legal problem, which had become a sticking point in a real-estate negotiation. "Just tell them 'Cravath believes this,'" Schwartz instructed Dickey. "Tell them 'That's Cravath's view.'"

Dickey doubted whether that would resolve the issue. "Why is that so important?" he asked.

At that impertinence, Schwartz glowered at him. "Because it's Cravath speaking," he replied, as though the answer were self-evident.

"When he spoke as Cravath, it was ex cathedra," Dickey says. "He thought people should listen. He never changed. He saw the reputation and standing of

the firm as extraordinary. He thought it was a special institution and there wasn't anything else like it. Over and over, he'd say to me, 'Don't do anything to embarrass the firm. Don't do anything that might bring disrepute on the firm.' In his view, there was nothing worse than that."

To the annoyance of many who worked with him, Schwartz loved to speak in similes, usually told in a disjointed fashion that left listeners puzzled long after he'd finished talking. The importance of the firm's reputation, reflected in the actions of its partners, often found such expression. "A Cravath partner is like a leopard without spots" was one of his favorites, frequently dropped into conversations with young lawyers. He'd often pause afterward and gaze portentously at the bewildered listener, who would nonetheless nod in feigned understanding. Sometimes Schwartz would be more explicit, and say, "A Cravath partner is like a leopard without spots. Once you get them, you can't get rid of them." The point seemed to be that a reputation, once sullied, can never be entirely restored. In the same vein, he liked to say that the work of a Cravath partner was "like tracks in the snow."

While Schwartz's accession to partnership assured him of lifelong employment and a generous income—all partners at Cravath share the firm's income on the basis of seniority—it did not guarantee the respect of his new partners or influence within the firm. Schwartz's most important clients were Lazard Frères' real-estate group and C.P.I. He had inherited both clients from Halleran, and he also inherited, from other partners, Winthrop Property Investments, whose chairman is Halleran's nephew, and the Marshall Field real-estate interests. While Schwartz was credited with retaining these clients after Halleran's retirement, they didn't bring him the respect of his partners that attracting major new clients would have. C.P.I., for example, with more than six billion dollars in assets and a long list of illustrious investors, has long been one of Cravath's most important clients, with average billings of well over a million dollars a year. But Disque Deane, who founded C.P.I. and remains its honorary chairman, recalls that C.P.I. never viewed Schwartz as its primary lawyer at

Cravath. "When you hire Cravath, you hire the entire firm. Schwartz was a very able lawyer, but whatever he said reflected a consensus at Cravath." Most C.P.I. work was done by others. Deane says, "The prime person is Sam Butler," Cravath's presiding partner. Indeed, although Schwartz apparently never said anything about it directly, colleagues say he was wounded when Butler, a corporate rather than a real-estate expert, was chosen over him to attend meetings of C.P.I.'s board.

Even the celebrated G.M. Building deal brought Schwartz less credit within the firm than it brought him outside it. Butler does cite the deal as one of Schwartz's career landmarks, but Deane says that Butler and another partner, Wayne Chapman, deserve as much credit. "Sam was primary and Chapman did more" than Schwartz, Deane says, adding, "Schwartz helped implement it."

Schwartz did bring in some clients of his own, notably the Rose brothers, whose family is prominent in New York real-estate development. He often advised the late William Paley. He also became close to Richard Ravitch, another developer, who later became the head of the Metropolitan Transportation Authority and was briefly a candidate for mayor. As developers, these clients were thought by some at the firm to be a cut below the usual Cravath real-estate clients, who tended to be financial types. And they did not bestow all, or even most, of their business on Schwartz. But their work often spawned the kind of contentious negotiations that became Schwartz's forte. He seemed to thrive on nasty confrontations that were anathema to many other Cravath partners, and he cultivated a tough image. Typical was a clash in 1980 between the Ravitch-run M.T.A. and Donald Trump, when Trump threatened to renege on a verbal commitment to install a subway entrance in his recently opened Grand Hyatt Hotel property, next to Grand Central Station. As Schwartz would later recount, he instructed Ravitch, "Tell Trump you'll put a goddam bus stop right in front of his hotel." Ravitch did, and Trump capitulated.

Despite his acknowledged skills as a lawyer, the fact is that Schwartz never realized the extraordinary promise that Halleran had seen in him as an associate. A partner's clout at Cravath is often

measured in bodies—the number of younger partners and associates a partner oversees—and ten years into his partnership Schwartz was still the only real-estate partner, presiding over a small group of permanent associates and rotating corporate associates. He was valuable to the firm, but he didn't develop into much of a "rainmaker," or leader. Over the years, his girth spread, his speech became increasingly inarticulate, and he seemed ill at ease in unfamiliar situations, especially at social events, though he and Nancy always danced at the firm's annual "prom" and he seemed to look forward to his monthly poker game with friends from outside Cravath. He had a habit of eating and talking at the same time, which offended some people. While he earned the loyalty of many clients, Schwartz wasn't a figure to inspire much confidence either in prospective clients or in his partners. For associates aspiring to partnership, assignment to Schwartz was hardly something that was sought after.

Working as an associate for Schwartz had proved an unnerving assignment to more than one young lawyer. In addition to his elliptical speech and awkward manner, which often left them confused, when he was under pressure he would sometimes upbraid associates in front of others. In one instance, Schwartz had asked an associate to review the case law relevant to a pending deal. He had all the lawyers involved in the deal gather in his office, and the associate summarized his findings. "Didn't you notice this?" Schwartz asked of an obscure citation, and he read a passage from the opinion.

"I didn't memorize them all," the associate replied.

"Why not?" Schwartz asked. "What were you doing while you were on the subway this morning?" The associate mumbled something, and Schwartz bristled. "I want you to think about this problem every waking minute. You take this to the bathroom with you."

Schwartz could be impatient. "I want this research done instantly," he told another associate. When the associate replied that he'd get to it in just a minute, Schwartz bellowed, "That's insubordination! I said instantly!"

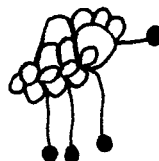
On less important matters, though, Schwartz would sometimes give an associate an assignment and then seem to

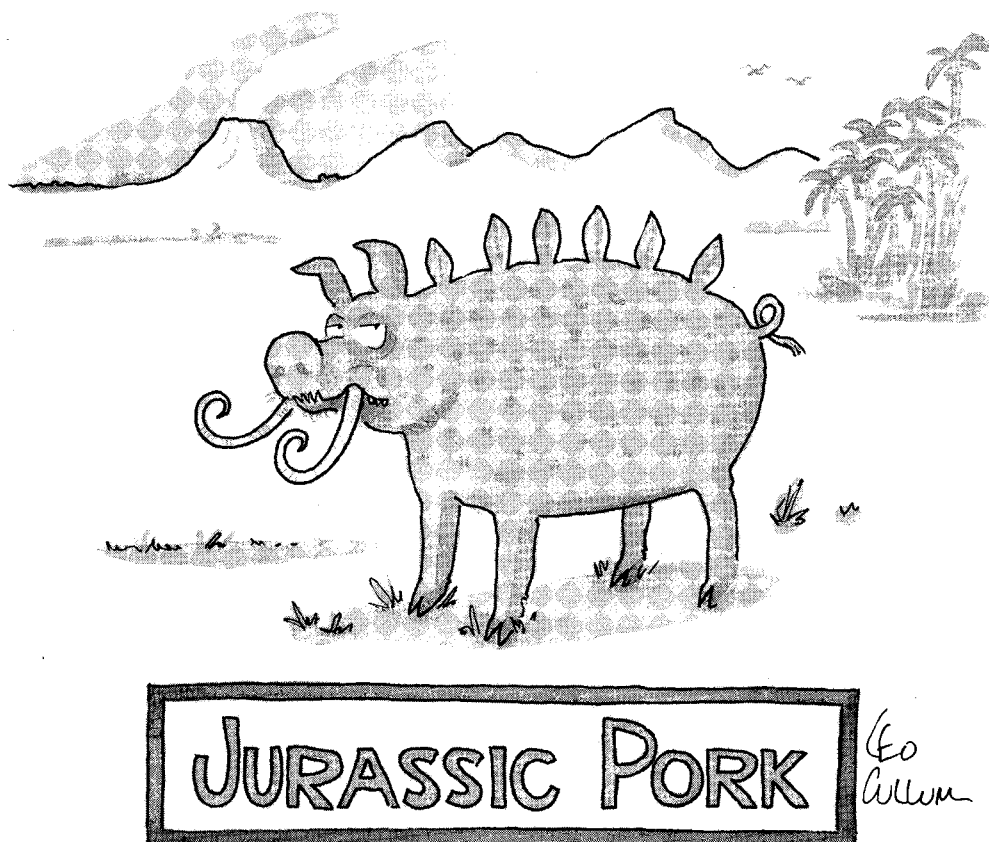
forget about it, leaving the entire matter to the associate's discretion, waving aside questions, and showing impatience with attempts to involve him. Schwartz relied so heavily on associates—and on Bill Dickey, once Dickey joined him as a real-estate partner, in 1980—that later, when the real-estate business began to decline, many associates wondered just what it was that Schwartz did with his time.

Dickey had been dismayed when he learned that his last rotation as a corporate associate would be with Schwartz. "My reaction: 'Oh, my God,'" he recalls. "He was the only real-estate partner. He'd been there ten years. I assumed they were telling me something, like it was time for me to leave. What else could it mean?"

Dickey's unhappiness was obvious, so Wayne Chapman invited him for a drink. Chapman, a tall, heavyset, gruff-voiced man, had near-legendary status within Cravath. Though his personal appearance was often slovenly and he was given to heavy drinking, he was a brilliant tax lawyer, eagerly sought out by other partners and by clients. He had masterminded the Cravath tax-sheltered real-estate investments that Schwartz helped oversee, and, though he and Schwartz often quarrelled, they were, in their own way, close friends. Officially, Cravath partners never discuss partnership decisions with associates, but on this occasion Chapman made an exception. "You could be the next real-estate partner," he told Dickey. "This is a setup. I've had my eye on you. Don't screw up." Dickey was reassured, but one thing seems obvious: Chapman, not Schwartz, was calling the shots.

This was clear again some years later, when Schwartz tried to muster all his influence within the partnership to elevate another associate, Gilbert E. Rotkin. Rotkin had an excellent résumé, degrees from Northwestern and Yale Law School, but he hadn't joined Cravath in the usual manner, right out of law school or a clerkship; instead, he had been hired as one of the permanent associates in real estate. Nonetheless, he soon became the backbone of the department. While hardly a *matinée* idol, Rotkin was more presentable than Schwartz—trimmer, more fit, better dressed, more articulate. Schwartz delegated a great deal of work





to Rotkin, to the point where Schwartz argued to Dickey that Rotkin had become indispensable to the firm's practice.

Although Schwartz was very demanding of Rotkin, he was also thoughtful and solicitous toward him, making sure that he was given generous raises and exposure to the kind of work he wanted. Eventually, Schwartz decided to seek a partnership for Rotkin. It was plainly difficult for Schwartz to discuss such intimate matters, but he indicated to Rotkin that it would be a good idea if he made sure he was seen in the office every morning no later than nine-thirty. Rotkin had a tendency to arrive late and work late into the evening; Schwartz implied that some of his partners had noticed Rotkin's morning tardiness. And Schwartz added, almost in passing, that Rotkin should get married.

Despite Schwartz's advice, Rotkin remained single, and, in the end, his marital status was never mentioned in the partnership campaign. Schwartz and Dickey began lobbying their partners on behalf of Rotkin, but soon ran into opposition, primarily because Rotkin hadn't undergone the usual associate rotation through several partners. There was concern about how making him a

partner would affect other permanent associates, and how rotating associates would interpret it. And while no one disputed that Rotkin was a superb lawyer, it would have required an extraordinary lawyer to justify a policy exception. "He was very good," Dickey says. "But he wasn't God's gift. That's what it would have taken." Ultimately, the presiding partner, Sam Butler, told Dickey, "I don't think there's a consensus for this." That was Cravath's typically euphemistic way of saying no. Schwartz still wanted to bring the matter to a head, finding it hard to believe that his partners wouldn't defer to him in this matter, but Dickey talked him out of it. Rotkin subsequently received an offer of partnership at another major Wall Street firm and left Cravath. Cravath and Schwartz managed without him. Departing associates are a fact of life at Cravath; many had left Schwartz's department before, and he never mentioned them again. But Rotkin was an exception. Schwartz seemed personally hurt that Rotkin had left him. Schwartz missed him; he talked about him often, and Rotkin never seemed far from his thoughts. "David asked me constantly about Gil," Dickey recalls. "He worried about him, asked how he was getting

along. He'd spot opportunities that he'd say might be good for Gil, and he was always asking me whether there was anything I thought we might do to help Gil, whether we should call Gil." Only with benefit of hindsight has it occurred to anyone at Cravath that Schwartz's abiding interest in Rotkin betrayed emotions that might have gone beyond the strictly professional.

WITH the benefit of hindsight, it has become clear that a number of lawyers who worked for Schwartz were gay. This subject was never talked about, or even mentioned, at the time. Indeed, the subject of whether a Cravath lawyer is or isn't gay has never been discussed at a partners' meeting and has never figured in a partnership decision. On this point, Cravath partners, including gay partners, are unanimous. The aversion to mentioning someone's sexual orientation is consistent with

Cravath's remarkably meritocratic partnership process and primary focus on professional qualities.

On being asked about the firm's attitude toward its gay lawyers, Bud Shulman, the partner who spoke at Schwartz's funeral, says, "Cravath has no attitude one way or the other. Cravath has always been very accessible to all kinds of life styles—much more so, I'd say, than other firms. No one really cares what kind of life style anyone has. There are plenty of gay associates and gay partners here." Clients seem indifferent as well; Disque Deane says he couldn't "care less" whether any of his lawyers at Cravath are gay.

Thus, it is puzzling that some gay lawyers there, even young lawyers raised in a far more tolerant era than Schwartz was, have a tremendous fear of being identified, even to their Cravath colleagues. Not one was willing to be named for this account, which may not be surprising, given the circumstances of Schwartz's death and the firm's aversion to publicity. But one man requested that even the number of gay lawyers at the firm not be revealed, for fear of triggering attempts to identify them. (In any event, the number of gay lawyers at Cravath is impossible to pinpoint, since

every partner gives a different estimate, ranging from none to a dozen.) The gulf between any given lawyer's actual knowledge of who at the firm is gay, on the one hand, and the gay lawyers' perception of who knows they are gay, on the other, is considerable, with the gay lawyers generally underestimating the degree of their colleagues' awareness.

Cravath's silence on this, as on most issues of a personal nature, has at one level promoted a healthy attitude that personal matters are irrelevant professionally. At the same time, it seems to have encouraged unnaturally distant working relationships, which in many cases have served to underscore the notion that homosexuality remains a taboo. Gay lawyers at Cravath are careful to do nothing to call attention to themselves. Indeed, they are as conservative-looking as one could imagine, about as far from the stereotype being fostered in film clips of gay-pride parades as were delegates to last summer's Republican National Convention.

One of the associates who worked for Schwartz was David Hanson, a strikingly handsome Harvard Law School graduate with a good sense of humor. Hanson was gay and had shared an apartment with his lover for many years. According to friends of his, he believed that no one he worked with at Cravath knew of his sexual orientation; he worried that that knowledge would doom his partnership prospects. Hanson's companion was afflicted with AIDS in the early eighties, but Hanson felt he couldn't let the partners he worked with at Cravath know. Hanson's caution appears to have been of little avail. "I thought he was gay," Dickey says of Hanson. "He was a fine fellow. He had such a pleasant disposition; he was bright and had a sharp wit." Hanson and Schwartz worked together closely on numerous matters, and Schwartz and Dickey often discussed Hanson's work and career. But

Schwartz never mentioned anything about Hanson's personal life, and Dickey never aired his suspicions. Hanson's own subterfuges, of course, made the subject all the more difficult to broach, and, as far as is known, neither Schwartz nor Dickey ever asked Hanson anything about his life outside the office. They never asked about Hanson's absences, or about his obvious signs of stress, while his lover was dying.

Hanson didn't make partner. Schwartz didn't actively push his candidacy; indeed, after his failure with Rotkin he never again tried to be the driving force behind a partnership choice. Other associates who had worked for him made partner, including gay associates, but they had other mentors besides Schwartz. Of Hanson's case Dickey recalls, "He was capable, but Schwartz didn't think he was necessarily partnership material." Dickey acknowledges that if he and Schwartz had known that Hanson's companion was suffering from AIDS, the knowledge might have colored their

view of Hanson's work, which was remarkably professional, given the trauma at home. But they didn't know. Nor, Dickey says, did they know that after leaving Cravath and becoming a partner in another firm Hanson himself fell ill, and died from AIDS last year.

In 1978, Marcel Cholette, who ran Cravath's steno pool for decades, was murdered. Memories of the circumstances are vague: some say he was murdered after picking someone up in a gay bar, others that the killer was his long-time lover. The firm expressed its sorrow, and partners attended the funeral, but, as far as anyone can recall, the revelation that Cholette had been gay was never mentioned among the partners. The killing was barely discussed beyond its impact on the efficiency of the firm's support staff. "That Cholette had this other life seemed a bit surprising to people, but it didn't trigger any conversation," Dickey says. "It was unfortunate, and that was it. The whole culture of Cravath was that there was to

be no discrimination. You wouldn't express a prejudice even if you had one. Beyond that, the whole subject of homosexuality was an inappropriate topic of conversation."

Gay professionals say that an atmosphere like that at Cravath—an oppressive silence, which breeds anxiety but spares gay employees the pain of overt discrimination—is about the best they can hope for, not just at major law firms but throughout the upper levels of corporate America. Gay partners at Cravath say they have no idea who at the firm knows they are gay, with the exception of the trusts-and-estates partners who have handled their estate planning. Cravath traditionally provides that service to partners, and one gay partner recalls anticipating his first estate-planning session with trepidation, since it would be obvious that his principal beneficiary was his male companion. "I was concerned about the reaction,



"Wonderful! This way I can go block after block talking to myself and nobody looks at me as if I were crazy."

but there wasn't any. It was totally matter-of-fact," he says. Still, he remains concerned about reactions of other partners and of clients, and avoids the firm's social events and any social settings where he might meet clients. "I do feel somewhat handicapped socially," he says. "These contacts are important, and obviously I'm not going to have them." At meetings of the firm, gay partners have never raised issues of concern, such as extending spousal benefits to the companions of gay partners. They seem uncomfortable about the idea, suggesting that such proposals might be more persuasive if they were raised by a straight partner. (The need for policies on issues of concern to gays doesn't seem to have occurred to any of the straight partners, however, and the issues have never surfaced at a partners' meeting.)

Gay lawyers at Cravath maintain that being gay is an identity they didn't seek or choose. Yet they fear that to acknowledge being gay, to call attention to themselves as gay, might be interpreted as a political statement, and might be frowned upon by their partners as an inappropriate distraction from their primary identity as lawyers and Cravath partners. In this respect, they echo elements of the debate over gays in the military, particularly the comments of Senator Sam Nunn, who has argued that the military can accommodate gay soldiers only if they conceal their sexual orientation.

Last year, the Association of the Bar of the City of New York passed an affirmative-action policy, supported by the city's leading firms, including Cravath, that imposed a duty to seek more racial diversity within the partnerships and included a pledge to fight discrimination on the basis of race, religion, or gender. There was some grumbling at Cravath about the policy, ostensibly because some partners felt that it was being forced on them without their having had an opportunity for a full vote of the partnership. Sam Butler, a member of the committee that drafted the policy, presented the Bar Association's action at one of the weekly partners' meetings, and in the ensuing discussion one partner mentioned that the Bar Association could have gone further: "Some people wanted to put in the word 'gay' among those groups protected by the anti-discrimination policy. The tenor of the remark, a lawyer who was present says,

wasn't hostile or prejudiced; it was more that this would have been "a big step, kind of radical." Butler doesn't recall this aspect of the discussion at all, but the offhand remark seems to have underscored the pervasive sense at Cravath that being gay is something to be hidden.

Many gay associates who worked for Schwartz say that they were never told in so many words that they should marry to enhance their partnership prospects. Yet even today the sense remains that marriage is the safest camouflage. Some cite the example of a senior Cravath associate who was involved in a long-standing gay relationship with another lawyer at the firm and was passed over for partnership. He broke off the relationship, left the firm, and later was married. Obviously, no one knows how many married men and married women are in fact gay, but Amity Pierce Buxton, who conducted extensive research into the question for her 1991 book "The Other Side of the Closet," estimates that there are at least two million gay men and lesbians married to straight spouses in the United States, and says the actual number "may exceed four million."

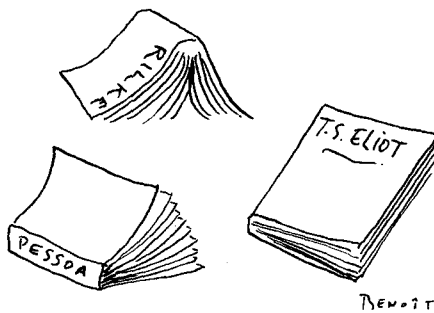
The Cravath partner's remark that someone at the Bar Association had wanted to add gays to the anti-discrimination policy was accurate. Alexander D. Forger, the chairman at Milbank, Tweed, Hadley & McCloy, a firm long identified with the Rockefeller family and with Chase Manhattan Bank, had proposed during the committee meetings that the phrase "sexual orientation" be included along with race, religion, and gender, but other members argued that this step would doom passage of the policy. Forger felt so strongly about the issue that he wrote a letter to Cyrus Vance, the former Secretary of State and a current partner at Simpson Thatcher & Bartlett, who chaired the committee. The letter triggered opposition to Forger's proposal from other members, and Vance rebuffed Forger's efforts, ar-

guing that the committee was only intended to address racial and ethnic diversity.

Forger says, "Many lawyers don't acknowledge the problem—they say they don't have any gay or lesbian lawyers. They think you have to be an ACT UP activist or dress in a bizarre manner or you're not gay or lesbian. The *Times* prints a survey that only one per cent of the population is gay, so they say 'It's so small that it doesn't merit any procedures for dealing with the problems.' And there's a religious aspect you run into. They say 'It's immoral and sinful.' More common is the attitude that these people don't need any special protection. If they don't like things the way they are, they should just change their life style. They should just be like everybody else."

In that regard, Schwartz was exemplary, a model of someone who "chose" to be straight. Schwartz's self-discipline and determination to conform to straight norms never faltered. He appears to have never confided in anyone connected to his professional life. Nor did he ever hint to his family or his poker-playing friends. So far as anyone at the firm knows, he never sought professional counselling. No one at Cravath appears to have suspected that Schwartz might be gay, let alone leading some kind of double life. Following his death, all kinds of stereotypes surfaced. Obviously, Schwartz was married and had children; most Cravath partners assumed that that precluded the possibility of his being gay. Schwartz may have been eccentric, but he wasn't effeminate. Some partners noted that Schwartz was overweight and didn't work out at a gym—and surely gay people paid more attention to their physiques than Schwartz did. Schwartz never evidenced any interest in gay issues; no one can remember his even using the word "gay." Echoing the comments of numerous partners, Butler says, "We were astounded. If you'd asked me the likelihood of David Schwartz being involved in this kind of thing, on a scale of one to one hundred, one hundred being the least likely, I'd have said ninety-nine."

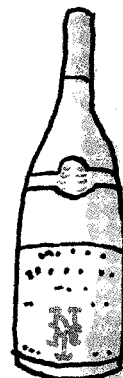
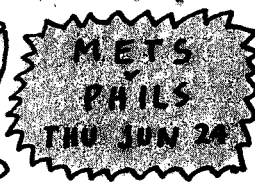
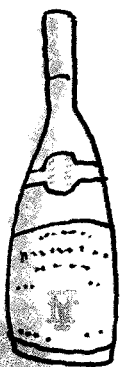
The possibility that Schwartz deliberately cultivated qualities that ran counter to gay stereotypes doesn't seem to have occurred to anyone. Indeed, even today many partners can't accept that Schwartz might have been gay. The idea seems to have undermined some fundamental



HOTTEST TIX IN TOWN

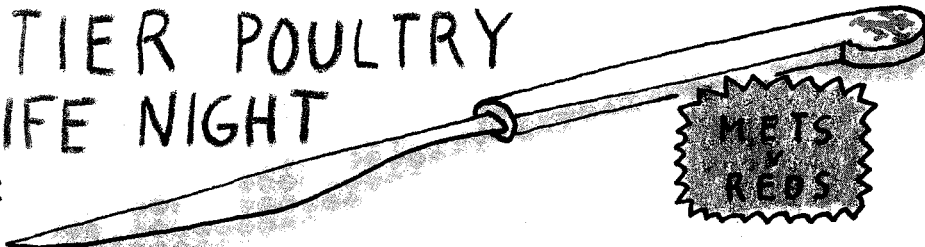
SPECIAL *Mets* PROMOTION DATES

HUSCH'S GEWÜRZTRAMINER DAY



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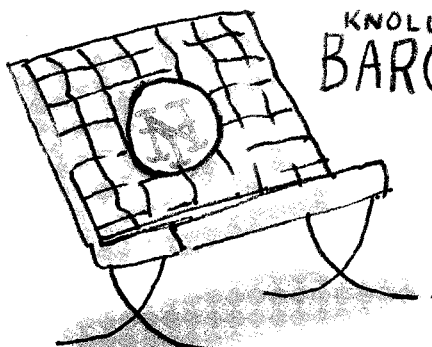


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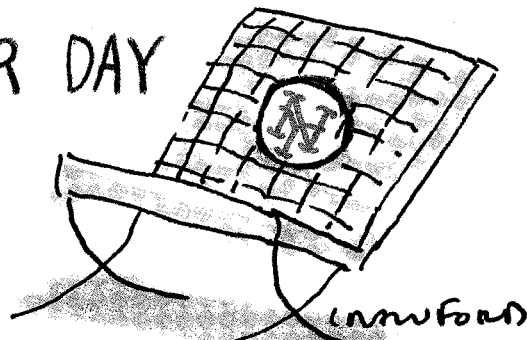
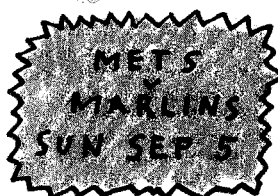


SCHALLER & WEBER 16 LB. TURKEY NIGHT

SALMAN RUSHDIE'S THE SATANIC VERSES NIGHT



KNOLL INTERNATIONAL'S BARCELONA CHAIR DAY



(www.ford)



"Politically, we're a little more hopeful these days—we've stopped spelling 'America' with a 'k.'"

guideposts that Cravath partners—and just about everyone else, for that matter—have long relied upon to impose a certain order on their world. For if someone like Schwartz could be gay couldn't anyone?

NEW YORK'S real-estate boom during the eighties boosted Cravath's real-estate practice but not Schwartz's status within the firm. With real-estate syndication a fad, all the major investment banks began to package deals, and many turned to Bill Dickey, who was soon generating as much business for the firm as Schwartz. In 1986, Dickey announced that he was leaving Cravath to join First Boston as an investment banker, and it was a jolt to the firm, for its partners have only rarely left to work elsewhere. On several occasions, Butler asked Dickey whether difficulties with Schwartz were the reason he was leaving, but Dickey always replied that they weren't. "David was difficult, but David was David," he says. "Personally, I thought he was fine. Many people thought David and I had a strange relationship. Our conversations were curt. We would disagree about a lot of things. People thought we didn't get along. But

we could do that, because we were close. I knew that if I needed anything David would help me." Still, it was significant that Butler's first concern was that Schwartz might be driving Dickey out.

Other partners had to be moved in to fill the void left by Dickey. Roger D. Turner, a corporate partner, had already joined the group as its third partner. D. Collier Kirkham was added, then Neil P. Westreich and Kevin V. Grehan. None were able to develop a particularly good relationship with Schwartz. Turner found Schwartz difficult to deal with; he eventually formed an autonomous group with his own associates within the real-estate group and took on a growing share of the work. Kirkham soon asked to be returned to corporate. Westreich, too, managed to have himself transferred back to the corporate department after only a brief stint with Schwartz. That left Grehan, the most junior partner, and he assumed the awkward duty of mediating between Schwartz and Turner, who handled entirely separate clients.

Schwartz was even less popular among the younger partners than he was with the associates. "No one wanted to work with Schwartz," Shulman

says. "He was difficult. There was tension."

"Some of the guys, when they first became partner and worked with David, thought David didn't treat them well," Dickey recalls. "He treated them harshly. He played the part of the senior partner and treated them like junior partners. After seven or eight years as associates, they expected their lives to change at least a little bit. But David thought junior partners should pay their dues. After a while, someone else would be more junior."

Schwartz sometimes complained about the young partners in the firm. "He talked about the factions and frictions within the partnership," Shulman recalls. "This concerned him greatly. He saw this and didn't like it among the younger partners. He felt they had a 'me first' rather than 'firm first' attitude. That got him very upset. He wanted more unity and collegiality."

By the mid-nineteen-eighties, thanks to Cravath's lockstep compensation system, based strictly on seniority, Schwartz had all the trappings of a senior partner. By the time of his death, his partnership draw had reached two and a half million dollars a year. Besides the duplex on Park Avenue, and the home in Westport, he owned three condominiums in Puerto Rico. The Connecticut house had a traditional, all-American aspect, with a split-rail fence, fruit trees, and a stream; Schwartz was especially fond of the family's golden retriever. The Puerto Rican condos were in a resort development at Humacao. He had several luxury cars. One of his colleagues recalls overhearing a conversation between Schwartz and his car dealer. "The Rolls?" Schwartz asked. "It's only ninety thousand? . . . What about the Mercedes? . . . I don't know, it's not me." The occasions when colleagues overheard such conversations, along with some between Schwartz and his art and antique dealers, seem to have been infrequent, but also to have had a somewhat staged quality, as if Schwartz were trying to impress the colleagues he knew to be within earshot.

Still, wealth and status couldn't disguise Schwartz's personal problems, which were mounting. Over the years,

he increasingly worried aloud about his son, Danny—his problems in school, his attitude. Schwartz worried about their relationship, and tried to shore it up by spending more time with his son, such as a vacation the two took to Puerto Rico. Schwartz apparently despaired that Danny would ever follow him into a legal career.

In 1983, Schwartz contracted Lyme disease, and had to spend weeks in intensive care. Thereafter, he seemed increasingly accident-prone. He arrived at the office one day badly bruised; he claimed to have been mugged the night before just outside the building. On another occasion, he showed up at work with bruises and a black eye; he spoke vaguely about an accident he'd had working in Connecticut. On a third occasion, he said he'd heard the dog barking on the first floor of his duplex apartment, and when he went downstairs to investigate he was assaulted by an intruder. Once, one of his cars was stolen, and was recovered in the Bronx. Another time, a car of his had its windows smashed; that happened outside his Park Avenue building, he said. From time to time, he looked swollen and puffy, a condition he attributed to relapses of Lyme disease. Within the last year, he was again hospitalized for several days; this, too, he said was caused by the Lyme disease. He developed a spasm in his neck. At one point, a miniature pharmacy of medications had accumulated on his desk top. His eyes would dart among the array of bottles, and he'd occasionally grab one and take a pill, oblivious of the presence of other people.

Nothing that Schwartz did was more repugnant to others than a habit he developed that nearly everyone who knew him well mentions sooner or later. Schwartz would often take a paper clip, unwind it, and repeatedly jab a sharp end of the clip into his ear. He might do this at any time and on any occasion—while on the telephone, while meeting with other lawyers, even with clients. Some Cravath lawyers say they all but begged him to stop, but he brushed their concerns aside, saying the paper clips were harmless and he'd be careful. One day when Rotkin and several associates were in Schwartz's office, Schwartz became agitated as he discussed a pending negotiation. As he talked, he jabbed with increasing feroc-

ity. Inevitably, the paper clip pierced his ear, drawing blood which ran down his neck and stained his shirt.

As the eighties ended, Manhattan's real-estate market went into a tailspin. After Wayne Chapman died of cancer, Schwartz took over Cravath's once successful partnership-real-estate investments—a thankless task in the aftermath of the 1986 tax-reform act and the plunging market. Deals for clients like C.P.I. and Lazard evaporated; developers concentrated on rescuing projects already under way. Schwartz handled some restructurings, but hardly enough to keep him busy, to say nothing of the entire department. As Butler puts it, "For the last three years, real estate has been dead."

A legal practice often moves in such cycles, and Cravath has always had other departments to make up for any slack when boom turned to bust in any given area, such as antitrust in the early eighties. Butler and other partners weren't unduly concerned about the real-estate situation, and hardly blamed Schwartz. But Schwartz, who while times were good had often boasted to his partners of the growing real-estate revenues, comparing his department favorably with others, seemed especially disgruntled by the downturn. It was almost as though, after devoting his entire career to Cravath, he saw what little influence he still possessed slipping away. It didn't help that, although some clients remained extremely loyal to Schwartz, others had begun asking specifically that he not work on their matters.

Thus, it was with some eagerness that, in 1989, Schwartz tackled the question of whether Cravath should renew its current lease at One Chase Manhattan Plaza, in the financial district. The task consumed him, and he visited many sites before becoming enamored of a new building complex proposed by his friend Bill Zeckendorf.

This was to become World Wide Plaza, an office tower and residential and shopping complex on the vacant site of



the old Madison Square Garden, on Eighth Avenue at Fiftieth Street. At the time, the midtown office district had begun to creep west; the law firm Paul, Weiss, Rifkind, Wharton & Garrison, for example, had moved from Park Avenue to Sixth, and Times Square had attracted new development and was slated for a major renovation. Even so, Eighth Avenue, known for its prostitutes, seedy hotels, and porn-movie theatres, was for Cravath all but unthinkable. Schwartz first mentioned the possibility at one of the Monday partners' meetings, arguing that World Wide Plaza would prove to be a landmark building, and that Cravath had an unusual opportunity to be an anchor tenant. The discussion was brief. A senior litigation partner of the old school, Jack Hupper, said simply, "I can't imagine the Cravath firm on Eighth Avenue." As Shulman recalled in his eulogy, only Schwartz seemed to favor the move; he was instructed to terminate any discussions.

For probably the first time in his life, Schwartz defied his partners. World Wide Plaza became an obsession with him. He used the opposition of his partners to extract an extraordinary deal from Zeckendorf, who was desperate to get a tenant with Cravath's prestige in such a difficult market. Cravath would get the top quarter of the building, and it would get its name on the front of the building, an equity interest, low rent, and huge decorating and furnishing allowances. Other tenants would be illustrious companies. At Schwartz's request, Zeckendorf had Skidmore Owings & Merrill construct an elaborate model of the building and had it displayed at Cravath. He was elated when public television filmed a documentary on the construction of the complex and it became the subject of a book, "Skyscraper." Schwartz had scores of copies of the book in his office, and eagerly pressed them upon his colleagues. He managed to convert Butler early, and then slowly wore down the opposition.

The deal nearly foundered a number of times. A group of partners toured the neighborhood and were horrified by the presence of the Adonis, a gay-porn theatre, in the next block. Schwartz salvaged the deal by making it a condition of the agreement that the Adonis be closed—through litigation, if necessary. This condition did trigger some discussion; after all, Cravath had long repre-

sented Time Inc. and CBS, often championing the First Amendment, and while it wanted the neighborhood purged of porn theatres, some partners saw the purging as a First Amendment issue. "Somehow the Adonis came to symbolize all this," Shulman says. "Why? I don't know. But gay was an issue. If this had been just a porn theatre, there wouldn't have been so much concern."

Ultimately, Cravath did move to World Wide Plaza, joining the advertising firm of Ogilvy & Mather Worldwide, the other anchor tenant. Schwartz was right in one respect: it is a strikingly beautiful building, with granite arcades and rose-colored brick walls topped by a glass pyramid that illuminates the skyline at night. Cravath has its own soaring ground-floor lobby; escalators lead visitors to elevators that whisk them to Cravath's top floors and spectacular views. Schwartz attended to every detail. (He went as far as to spend thousands of dollars on trees for the lobby which he was told would never live; they didn't.) The Adonis is gone, although it wasn't closed down until several months after Cravath's move. But by then it had become largely a source of jokes. The day Cravath arrived, Butler, in an innocent gesture of locker-room humor, arranged for a display on the Adonis's marquee reading "The Adonis Welcomes David Schwartz to World Wide Plaza." Schwartz was delighted. A photograph of the marquee appeared in the monthly magazine *Manhattan Lawyer*. In an act of bravado, he had his picture taken under the marquee.

Today, no one at the firm publicly expresses any doubts about the wisdom of the move; on the contrary, they seem delighted by the outcome. Yet nearly everyone agrees that Cravath would never have made the move but for the sheer force of Schwartz's determination. What motivated him? What inspired him to lead Cravath from its bastion of respectability at Chase Manhattan Plaza to the very brink of the demimonde? Schwartz discussed this at some length with Shulman, who says that the very unorthodoxy of the move, its boldness, attracted Schwartz, because that meant it would be remembered. "He said to me, 'I want to do something for the Cravath firm that will be remembered long after I'm no longer a part of it. It will be my personal contribution to the his-

tory and glory of this firm,'" Shulman recalls. "He wanted to immortalize himself and the firm. He thought it was the right thing to do, a great opportunity, and everybody would remember David Schwartz." In that regard, of course, Schwartz succeeded.

ON November 9th, a Monday, at about 4 A.M., a Cravath partner named Robert S. Rifkind received a phone call from the doorman at his Park Avenue building. Rifkind happened to be Schwartz's neighbor, though the two men weren't particularly close. Two de-

tectives were in the lobby, the doorman said, and needed to speak to him urgently. Rifkind and his wife hurriedly dressed and went downstairs. The detectives showed Rifkind a color Polaroid photograph. It was a shot of a room, spare but neat, with cheap knotty-pine panelling and a bed covered with a beige plaid spread. On the brown-carpeted floor, lying at an oblique angle to the bed, was a man's body, wearing jeans, a shirt, and a navy or black hooded sweatshirt, unzipped but with the hood up and covering much of the head. The face was largely covered with blood.

NEW REPUBLICS

1

It was the French Revolution all over again.
Wake before dawn—nab a good corner—Boss

troops by on stilts patrolling my cart:
tight stacks of walnuts, grapes pink side down.
Cut your hair, he says. I lop off his skull.

Look at me now, in my hero's robe,
whisked to exile in the back of an oxcart
spread with figs and bay leaves and—Mathilde,

her fingers wound in my hair. Versailles goes to hell.
Robespierre licks me. I can hardly keep up.

Maman, where is my costume?

2

My return: I am borne through the Arc
on tusks. I admire the handsome new scaffolding.

Heads line the streets. What is the sky doing
over there, behind the woodpile? It is Year

Zero. The countdown begins.
The whistle vender swallows.

3

Nostalgia, you are an ancien régime—

that's the song they play at my Gala.
They drink to my health. I sign contracts.

Is it time for me to see my thoughts?
Is it time for me to see my name in print?
The Censors kneel against the wall. The First Estate

trips on my hair; everyone laughs.
I think I'll laugh before I die.

I think I'll streak my hair with pomade.

4

Where are you, Mathilde? Those oaths I swore
your bastard father, do they count?
Do they count in the New

Republic? I don't like what this is
becoming. Speeches, speeches, strangers

grabbing each other in the street, taking pledges.
So I flee,

which is easiest.

Someday, on some calendar, this day will be

"The Past." Bygones. Sleeping dogs.
But not today. I feel it growing,
my hair, and I know not what that means.

And I like not that.

5

Not for nothing did Maman have me christened

"Etcetera." Not for nothing does Don
Quixote pull up to my post, hands between legs

clutching his horse, crying for blades. I fear
I fear my head.

Yes,

he wears a windmill under his Spaniard's cap.
Yes, he makes a clucking sound; he told me so.

Oh Sun King! Oh Mathilde! Oh gentle Robespierre!—

I eat the Don's heart with a ballpoint pen.
The hair is hanging in my eyes real bad today.

—MARK LEVINE

The shirt was marked by a large blood-stain. The body was lying in a pool of blood.

Rifkind, prompted by the detectives, agreed that the features were unmistakable, and that the body was that of David Schwartz.

Rifkind was stunned. How could such a thing have happened? One of the detectives said their hunch was that this was a homosexual tryst that had turned violent. Rifkind couldn't believe it. "When you've been in our line of work as long as we have," the detective explained, "and you find a male victim

with thirty-two stab wounds in a seedy motel, it cries out that it's a homosexual murder."

Nobody was eager to break the news to Schwartz's wife, Nancy, who was asleep upstairs. Rifkind and the detectives debated whether they should wait until daylight, but Rifkind's wife interrupted: "You're avoiding this," she said. "Why don't you go upstairs and get it over with?" The doorman roused Nancy, and Rifkind told her that he and the two detectives would meet her upstairs. "These fellows have some bad news for you," he said when they arrived. The de-

tectives told her only that her husband was dead, the victim of an apparent homicide, and they showed her the photograph. "Oh, my God," she sobbed to the police. "I was afraid something like this would happen. He worked such long hours, he was always out late, he did get into fights." She seemed stricken and dazed, but managed to identify the body in the photograph as her husband's. The detectives stayed only a few minutes; the Rifkinds remained behind to comfort her and contact the children.

Rifkind also called Butler to break the news, and Butler called the firm administrator. A memo was sent to everyone's desk expressing the firm's sorrow at Schwartz's death. No explanation was offered; most assumed, because of Schwartz's weight problem and his smoking habit, that he had had a heart attack. Butler called in Schwartz's secretary and the lawyers who worked with him. Obviously uncomfortable, Butler told them that Schwartz had been murdered. He didn't elaborate; he didn't mention that the killing had occurred in the Hutchinson-Whitestone Motel, in the Bronx, which rents rooms by the hour. He said that police officers were investigating and would be at Cravath that day; they should cooperate fully, but the police shouldn't be allowed to see any of Schwartz's client files. At noontime, Butler broke the news at the partners' weekly lunch, in the forty-seventh-floor dining room, saying only that Schwartz had been murdered and his body found in a Bronx motel. Stunned partners asked several questions, but Butler said that the police were investigating and he didn't yet know the answers.

That morning, a team of detectives returned to the Schwartz apartment, where members of the Schwartz family had already gathered for the Jewish mourning ritual of sitting shivah. The detectives questioned Nancy Schwartz privately; she seemed less collected than she had been earlier that morning. She said she hadn't been concerned about her husband's absence Sunday night; he'd left Sunday morning, telling her he was meeting a client at their home in Westport, and she had assumed he'd stayed the night. That wasn't unusual, she added, pointing out that the demands of a Cravath practice often led to unpredictable absences and odd hours. The detectives followed up on her earlier comment that Schwartz was prone to

fighths, and Nancy Schwartz offered a litany of examples, citing black eyes at breakfast, incidents of broken eyeglasses, late-night absences in Puerto Rico that had culminated in bruises. Was she concerned about any of this, the detectives wondered. Yes, she told the police, she worried, but she attributed the scrapes to Schwartz's affection for "the common people," whom he claimed he liked to stay in touch with. It was obvious to the detectives that she was oblivious of the truth about her husband of thirty years, and they couldn't bring themselves to tell her.

Soon after Butler's announcement to the partners, Detective Sergeant William Larkin, in charge of the Bronx Forty-fifth Precinct's investigation, arrived at Cravath's offices in World Wide Plaza for a meeting with Schwartz's closest colleagues. The questions at first seemed routine. Then Larkin asked whether Schwartz ever received any calls at the office from girlfriends. His secretary, Kathleen Dolan, who had worked for him for years, seemed indignant at the suggestion, and answered that he certainly had not. "What about boyfriends?" Larkin asked. There was stunned silence in the room. Lawyers glanced at one another, their eyes wide. Larkin continued, "You might as well know. He was found fully clothed, but there were condoms and lubricants near the body. He was in the motel room with another man."

The lawyers were still speechless. Finally, Dolan burst out, "You've got to keep this quiet, for the sake of the family."

Of course, no one at Cravath knew anything about any boyfriends; it had been the furthest thought from their minds.

Schwartz's secretary produced his diary and appointment calendar; it yielded little of interest, except that there was no reference to any client meeting for the previous day. Dolan recalled that Schwartz did sometimes mention that he would be in the Bronx—visiting former high-school classmates, he had said. Larkin instructed the group to say nothing, but within minutes of the end of the meeting phone lines were hum-

ming. Some of those who had been present called Butler to break the news. Others called friends and other lawyers who had been close to Schwartz.

The investigation was concluded in short order. On November 10th, Larkin called the real-estate group together again and told them that the police had identified a suspect and were about to make an arrest. He warned them that there was no way the circumstances of Schwartz's death could be concealed.

At the Bronx precinct house, detectives had been working from the beginning on the premise that Schwartz was murdered in a sexual encounter gone wrong. The Forty-fifth Precinct, despite its proximity to the South Bronx, is mostly middle-class and doesn't get many murders; most bodies found there turn out to be "dump jobs"—people killed elsewhere whose bodies are tossed out along one of the major highways that pass through the precinct and connect Manhattan to Westchester County and Connecticut.

The night-watch sergeant in charge of Bronx homicide, George Reich, and several detectives had arrived at the motel about 2 A.M., verified that the victim was dead, and took some Polaroid photographs of the scene. The detec-

tives woke up patrons in nearby rooms, but no one acknowledged hearing anything. They also interviewed the night clerk, who said that Room 8 had been rented for three hours to a man named Lou Rothman. (Lou had been Schwartz's childhood nickname.) But he hadn't been on duty when Rothman checked in; that clerk reported that Rothman had been alone.

The investigators were told that at about 1:30 A.M., after Rothman's rental had expired and no one had returned the key, a maid had come to clean the room. When no one answered, she unlocked the door and discovered the body. In the room, Reich noted signs of a struggle. There was a large bloodstain near the bathroom door. The condoms were on the bureau, unopened. There were an empty paper take-out container, which

seemed to have contained soup, and an empty Heineken beer bottle. On the body were four unused tickets for Sunday afternoon's Giants-Packers game, at the Meadowlands. The victim's wallet was missing. Because the victim had suffered multiple, deep stab wounds to the chest and because he was heavy enough to have fended off an attack by most women, Reich assumed that the assailant was male.

Rothman's car, a blue 1989 Volvo with Connecticut plates, was still in the parking lot. Reich had the car impounded; a later fingerprint analysis suggested that the assailant had gotten into the car and tried to steal it, but there was a security system that deactivated the ignition. A license-plate check showed the car registered to David L. Schwartz of Westport, Connecticut; the car also contained a Manhattan parking-lot name and identification number registered to David L. Schwartz of Park Avenue. Obviously, Rothman was a pseudonym, Schwartz was wealthy, and this wasn't an ordinary homicide.

When he went off duty that morning, Reich turned the investigation over to the Forty-fifth Precinct's Sergeant Ralph Barrea. After examining the scene of the crime, Barrea crossed the street to a Store 24, where the soup and beer had evidently been purchased. The clerk who works the night shift immediately recognized a picture of Schwartz and identified him as the purchaser. Schwartz was a regular customer, often buying drinks and snacks for himself and a young black or Hispanic companion, the clerk said.

That evening, Barrea drove down to Hunts Point, an area in the South Bronx notorious for female prostitution, and pulled up alongside a hooker. "If you were male and black, and wanted to score, where would you go?" he asked. "The Circle" was the immediate reply—a reference to Hugh Grant Circle, a busy intersection just off Westchester Avenue in the Forty-third Precinct, southwest of the Forty-fifth and close to Schwartz's boyhood home.

This was news to Barrea. He had no idea that an adjacent precinct was home to a flourishing gay cruising area, he says. Bordering the Circle is a small park and playground area. When Barrea arrived, he noticed several young black men loitering at one end of the park and some young Hispanics at the other.



Cars—many of them expensive, late-model imports—with New York, New Jersey, or Connecticut license plates drove by, circled, and sometimes pulled over to the curb. Young men came up to the windows and sometimes entered the cars, whereupon the cars drove off.

In the immediate vicinity of the Circle are three gay bars: one is for lesbians; another, a former Irish bar called P. J. O'Brien's (P.J.'s to regulars), is for men; a third, also for men, is a former American Legion Hall. Male hustlers often drift back and forth between the park and the bars, especially in the winter, when they go inside to warm up. One of the two men's bars is predominantly Hispanic, the other black. A gay man who lives nearby, and who used to drop in at P.J.'s from time to time, says that the area has deteriorated in recent years. "It's got very dangerous. Crack addicts are working the Circle to support their habit. They're not gay. There are some very rough areas nearby. Across the Bruckner, you have projects, and you have some very bad areas on Westchester Avenue. The crowd is working-to lower-class. Bisexuality is very common, and it's not unusual for them to be straight. There have been plenty of muggings, but nobody reports them." Still, he says, none of this has dampened the flourishing gay prostitution. "It's very active, especially in the summer. I've had people slow down in their cars and cruise me, mistaking me as being in the trade."

After checking out the Circle, Barrea went into both bars. One had to be entered through two steel doors; the other had a sign on the door saying "If you're not gay, lesbian or bisexual, or open-minded, you're not welcome here." Barrea and another detective were the only middle-aged white men at either of them, but their presence wasn't remarkable; several patrons told him, "If you're a white guy, and this is your thing, this is the place to be." Barrea showed a photograph of Schwartz to some of the patrons; no one recognized him.

Barrea's foray into gay cruising grounds in the Bronx was cut short around five o'clock Monday evening, when he got the results of a fingerprint analysis from the motel room. A computer search had identified a print taken from the room as belonging to Raymond Childs, an eighteen-year-old

BAY-LEAF WATCH



Bronx resident, who was already in the police files for having assaulted the aunt who raised him. Then, that evening, Schwartz's brother-in-law called the precinct house with the news that American Express had reported an attempt to use Schwartz's American Express card at an Israeli-owned electronics store on Southern Boulevard, in the Bronx. The clerk there told police that a young black man had tried to buy a top-of-the-line home video center with an American Express card. The clerk said he looked at the name, David L. Schwartz, looked closely at the customer, and then said, "You're no Schwartz." He refused to sell the merchandise, kept the card, and called American Express. The clerk readily identified a photograph of Childs as the customer. The police traced Childs to his pregnant girlfriend's apartment. When they entered the apartment to arrest him, he was chatting on a cordless phone.

Childs is a handsome young man, tall, slender, in good shape. He seemed nonchalant about his arrest. After being taken into custody and given his Miranda warning, he made a videotaped statement. The statement will not be made public until it is used as evidence at the trial. But people who have

seen it say that in it Childs claimed that Schwartz had picked him up at Hugh Grant Circle on Saturday night, promising to take him to the Giants game the next day. Instead, when they met again at the Circle Schwartz drove Childs to his house in Westport and showed him the house, the cars in the garage, the Jacuzzi. The two played pool for a good part of Sunday afternoon, lingering long past the start of the football game. Afterward, Schwartz drove Childs back to the Bronx, stopping at the Store 24. Claiming he was tired, Schwartz suggested that the two rest at the Hutchinson-Whitestone Motel, and Childs agreed. Childs freely admitted the killing. After Schwartz "made advances on me," as Childs put it, he pulled out a knife and stabbed him.

It is hard to know how much of Childs' story to believe. It seems almost certain, for example, that Schwartz and Childs did not meet at Hugh Grant Circle on Saturday night, for, according to Schwartz family members, Schwartz didn't leave the house on the Saturday night before his murder. Police now believe that the two had known each other for some time. Schwartz had Childs' phone number, and Sunday's meeting appears to have been arranged by phone.

Childs also claimed to have spent part of Sunday afternoon riding around in Schwartz's Mercedes, but the car showed no sign of having been moved that day; in any event, the idea of Schwartz driving around a small town like Westport with an eighteen-year-old black companion hardly squares with his obsessive interest in secrecy and his use of a pseudonym. Indeed, family members doubt whether Childs was ever in Westport. Yet Schwartz and Childs had obviously spent considerable time together. Childs could describe the Westport house in enough detail to convince police that he had been there on at least one occasion. Police are also convinced that Childs knew about the gay cruising and prostitution at Hugh Grant Circle and knew exactly where his meetings with Schwartz were headed. Yet his dealings with Schwartz don't fit the usual profile of quick, anonymous, sex-for-money encounters at the Circle. Given the amount of time the two spent together, Schwartz was clearly seeking something more. Childs must have known that Schwartz was wealthy; given his attempted use of the credit card and his theft of Schwartz's wallet, the obvious motive for the killing seems to be robbery, not self-defense.

Childs pleaded not guilty to charges of murder, and the thrust of his defense is to portray himself as the victim of a homosexual attack. His lawyer, Joel K. Peister, insists that Childs is basically a "good kid," and notes that he's working on his high-school-equivalency degree on Riker's Island while awaiting trial. Otherwise, Peister won't discuss Childs' confession or anything else related to the crime.

DAVID SCHWARTZ was buried in Mount Hebron Cemetery, in Queens. Family members have refused all public comment on his death. Surely Schwartz himself, who at least tried to be a dutiful husband and showed every outward sign of loving his family, cannot have imagined the pain his death would inflict on them. A close family friend,



"Lately, I've begun to feel that our fifteen dollars is getting us more Perot than we bargained for."

Dr. Robert Auerbach, says that the children have adapted to the revelations about their father fairly well—especially Danny. He seems to have put his adolescent problems behind him, is in law school and doing well, and is turning into the son that Schwartz always said he'd hoped for. For Nancy Schwartz, however, the circumstances of her husband's death have been hard to believe. Amity Pierce Buxton, whose husband turned out to be gay, writes in "The Other Side of the Closet" that such a reaction is common. She goes on to say that "layers of lies are usually found woven into the marriage, often from the beginning. . . . Once the truth comes out, it may seem incredible that it could have been hidden and that the spouse didn't suspect. Many spouses wonder if they were accomplices to the deceit through a naïveté that made the charade possible." These reactions are likely to be compounded when the revelation that a spouse was gay coincides with his death. Sadly, it is a growing phenomenon, as more and more married men die from AIDS.

There is little mention of Schwartz at Cravath today; the prevailing sense is that the less said the better. The business of the firm has continued without disruption; Roger Turner, now the senior real-estate partner, and Kevin Grehan immediately took over Schwartz's work, and no clients have defected. The circumstances of Schwartz's murder have been dismissed as something that had nothing to do with Cravath. Apart from some introspection on the part of a few partners close to Schwartz, his death has prompted no firm-wide soul-searching, no questioning of what, if anything, it may have been about Cravath that caused Schwartz to suppress a significant part of his identity.

At the firm, shock over Schwartz's murder soon gave way to macabre humor. Butler had sent a memo around the firm saying he wanted more complete biographical data on file, so that the firm could respond to requests for information in the event of a partner's death. Partners joked that a questionnaire should be circulated that would include such questions as "Which of your partners do you want to give your eulogy?" and "Do you want the Cravath walk?" Some even began embroidering the circumstances of Schwartz's death, saying that his body was found dressed as



Little Bo Peep. The jokes didn't hide a residue of anger toward Schwartz. For someone who so often preached the virtues of loyalty to Cravath to put himself at risk and to die as he did was interpreted by some as a supreme act of disloyalty to his partners and to the firm he purported to love. For them, it wasn't so much that Schwartz felt the need for a tryst with an eighteen-year-old hustler, Shulman says; it was that he would check into a sleazy motel and put himself in danger. The twin shocks of Schwartz's murder and the revelation of his secret sexual life also produced many of the same painful reactions in his partners that they did in his family. Perhaps nothing anyone at Cravath did could have saved Schwartz, but some of them wonder: Should they have paid more attention to his accidents and injuries? To his pills and eccentricities? To his growing insecurity about his career at Cravath? And, if so, what could or should anyone have done?

Shulman, as sympathetic and admiring of Schwartz as anyone at the firm, muses, "Schwartz obviously had a desperate problem, yet he couldn't ask for the kind of help others had sought from him and he'd given. The gay life style, if that's what it was, wasn't the problem. The secret life was the problem. He was

in desperate trouble. He deliberately put himself at great physical risk. He chose that risk; he sought it. Why? What drove him?"

Dickey, who flew from the West Coast to attend Schwartz's funeral and was deeply shaken by his death, says, "I think very possibly David did have to repress a serious aspect of his personality. I personally don't believe that people choose to be gay—they don't decide to be gay. They've been gay from the beginning. Maybe they didn't realize it, but they don't just become gay at age fifty-five. If that was the case, David must have been gay for many years."

Dickey says the circumstances of Schwartz's death have in no way diminished his fondness and respect for him, and he believes that what Schwartz sought in the South Bronx was not danger but a kind of safety. "Not to be too Freudian about this," he says, "but David died about a mile from where he and I both grew up. This was an area David knew reasonably well. I always felt that it was safe; my mother used to go to the A. & P. there. I don't think he was looking for danger. I think David was hiding, and he was hiding in a place he was familiar with. It's a sad thing that he had to hide, or that anyone has to hide." ♦

ANNALS OF HOLLYWOOD

SUNSET BOULEVARD REVISITED

Next month, Norma Desmond finally makes her comeback when the musical adaptation of "Sunset Boulevard" opens in London. To mark the occasion, Billy Wilder, Hollywood's most enduring iconoclast, looks at his movie for the first time in more than forty years.

BY DAVID FREEMAN

FOR a while in the mid-eighties, United Artists paid Billy Wilder a big salary and set him up in an office at its Beverly Hills headquarters. He was supposed to advise the studio's executives and to give his opinion on the productions they were planning. I asked him at the time how the arrangement was working out. He told me, "Every script, I tell them the same thing: Don't do it."

"Do they listen?"

"They do it anyway. Nine times out of ten, the picture flops. Then it's 'We should have listened to Billy.' When there's a hit, they're so happy they forget what I said."

Billy Wilder is the youngest of the generation of directors who dominated Hollywood in the period that shaped America's view of itself. They were the princes of the cinema: Alfred Hitchcock, John Ford, Howard Hawks, Frank Capra, George Stevens, George Cukor, and William Wyler. Wilder's immediate contemporaries were Joseph L. Mankiewicz and John Huston. Only Wilder remains.

Wilder's best-known movie, "Sunset Boulevard," is about to become an Andrew Lloyd Webber musical. Wilder says of the composer-impresario, "He's the Ted Williams of musicals—all hits!" The production, with book and lyrics by Don Black and Christopher Hampton, opens at the Adelphi Theatre in London on July 12th. Patti LuPone plays Norma Desmond, the silent-movie queen who has outlived her era.

"Sunset Boulevard" has become a sort of rallying point for movie buffs. In Gloria Swanson's performance as Norma they seem to see a camp diva, along the lines of Callas. The initiates

recite the film's dialogue, chanting such famous Norma Desmond lines as "We had faces" and "I'm ready for my closeup."

"You used to be big," William Holden says to her.

"I am big," Swanson replies. "It's the pictures that got small."

AFTER sixty years in Southern California, Wilder looks like a libidinous owl and is almost as famous as a raconteur as he is for his movies. He uses a highly personal international syntax, which doesn't always include transitions. Wilder has a tendency to mumble and then to explode into his point, which is often a punch line. His stories of the Hollywood that was are enthralling in ways that go beyond such subjective matters as truth. He may repeat a story, but never the same way twice. Wilder's remarks circulate in Hollywood, savored and retold for years. Before her marriage, his wife, Audrey, lived with her mother in modest circumstances. Wilder told her, "I'd worship the ground you walk on, if you lived in a better neighborhood."

Billy Wilder's first neighborhood was the town of Sucha, in the Austro-Hungarian Empire. He was born on June 22, 1906, during the reign of the Emperor Franz-Josef. Wilder's mother, Eugenia, who had visited America, named her second son Samuel but called him Billy, possibly for Buffalo Bill. (Billy's brother, Wilhelm, was born in 1904. He, too, wound up in Hollywood, as W. Lee Wilder, a producer-director in the forties and fifties.) Billy's father, Max, was in and out of businesses, including hotels and railroad-station cafés, and in and out of money. As a child in Vienna, Billy took up a pool cue, stood

Billy Wilder, photographed by Richard Avedon in Los Angeles, April 1, 1993.



on a chair in one of his father's hotels, and shot billiards for pocket kronen. He lasted a few months at the University of Vienna, then quit to become a reporter on *Die Stunde*, a paper he recalls as the Viennese equivalent of a tabloid. "It was a revolver paper," he says. "They came at you with a gun." When the paper was putting together a special edition on the subject of Fascism, in 1925, Wilder was assigned to interview Richard Strauss, Arthur Schnitzler, Alfred Adler, and Sigmund Freud. He took the trolley around Vienna, pursuing the great men. "My question was 'What do you think of Fascism and the future?' With Freud, I got to 'Good afternoon, Professor.' He said, 'What paper?' '*Die Stunde*,' I answered. 'Out!' he said."

In 1926, Wilder went to Berlin and began to write scenarios. To earn money, he worked as a dancer at the thés dansants at the Eden Hotel, twirling older women around the floor. When the Reichstag burned, Wilder, feeling that career possibilities for twenty-six-year-old Jewish scenario writers might be limited, fled to Paris, leaving behind his family and his native language. By 1934, he was in Hollywood, with no money, no English, and no work. He has always said that he lived for a while in the ladies' room of the Chateau Marmont Hotel. It has become part of Hollywood's mythology, and it may even be true.

Ernst Lubitsch, a Berliner, was the head of production at Paramount for about a year in the mid-thirties—the only first-rank director ever to run a Hollywood studio. Wilder was in awe of him then and still is. "I was taught by Lubitsch you should not notice the director. He should be invisible. You should notice the characters," Wilder said recently, reminiscing about his mentor. On being asked if such restraint wasn't contradicted by the self-conscious style of German Expressionism, in which Lubitsch had dabbled, Wilder said, "Yeah, sure. They did all those angles and that lighting because they couldn't afford sets. When they got money, in Hollywood, they dropped all that stuff." Wilder has often said, "Lubitsch could do more with a closed door than most directors can with an open fly."

Wilder got his chance with Lubitsch in 1936, when Paramount assigned him

to work with Charles Brackett, a more experienced writer, on "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife." Brackett, fourteen years Wilder's senior, was a novelist and a gent. He was Harvard Law, class of 1920, and had been a drama critic for *The New Yorker*. When Lubitsch moved to M-G-M, he hired the pair to work on "Ninotchka." Seven Brackett-Wilder scripts were shot before Wilder started directing; later, Brackett produced the pictures that he and Wilder wrote together.

During the Brackett era, Wilder's scriptwriting methods were established. While Brackett, like all Wilder's partners to come, jotted notes, Wilder paced the room, gesturing with a swagger stick or a baton, slicing the air. Brackett's boozy Republican gentility was often at odds with Wilder's brash ambition. Wilder was the junior man but the more forceful personality. The partners were known for their screaming matches as well as for their scripts. "We were opposites, from different parts of the world," Wilder recalls. "Our temperaments had to be held in check. We fought a lot. Brackett and I were like a box of matches. We kept striking till it lights up. He would sometimes throw a telephone book at me." They walked out on each other several times, each vowing to go it alone. But, like a couple in a marriage that doesn't quite work but won't quite end, they kept at it, locked in productivity and combat, and came to be known as Brackett and Wilder.

For Wilder, a third colleague may have been as significant as Lubitsch and Brackett. Mitchell Leisen, a staff director at Paramount, directed three Brackett-Wilder scripts, and was unwittingly responsible for making Wilder a director. Wilder couldn't bear him and often said so, believing that Leisen, who had started as a designer, knew nothing about storytelling and cared only for the

drape of a skirt or the way a shadow fell. Wilder accused Leisen of tearing up carefully written scenes on the whim of an actor or just to demonstrate his authority. "He hated writers," Wilder says. "I would come on the set and stop him. 'What happened to that line?' I would say. He would say, 'I cut it. You're bothering me.' He came from set dressing." The idea of Wilder's mellowing is unlikely, and he still finds the subject of Leisen distasteful, but he acknowledges that "Midnight" and "Arise, My Love," directed by Leisen from Brackett-Wilder scripts, are "good pictures." Then he mutters, "I could have done them better."

In the spirit of Lubitsch, Wilder's cinema is one of exquisitely constructed scripts rather than ravishing images. It is also a cinema of frequently unsympathetic leading characters and of jokes and gags, the more topical, self-referential, or exuberantly vulgar the better. There are no Fordian horsemen plowing down snowy mountains; it is a writer's cinema. Wilder became a director to protect what he had written. He always mapped out his story with a partner, then stuck to it on the set, often shooting in sequence and allowing for only minor changes. He frequently began production with an uncompleted script, writing as he shot, and this made him hard to fire. It was his way of giving immediacy to what he had written. Contemporary directors routinely talk about "finding their film" in the cutting room. Even directors working from their own scripts often encourage actors to improvise. They're in search of spontaneity. "Unfortunately, they often find it," Wilder says. Of the complicated camera angles now so much in vogue he says, "Down the chimney, through the fireplace: point of view, Santa Claus. Who else would be up there?"

In 1943, Wilder collaborated with Raymond Chandler on the adaptation of James M. Cain's novel "Double Indemnity." "Brackett did not like to deal in risqué stories like that," Wilder says. Although the movie is an enduring work, one of the best and most popular examples of film noir, Chandler had a rough time. He loathed Wilder's strutting ways in the office. In a letter to Hamish Hamilton, his British publisher,



he wrote, "Working with Billy Wilder on 'Double Indemnity' was an agonizing experience and has probably shortened my life." Brackett was a picture man, though, and knew the value of the alliance. He and Wilder were soon back together for "The Lost Weekend," which won Oscars in 1945 for best picture, script, and director, and for Ray Milland as best actor.

Brackett and Wilder had patched things up, but Wilder's marriage was coming apart. His wife, Judith, whom he had married in 1936, was the stepdaughter of the French artist Paul Iribe, who was also an art director for Cecil B. De Mille. The Wilders' daughter, Victoria, was born in 1939. (Her twin brother, Vincent, died when he was four months old.) By 1942, Wilder had become involved with the actress Doris Dowling, who would later play the prostitute in "The Lost Weekend." The affair was the subject of a great deal of gossip. Their friends assumed that Wilder would marry Dowling. Then he met Audrey Young, a singer, who was a bit player in "The Lost Weekend." Wilder found himself separating from his wife, cheating on his mistress, and pursuing Audrey. She got the man, but her part in "The Lost Weekend" wound up on the cutting-room floor.

After the war, Wilder served with the Psychological Warfare Division of the United States Army in Germany. Among Colonel Wilder's tasks was helping to rebuild the German film industry. To that end, he interviewed ex-Nazis, trying to decide which ones were the least undesirable. He was asked by the director of the Oberammergau Passion play to pass judgment on Anton Lang, who had played Christ before the war and had been in the S.S. Now the director wanted him back.

"On one condition," Wilder said.

"And what is that?" he was asked.

"That in the Crucifixion scene you use real nails."

During his tour of duty, Wilder got a look at what was left of Berlin, the city where he had served his ad-hoc apprenticeship in the movies. He had not heard from his family during the war. Now he confirmed what he had suspected: his mother, his stepfather, and his grandmother had died in Auschwitz. Whatever pain he endured privately, his response was to make a comedy, "A



"You fed me tuna and cleaned my litter box, Harris, and I'm not going to forget it."

Foreign Affair," written with Brackett and Richard L. Breen. It is serious without being in the least earnest, and it brought Wilder's reputation for vulgarity to an early peak. Maybe no one was in a mood to make fun of postwar Berlin—no one but Wilder, anyway.

The film opens with shots of bombed-out Berlin, seen from a plane carrying a dim-bulb congressional delegation to look into the morale of the occupation troops. The team includes Jean Arthur as a representative from Iowa who brings a constituent's chocolate cake for an Army captain (John Lund). He trades it on the black market for a mattress, tosses the mattress in his jeep, then drives through the ashen hell of Berlin while the soundtrack plays "Isn't It Romantic?" It's Berlin, all right, but the real locale is Billy Wilder Land. Of the choice of music Wilder says, "Paramount owned it. You were obliged to use what they didn't have to pay for. They thought I was a good soldier."

Lund takes the mattress to Marlene Dietrich. In some casual love play, she calls him her Führer ("Heil Johnny"), and he says, "Why don't I choke you a little. Break you in two. Build a fire

under you, you blond witch." There's not a lot of kitchy-kitchy-coo in the dialogue. Richard Corliss called the movie "Wilder at his most vile." James Agee said, "A good bit of it is in rotten taste."

The question of "taste" has plagued Wilder. It is as if the critics, confronted with his bawdy rudeness, became Rotarians. Wilder is an ironist—that was the point of using "Isn't It Romantic?" Movies usually trade in more readily understood situations and characters. In "A Foreign Affair," Dietrich is a not quite former Nazi, mostly because a girl's got to eat. Wilder keeps it broad enough for the groundlings, but underneath there's a dark, anarchic vision.

For Wilder, it has always been jokes above all. He has the true satirist's compulsion: he mocks everyone, and speaks his mind in wisecracks. Of the writers and directors who refused to testify before HUAC, the so-called "unfriendly witnesses," Wilder said, "Two of them have talent. The rest are just unfriendly." But, like all satirists, he has a moralist's heart. For every swindler, there's a patsy; for every corrupted bimbo, there's a venal, self-serving fool

of a man. His movies, like Wilder himself, are often mordant and relentlessly unsentimental.

WILDER doesn't own prints or cassettes of his films, and says he has no interest in watching them again. He's seen clips from "Sunset Boulevard" over the years. "The same clips!" he mutters. "We had faces, pictures got small. Who needs it?" The last time he had seen the entire movie was at the Paramount studio theatre in the summer of 1950.

As he walked across the Paramount lot on a recent morning, Wilder recalled that earlier screening, which was just prior to the release of the picture. "Sunset Boulevard" had suffered an unsuccessful preview in Evanston, Illinois, causing Brackett and Wilder to shoot a new opening. The movie begins, famously, with William Holden as Joe Gillis, the murdered screenwriter, narrating the action from the dead, his body floating in a swimming pool. The rejected version began in the Los Angeles morgue, with corpses chatting about how they got there. After Paramount showed the re-shot version, the industry crowd milled about in the alley outside the studio theatre. Louis B. Mayer, who had not cared for the portrait of Hollywood, was heard to say, "Billy Wilder should be run out of town." Wilder took that for the challenge it was, and told the head of M-G-M, "Go shit in your hat."

Now, in that same alley, Wilder said, "That's what I'll be remembered for, a stupid insult to Louis B. Mayer."

"Isn't what people remember that you wouldn't let him insult you?"

"They remember shit in the hat."

Screening Room No. 5, where Wilder was about to have his first look at "Sunset Boulevard" since the run-in with Mayer, is in a tangle of editing rooms, offices, and projection booths above the theatre. It has been repainted, and the equipment is newer, but otherwise the room is unchanged since the days when Brackett and Wilder watched rushes there. Paramount is where "Sunset Boulevard" was written, shot, and edited; several of the locations in the film were only steps away.

"Is this going to be like the opera?" Wilder asked. When I looked puzzled, he said, "I went to see 'Götterdämmerung.' It started at eight. At mid-

A TRICKSY JUNE

I'm an old woman who wants to die.
They make me live.
I know a woman who wants to live.
She's going to die.
Why? Why? It's tricky, June.
Grass looks greener for never sighting the sun.
Nights shrink, days stretch.
The nurses have to smile. The dinners come.
Is a Mind
turning down on us or up on us its slate thumb?
Who do you think orders
these ugly salvia-trimmed gardens to bloom?
Up north, my home,
pear blossom's snow on the grass. Must be
the martin's back.
I'm missing those old-fashioned yellow roses
hugging my gate,
already losing their frowsy, blowsy furbelows.
Who lets them yawn
and disintegrate, petal by lazy petal,
without complaint?

—ANNE STEVENSON

night, when I looked at my watch, it was eight-fifteen." Assured that "Sunset Boulevard" played faster than that, he sat down, ready to see just what it was that he and Brackett had made forty-four years ago. We were seated on either side of the console, which permitted us to control the volume or speak to the projectionist. Earlier, I had reminded him that if he couldn't bear it he could tell the projectionist to skip a reel or two. Now he had his eye on the console.

As Franz Waxman's score boomed out and William Holden's narration began, Wilder, who is usually animated, grew still. His mouth tightened and his lips twitched. He didn't perk up until Holden, bemoaning his lack of work, says, "I talked to a couple of yes-men at Metro. To me they said no."

When Erich von Stroheim, as Max von Mayerling, the butler and chauffeur, mistakes Holden for someone else and says, "If you need any help with the coffin, call me," Wilder nodded approval and said, "You get those little hooks into the audience. 'Coffin' out of nowhere."

During Holden and Swanson's first big scene, with the exchange that begins, "You're Norma Desmond. . . . You used to be big," Wilder looked as if he were

watching a take and deciding whether to ask for another. When he called out "Good!" I half expected the film to stop and the actors to take a break.

Not until he'd had a taste of Swanson's performance did he seem to relax. The picture depends on her. It was made twenty years after the end of the silent era, when audiences had a sense of the transition to sound. But would any of it come through now? When Norma plays bridge with Buster Keaton, Anna Q. Nilsson, and H. B. Warner, her contemporaries, Holden calls them "the waxworks." Wilder seemed to be looking hard to see whether the film itself now belonged in that category.

"He's watching her," Wilder said, meaning that Holden was watching Swanson, trying to decide what to make of this strange, pop-eyed wonder from another world. Through Holden's eyes, the audience understands that every move and gesture Norma Desmond makes, every extravagant claim and demand, is real to her. Wilder saw that it was working, and began to enjoy himself. "That's silent-picture acting. You can't teach somebody. Unless you grew up with it, you can't do it."

In von Stroheim's first big scene,

when he explains to Holden just who Norma Desmond is, he says, "There was a maharaja who came all the way from India to beg for one of her silk stockings. Later, he strangled himself with it." Wilder laughed, and said, "So preposterous." But when the scene was over he said of von Stroheim, "He's like a light bulb that suddenly shines on in that scene—even with that strangling stuff." Von Stroheim was himself a legendary director of the silent era—the film that Norma runs for Joe is his unfinished "Queen Kelly," which starred Swanson. He brought a director's sensibility to his role. "It was his idea that Max wrote all the fan letters Norma got," Wilder explained. "He had an idea about Max washing her underwear. 'I can do a lot with that,' he said. It was too much, I didn't use it." Of von Stroheim as chauffeur, Wilder said later, "He didn't know how to drive. We had to tow the car when he comes onto the lot. He still crashed it into the Bronson Gate."

After Wilder was sure that the central performances held up, he occasionally hummed along with Waxman's score. He was amused by the various sums of money mentioned: five hundred dollars a week for a screenwriter, and twenty-eight thousand dollars as the value of Norma Desmond's lavish touring car, an Isotta-Fraschini. When Norma says, "I'm richer than all this new Hollywood trash. I've got a million dollars," Wilder repeated the line and laughed.

But it was Swanson who continued to interest him. When she says, "Me, me, Norma Desmond," in all her nutty megalomania, Wilder said, "Right up to the edge." He meant that she had the courage to risk looking ridiculous and the skill to keep in character. A moment later, he said, "She was fifty-two. It was old then. Holden was about thirty. The chasm between silent pictures and talkies, you think there's three hundred years between them."

During a scene with Holden and Nancy Olson, the young screenwriter he meets, Wilder's lips were moving, but I couldn't follow what he was saying. I lowered the volume, and realized he was approximating the dialogue. But this was no rev-

erie. He was apparently trying to get Holden and Olson to pick up the pace. I guessed he hadn't liked the line readings in 1949 and didn't like them now. Near the end of the scene, he said, sharply and loudly, "Then what happened?," which was Holden's line—he hadn't got to it yet. It cued Olson's "You did," which ended the scene. Wilder said, "Good short line."

Wilder took particular delight in the sequences with Cecil B. De Mille, who plays himself. "He was shooting 'Samson and Delilah,'" Wilder recalls. "We used his sets when Norma visits. We had him for one day. Ten thousand dollars. Then we required one more close-up. I asked him to come back and do it. He understood. It was the shot outside the stage where he says goodbye. He came back. For another ten thousand dollars."

When De Mille tells Norma to sit for a moment, Wilder said, "I wanted De Mille to displace Hedy Lamarr and give her chair to Norma. She'd do it—for twenty-five thousand dollars. I said that it would be enough for Norma to sit in a chair with Hedy Lamarr's name on it. That was ten thousand dollars. So I put her in De Mille's chair." While she's sitting there, a boom microphone passes behind her, disturbing her hat and casting a shadow on her face. "Watch this," Wilder said, anticipating the end of the shot. "Hah!" he whooped as Norma

scowls at the microphone, the very thing that ended her era.

As Norma is about to make her final walk down the staircase, playing Salome to the newsreel cameras, Wilder said, "When I rehearsed this scene, very complex emotions are coming down those stairs. I rehearsed it to music."

I nodded, and mumbled something about Strauss.

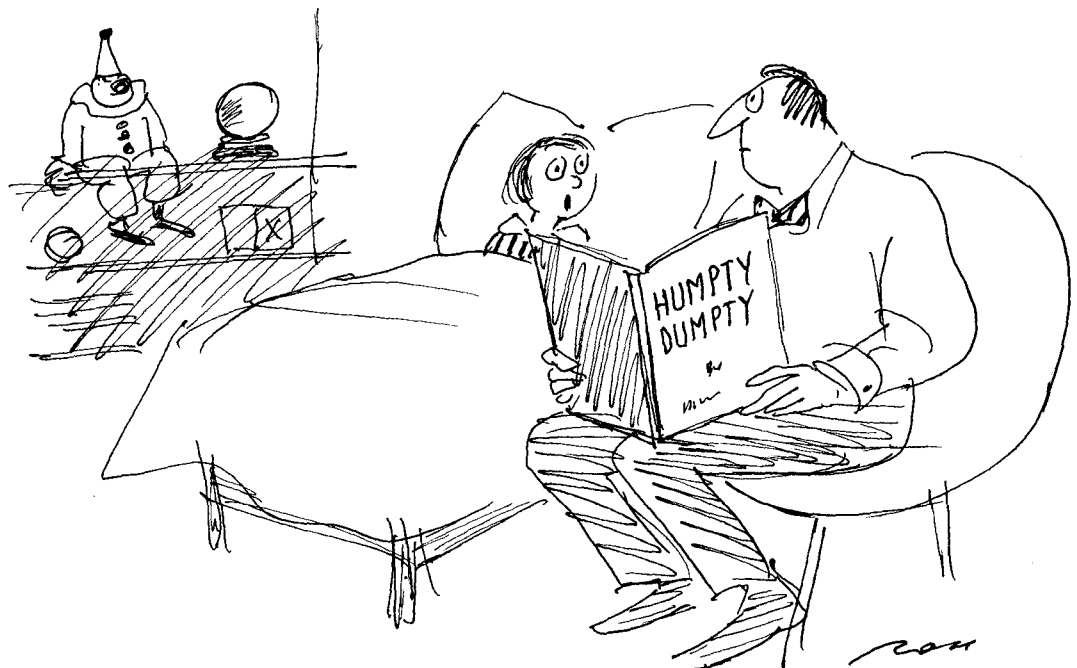
"No, no," he said. "Strauss for the rehearsal. Then we got better than Strauss. Waxman!" When the music surged and the end credits ran, he nodded in time and hummed with the score as the lights came up. Then he was quiet. He knew that it is on this film that his reputation will rest for future generations. There were Paramount employees waiting with pictures and posters for him to sign, but no one was going to rush Billy Wilder at a time like this. Then, as always, retreating into anecdote, he said, "Willy Wyler made a picture called 'Hell's Heroes.' Thirty years later, he wanted to look at it again. It took them about a week to find a print. They sent it over to his house—he had a cutting room. He took a chunk out and sent it back. No one would ever see it! He wanted to improve it."

"Do you want to recut?"

"I'm Wilder, not Wyler. We got mixed up all the time. Willy, Billy."

"Would you like to go into the editing room with it?"

"Here, there, maybe. Some retakes. But



"Maybe they didn't try hard enough."

no. There's not much dust on it." He was quiet again. Then he said, "Come on. I'll buy you a cheap lunch."

BECAUSE Billy Wilder is a screenwriter, rewriting is in his blood. He can't resist trying to improve something already written—or, in this case, spoken. In a restaurant near his office in Beverly Hills, he talked more about "Sunset Boulevard." "I dug out from one of the drawers a vague story about a silent-era star," he said. "More of a comedy. Mae West was a possibility. With a man half her age. As Charlie and I worked on it, I thought, Maybe we need some young blood. Maybe we're sort of pooped out. So we got D. M. Marshman. He was a writer for *Life* magazine."

"Were you and Brackett not getting along?"

"We had been working together thirteen years. We needed another mind in there. It was our last picture."

Holden's role was written for Montgomery Clift, who turned it down at the last minute, probably because it was too close to his own relationship with the singer Libby Holman. At the time, Wilder was furious, but, looking back, he says, "You wouldn't believe Clift as a ghostwriter, even if he was hungry."

Did he think Clift might have given a more complex performance? One could imagine him having an ambiguous reaction to his degradation.

"Holden is closer to a Hollywood writer. Not a poet of the new muse. The best actor I ever worked with was Charles Laughton—'Witness for the Prosecution.' He goes to a point where a tenth of an inch more and it would be ludicrous. Very few can do that. Swanson got it." Then Wilder changed the topic without a pause. "The night shot where Holden and Nancy Olson walk on the lot, she tells how she grew up there, at Paramount. How she wanted to be in movies. That's my wife's background we used. Audrey's mother worked in wardrobe. Aud grew up like that."

Could he say what he had been thinking while he was watching the movie?

"I was involved in remembering. How did I work it? Did I get the best possible scene I could? Over all, the most comforting feeling was that, yes, I

would shoot it this way again. The dialogue was not bad. I didn't wince. I found it surprisingly believable. Only a few minutes that embarrassed me—if the picture is shown in the hereafter theatre, I'll speed up the projectionist. Today, I couldn't drum up such a cast. I needed Swanson, I got her. I needed De Mille, I got him. I needed von Stroheim, I got him. I was lucky. It looked pretty good. I would stand up for it. Now I don't have to look at it for another forty-five years."

AFTER "Sunset Boulevard," the Brackett-Wilder partnership was dissolved. Brackett went on to a prominent career as a producer and was publicly upbeat about the breakup, but at the end of his life he told Garson Kanin that he'd never understood it. "We were doing so well," he said. "It was such a blow, such an unexpected blow, I thought I'd never recover from it." After Brackett, Wilder had a series of partners. Some were distinguished, but none stayed on for a second picture until I. A. L. Diamond, who always claimed his initials stood for Interscholastic Algebra League, turned up. Born Itek Dommnici, in Romania, Diamond arrived in America at nine and grew up in Crown Heights. After Columbia, where he wrote the book for the Varsity Show for each of his four years and edited the *Daily Spectator*, he kicked around Hollywood writing comedies and musicals. In 1956, he hooked up with Wilder for "Love in the Afternoon." Eventually, they made twelve pictures together, including "Some Like It Hot," "The Apartment," "One, Two, Three," "Kiss Me, Stupid," and "The Fortune Cookie," all black-and-white gems of the American idiom, written by men whose native language was not English.

"Some Like It Hot" was made during



Marilyn Monroe's marriage to Arthur Miller. She showed up on the set hours after her call, and she had trouble with her lines, requiring forty-seven takes over two days to enter a room and say, "Where's the bourbon?" After the film was in release, Wilder made some indiscreet remarks about Monroe to the press, saying that after he'd made two pictures with her ("The Seven Year Itch" was the first) the Directors Guild should award him a Purple Heart. The result was a public squabble. Arthur Miller called Wilder "contemptible." Today, Wilder takes a more relaxed view of Monroe. "Not all the doctors and chemists and clairvoyants know what makes a star," he says. "When I would be driving to the studio in the morning, I would think the whole cast would be there, two hundred extras would be there, the crew would be there. And Marilyn? Who knows where? I would stop the car and throw up. My back was always out. Except the footage looked great. I would have preferred fewer takes, but each time she said a line it was the first time it was ever said."

"Well, nobody's perfect," the picture's famous last line, was considered for an earlier scene:

JERRY: He keeps marrying girls all the time.

JOE: But you're not a girl. You're a guy. And why would a guy want to marry a guy?

JERRY: Security!

In 1985, Diamond wrote in *California Magazine* that he had thought about adding, "Nobody's perfect," but was afraid that it "would kill the security joke." He filed it away in his mind and later thought it might do as the last line of the movie. He remembered Wilder's being uncertain, and saying, "Maybe we'll think of something better on the set."

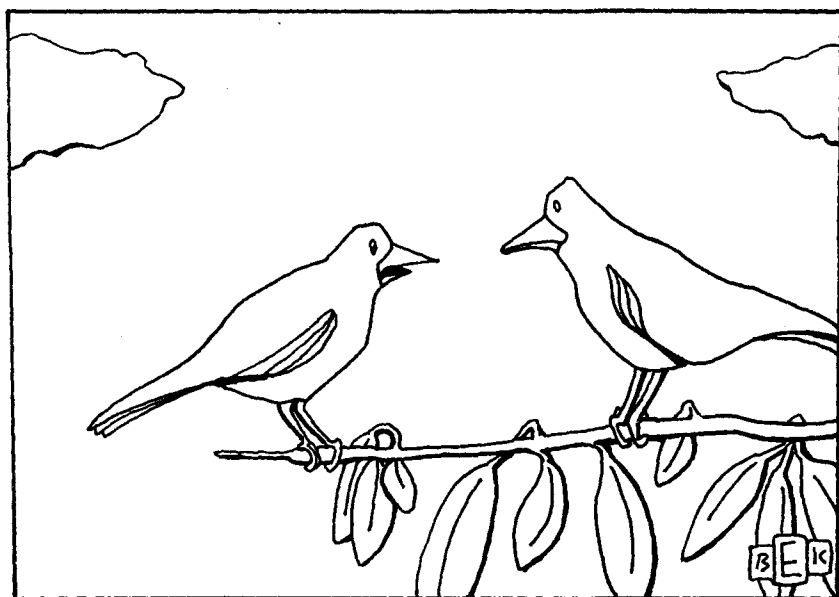
Reminiscing about Diamond, Wilder said, "The highest compliment you could get from him would be 'Why not?' The Reagans once sent an invitation to go to the White House for dinner. I didn't want it. Izzy said, 'You're right. If you go, then you'll have to invite them to your house. Then back and forth. Who knows what it could lead to?'"

Diamond died of multiple myeloma in 1988, at the age of sixty-seven. "The script that was written was a completely different third act," Wilder said. "I was fourteen years older. I was supposed to

go first. He knew he had that disease four years. He never said a word. Finally, when we were talking about something I thought we could do, he said, 'I better tell you, I guess.' Then Wilder waved his hand and shrugged. Friends say he was distraught over Diamond's death. "Flattened" is the way one put it.

Wilder had already endured a period of commercial flops. Now he had no partner. "If God would send me another Brackett or Diamond . . ." he said, letting the sentence trail off. The last Wilder-Diamond film was "Buddy Buddy," in 1981. It was not well received. Even before Diamond's death, more movies were doubtful. But the sheer fizz of Wilder's personality made it unlikely that he would withdraw. He had long collected modern art, and owned works by Picasso, Miró, Giacometti, Balthus, Kirchner, and Cornell. By 1989, his collection had grown so large and the market was so good that he decided to sell. He declared himself Lord of the Tchotchkes and arranged for an auction at Christie's in New York. The media couldn't get enough of it. The sale generated thirty-two million six hundred thousand dollars. Wilder had been wealthy for years, but now he was a rich man. More important, he had a hit.

Wilder can't seem to stop collecting art. The walls of his office feature works by Ellsworth Kelly and Frank Stella; in one corner there are odd-looking found objects, awaiting sculptural treatment. He has always been fond of objets trouvés, and now, with the help of a friend, he has been turning out highly idiosyncratic pieces of sculpture. "Stallone's Typewriter" is an old Underwood painted in camouflage green and black, with bullets and toy weaponry attached. The platen is wrapped in a gauzy American flag. Wilder says he's working on a script but adds, almost plaintively, "I don't know if anyone will let me direct it." What he does know is that film directing has become a younger person's sport. Wilder turns eighty-seven this month. In Beverly Hills, near his office, he's a familiar sight on the streets, where passersby sometimes point him out, like a civic attraction. The Wilders will be in London for the opening of "Sunset Boulevard," as guests of Andrew Lloyd Webber. "It's going to be expensive," Wilder says, grinning. "After the



"Who ever told you you could sing?"

Connaught, it's Paris for the collections and a tiny little stop at Christian Dior."

CRITICS have often written disparagingly about Wilder, pointing out the themes of venality and corruption and usually calling them cynicism. But Wilder's recurring motif is disguise, and his real theme is identity. A young screenwriter allows himself to be dressed like a plutocrat and makes love to a woman who appalls him. A saxophone player puts on drag, then a yachting costume, and starts sounding like Cary Grant. Who *are* these guys? They, and a gallery of others, reside in an exaggerated world that belongs to the quick-witted and to those who can cut the best deals—a world where everything, and certainly love, is for sale. Taken collectively, Wilder's raucous, impolite, and often impolitic movies are the record of an exile, a man of the century, made in a medium that was virtually unknown when he was born. Like Hollywood itself, they are a very American achievement. After their alliance was dissolved, Charles Brackett wrote of his former partner, "He was sassy and brash and often unwise, but . . . he was in love with America as I have seen few people in love with it."

The critics are now catching up. In 1991, Andrew Sarris published an essay in *Film Comment* titled "Why Billy Wilder Belongs in the Pantheon."

Twenty-three years earlier, in his influential "The American Cinema," Sarris had put Wilder in a category called "Less Than Meets the Eye." Critical ideas and judgments change all the time, of course, but usually those criticized aren't around to hear about it. Many of Wilder's contemporaries, directors who were giants in their time, now seem like Ozymandias. But Wilder's pictures are watched and studied by film students and professionals trying to figure out how he did it.

When I asked Wilder what he made of the critics' coming around, he shrugged, apparently uninterested in the issue. A little later, he answered indirectly, saying, "The best insert shot ever made is in 'Potemkin.' The sailors are going to mutiny because the meat is rank. Then there's the insert of the meat. It's crawling with maggots. The doctor looks at it and says, 'The meat's fine.'" Then Wilder laughed at the absurdity of ever worrying about what anyone says about anything. It reminded him of a story. "I told Sam Goldwyn I wanted to make a movie about Nijinsky. I explained how he was the greatest dancer ever and I told him about his career and how he ended up in a French nuthouse, thinking he was a horse. So Sam says, 'What kind of picture is that? A man who thinks he's a horse?' I told him, 'Don't worry, there's a happy ending. In the final scene, he wins the Kentucky Derby.'" ♦

PERSONAL HISTORY

TO MY READERS

BY HAROLD BRODKEY

I HAVE AIDS. I am surprised that I do. I have not been exposed since the nineteen-seventies, which is to say that my experiences, my adventures in homosexuality took place largely in the nineteen-sixties, and back then I relied on time and abstinence to indicate my degree of freedom from infection and to protect others and myself.

At first, shadows and doubts of various kinds disturbed my sleep, but later I felt more certainty of safety. Before AIDS was identified, I thought five years without noticeable infection would indicate one was without disease. When AIDS was first identified, five years was held to indicate safety. That changed. Twenty years now is considered a distance in time that might indicate safety, but a slight number of AIDS cases are anomalous; that is, the delay in illness is not explicable within the assumed rules, even under the most careful, cynical investigation. It doesn't matter much. I have AIDS. I have had *Pneumocystis carinii* pneumonia, which almost killed me. Unlikely or not, blood test, T-cell count, the fact that it was *Pneumocystis* means I have AIDS and must die.

There it is. At the time I was told, I was so ill, so racked with fever and having such difficulty breathing, that I hardly cared. I was embarrassed and shamed that the people who cared for me in the hospital had to take special precautions to protect themselves. Then as the fever went down I suppose my pride and sense of competition took over. When someone from social services showed up to offer counsel, I found that bothersome, although the counsellor was a very fine person, warm and intelligent. I suppose I was competitive with or antagonistic toward the assumption that now my death would be harder than

other deaths, harder to bear, and that the sentence to such death and suffering was unbearable.

I didn't find it so. I didn't want to find it so. Granted, I am perverse. But my head felt the doom was bearable. My body hurt. I haven't felt even halfway human for eight or nine weeks now, until the last two or three days. It was as if I had walked through a door into the most unstable physical state of wretched and greatly undesirable discomfort possible.

But, of course, blindness and dementia are worse states. And my parents suffered excruciatingly with heart trouble and cancer. Also, I was not, am not, young. I am not being cut down before I have had a chance to live. Most important, I was not and am not alone. On the second day, when the truth was known, my wife, Ellen Schwamm, moved into the hospital with me. When we began to tell the family, no one rejected me. No one. I am embarrassed to be ill and to be ill in this way, but no one yet has shown disgust or revulsion. I expect it. But in the hospital AIDS is a boring thing for internes, it is so common. And outside it arouses, at least in New York, sympathy and curiosity. I do get the feeling I am a bit on show, or rather my death is and my moods are. But so what?

So far the worst moments, in terms of grief, came about when I was visited by my grandson, aged four, a wide-faced blond, a second child, bright, and rather expert at emotional warfare. I hadn't seen him in four months, and he looked at me snottily and said, "I don't remember you." I said, "I used to be a pink-and-black horse." He looked at me, thought or reacted, then grinned and said, "I remember you now," and came over and took my hand and generally didn't leave my side. But the horror was I

had no strength to respond or pretend after only a short while, less than an hour. I am not able to be present for him and never will be anymore. That led to a bad twenty-four hours. But that can hardly be uncommon, and I had already felt a version of it toward Ellen, although less intense, because I am able to be there in some ways still, and can find some sort of robot strength in myself still if I have to.

My doctor, who is very able and very experienced, is surprised that I am not more depressed. He says cheerfully that I am much more upset than I realize. He credits some of the medicines with shielding me, my mood, and warns me that severe unhappiness is coming, but so far it hasn't come. I have resisted it, I suppose. And my wife is with me every moment. I feel cut off from old age, it's true, but that's not like someone young feeling cut off from most of his or her possible life.

In my adult life and in my childhood, I was rarely, almost never ill, but when I was, it was always serious, and nearly fatal. I have been given up by my doctors three times in my life and for a few minutes a fourth time. This time is more convincing but otherwise it is not an unfamiliar or unexplained territory.

I was a hypochondriac, but for a good reason—I could take no medicine, none at all, without extreme, perverse, or allergic reactions. Essentially I never got sick. I was gym-going, hike-taking, cautious, oversensitive to the quality of the air, to heat and cold, noise and odors, someone who felt tired more quickly than most people because of all these knife-edge reactions, someone who was careful not to get sick, because my allergic reactions to medicines made almost any illness a drastic experience.

I had an extremely stable baseline of mood and of mind, of mental *landscape*. Well, that's gone; it's entirely gone. From the moment my oxygen intake fell to about fifty per cent and the ambulance drivers arrived in our apartment with a gurney and with oxygen for me to breathe, from that moment and then in the hospital until now, I have not had even one moment of physical stability. I am filled off-and-on with surf noises as if I were a seashell, my blood seems to fizz and tingle. I have low and high fevers. For a day I had a kind of fever with chills and sweats but with body temperature *below* normal, at 96 degrees. I have choked and had trouble breathing. I have had pleuritis, or pleurisy, in my right lung, an inflammation of the thoracic cavity which feels like a burning stiffness of the muscles and which hurt like hell if I coughed, moved suddenly, or reached to pick something up.

And, of course, one can die at any moment or discover symptoms of some entirely new disease. My life has changed into this death, irreversibly.

But I don't *think* the death sentence bothers me. I don't see why it should more than before. I have had little trouble living with the death-warrant aspect of life until now. I never denied, never hysterically defined the reality of death, the presence and idea of it, the inevitability of it. I always knew *I* would die. I never felt invulnerable or immortal. I felt the presence and menace of death in bright sunlight and in the woods and in moments of danger in cars and planes. I felt it in others' lives. Fear and rage toward death for me is focussed on resisting death's soft jaws at key moments, fighting back the interruption, the separation. In physical moments when I was younger, I had great surges of wild strength when in danger, mountain climbing, for instance, or threatened in a fight or by muggers in the city. In the old days I would put my childish or young strength at the service of people who were ill. I would lend them my will power, too. Death scared me some,

maybe even terrified me in a way, but at the same time I had no great fear of death. Why should it be different now? Ought I to crack up because a bluff has been called?

As with other children, when I was very young, death was interesting—dead insects, dead birds, dead people. In a middle-class, upper-middle-class milieu, everything connected to real death was odd, I mean in relation to pretensions and statements, projects and language and pride. It seemed softly adamant, an undoing, a rearrangement, a softly meddlesome and irresistible silence. It was something some boys I knew and I thought we ought to familiarize ourselves with. Early on, and also in adolescence, we had a particular, conscious will not to be controlled by fear of death—there were things we would die rather than do. To some extent this rebelliousness was also controlled; to some extent we could choose our dangers, but not always. All this may be common among the young during a war; I grew up during the Second World War. And a lot was dependent on locality, and social class, the defense of the sexual self or the private self against one's father or in school.

Having accepted death long ago in order to be physically and morally free—to some extent—I am not crushed by this final sentence of death, at least not yet, and I don't think it is denial. I think my disbelief weeks ago gave way to the *maybe* so of the onset of belief. I am sick and exhausted, numbed and darkened, by my approximate dying a few weeks ago from *Pneumocystis*, and consider death a silence, a silence and a privacy and an untouchability, as no more reactions and opinions, as a relief, a privilege, a lucky and graceful and symmetrical silence to be grateful for. The actual words I used inwardly read ambiguously when written out—*it's about time* for silence.

I'm sixty-two, and it's ecological sense to die while you're still productive, die and clear a space for others, old and young. I didn't always appreciate what I had at the time, but I am aware now that accusations against

me of being lucky in love were pretty much true and of being lucky sexually, also true. And lucky intellectually and, occasionally, lucky in the people I worked with. I have no sad stories about love or sex.

And I think my work will live. And I am tired of defending it, tired of giving my life to it. But I have liked my life. I like my life at present, being ill. I like the people I deal with. I don't feel I am being whisked off the stage or murdered and stuffed in a laundry hamper while my life is incomplete. It's my turn to die—I can see that that is interesting to some people but not that it is tragic. Yes, I was left out of some things and was cheated over a lifetime in a bad way but who isn't and so what? I had a lot of privileges as well. Sometimes I'm sad about its being over but I'm that way about books and sunsets and conversations. The medicines I take don't grant my moods much independence, so I suspect these reactions, but I think they are my own. I have been a fool all my life, giving away large chunks of time and wasting years on nothing much, and maybe I'm being a fool now.

And I have died before, come close enough to dying that doctors and nurses on those occasions said those were death experiences, the approach to death, a little of death felt from the inside. And I have nursed dying people and been at deathbeds. I nearly died when my first mother did; I was two years old. As an adult, at one point, I forced myself to remember what I could of the child's feelings. The feelings I have now are far milder. My work, my notions and theories and doctrines, my pride have conspired to make me feel as I do now that I am ill.

I have always remembered nearly dying when I was seven and had an allergic, hypothermic reaction coming out of anesthesia. When I was thirty, a hepatitis thing was misdiagnosed as cancer of the liver, and I was told I had six weeks to live. The sensations at those various times were not much alike, but the feeling of extreme sickness, of being racked, was and is

the same as is the sense of the real death.

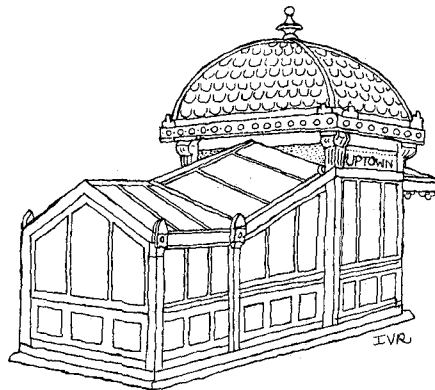
I have wondered at times if maybe my resistance to the fear-of-death wasn't laziness and low mental alertness, a cowardly inability to admit that horror was horror, that dying was unbearable. It feels, though, like a life-giving rebelliousness, a kind of blossoming. Not a love of death but maybe a love of God. I wouldn't want to be hanged and it would kill my soul to be a hangman but I always hoped that if I were hanged I would be amused and superior, and capable of having a good time somehow as I died—this may be a sense of human style in an orphan, greatly damaged and deadened, a mere sense of style overriding a more normal terror and sense of an injustice of destiny. Certainly, it is a *dangerous* trait. I am not sensible . . . At all times I am more afraid of anesthesia and surgery than I am of death. I have had moments of terror, of abject fear. I was rather glad to have those moments. But the strain was tremendous. My feelings of terror have had a scattered quality mostly, and I tended to despise them as petty. I have more fear of cowardice and of being broken by torture than I do of death. I am aware of my vulnerability, of how close I come to being shattered. But next to that is a considerable amount of nerve—my blood parents and real grandparents were said to have been insanely brave, to have had an arrogant sang-froid about their courage and what it allowed them to do. They had, each of them, a strong tropism toward the epic. My mother, before I was born, travelled alone from near Leningrad to Illinois in the nineteen-twenties, a journey that, at her social level, took nearly two months; the year before, her older brother had disappeared, perhaps murdered. My father once boxed a dozen men in a row one evening on a bet and supposedly laid all the women under thirty who lined up afterward. Another time, better attested, with two other men, he took on a squad of marching local Nazis in St. Louis, twenty-five or thirty men, and won.

I myself am a coward, oversensi-

tive, lazy, reclusive, but the mind and spirit have their requirement of independence; and death can't help but seem more bearable than a stupid life of guilt, say.

Is death other than silence and nothingness? In my experiences of it, it is that disk of acceptance and of unthreading and disappearance at the bottom of the chute of revenant memories, ghosts and the living, the gantlet of important recollections through which one is forced in order to approach the end of one's consciousness. Death itself is soft, softly lit, vastly dark. The self becomes taut with metamorphosis and seems to give off some light and to have a not-quite-great-enough fearlessness toward that immensity of the end of individuality, toward one's absorption into the dance of particles and inaudibility. Living, one undergoes one metamorphosis after another—often, they are cockroach states inset with moments of passivity, with the sense of real death—but they are continuous and linked. This one is a stillness and represents a sifting out of identity and its stories, a breaking off or removal of the self, and a devolution into mere effect and memory, outspread and not tightly bound but scattered among micromotions and as if more windblown than in life.

People speak of wanting to live to see their grandchildren marry, but what is it they will see? A sentimental ceremony or a real occasion involving real lives? Life is a kind of horror. It is O.K., but it is wearing. Enemies and thieves don't lay off as you weaken. The wicked flourish by being ruthless even then. If you are



ill, you have to have a good lawyer. Depending on your circumstances, in some cases you have to back off and lie low. You're weak. Death is preferable to daily retreat.

Certainly people on the street who smile gently at me as I walk slowly or X-ray attendants calling me *darling* or *lovey* are aware of this last thing. A woman I know who died a few years back spoke of this in relation to herself. She hated it. I don't want to talk about my dying to everyone, or over and over. Is my attitude only vanity—and more vanity—in the end? In a sense, I steal each day, but I steal it by making no effort. It is just there, sunlight or rain, nightfall or morning. I am still living at least a kind of life, and I don't want to be reduced to an image now, or, in my own mind, feel I am spending all my time on my dying instead of on living, to some satisfying extent, the time I have left.

Not constantly but not inconstantly either, underneath the sentimentality and obstinacy of my attitudes, are, as you might expect, a quite severe rage and a vast, a truly extensive terror, anchored in contempt for you and for life and for everything. But let's keep that beast in its gulf of darkness. Let's be polite and proper and devoted to life now as we were earlier in our life on this planet.

One of the things that struck me when I was first told that I had AIDS was that I was cut off from my family inheritance of fatal diseases—the strokes and high blood pressure and cancers and tumors of my ancestors. My medical fate is quite different; I felt a bit orphaned yet again, and idiosyncratic, but strangely also as if I had been invited, almost abducted, to a party, a sombre feast but not entirely grim, a feast of the seriously afflicted who yet were at war with social indifference and prejudice and hatred. It seemed to me that I was surrounded by braveries without number, that I had been inducted into a phalanx of the wildly-alive-even-if-dying, and I felt honored that I would, so to speak, die in the company of such people.

Really, I can say nothing further at this point. Pray for me. ♦

FICTION

COLD SNAP

BY THOM JONES

S ON of a bitch, there's a cold snap and I do this number where I leave all the faucets running because my house, and most houses out here on the West Coast, aren't "real"—they don't have windows that go up and down, or basements (which protect the pipes in a way that a crawl space can't), or sidewalks out in the front with a nice pair of towering oak trees or a couple of elms, which a real house will have, one of those good old Midwest houses. Out here the windows go side to side. You get no basement. No sidewalk and no real trees, just evergreens, and when it gets cold and snows nobody knows what to do. An inch of snow and they cancel school and the community is paralyzed. "Help me, I'm helpless!" Well, it's cold for a change and I guess that's not so bad, because all the fleas and mosquitoes will freeze, and also because any change is *something*, and maybe it will help snap me out of this bleak post-Africa depression—oh, baby, I'm so depressed—but I wake up at three in the morning and think, Oh, no, a pipe is gonna bust, so I run the water and let the faucets drip and I go outside and turn on the outdoor faucets, which are the most vulnerable. Sure enough, they were caking up, and I got to them just in the nick of time, which was good, since in my condition there was no way I could possibly cope with a broken water pipe. I just got back from Africa, where I was playing doctor to the natives, got hammered with a nasty case of malaria, and lost thirty pounds, but it was a manic episode I had that caused Global Aid to send me home. It was my worst attack to date, and on lithium I get such a bad case of psoriasis that I look like alligator man. You can take Tegretol for mania but it once wiped out my white count and almost killed me, so what I like to do when I get all revved up is skin-pop some morphine, which I had with me by the gallon over there and which will keep you calm—and, unlike booze, it's something I can keep under control. Although I must confess I lost my medical license in the States for substance abuse and ended up with Global

Aid when the dust settled over that one. God's will, really. Fate. Karma. Whatever. Anyhow, hypomania is a good thing in Africa, a real motivator, and you can do anything you want over there as long as you keep your feet on the ground and don't parade naked on the President's lawn in Nairobi and get expelled (which I did and which will get you expelled; O.K., I lied, you can't do *anything*—so sue me). On lithium, while you don't crash so bad, you never get high, either, and all you can do is sit around sucking on Primus-beer bottles, bitching about how hot it is when there's so much work to do.

While I'm outside checking my faucets, I look my Oldsmobile over and wonder was it last year I changed the antifreeze? Back in bed, it strikes me that it's been three years, so I go out and run the engine and sit in the car with my teeth chattering—it's thirteen below, geez! And pretty soon the warm air is defrosting the car and I drive over to the hardware section at Safeway and get one of those antifreeze testers with the little balls in it. At four in the morning I'm sitting in my kitchen trying to get it out of the plastic jacket, and it comes out in two parts, with the bulb upside down. No doubt some know-nothing Central American put it in upside down for twenty cents an hour in some slave factory. I know he's got problems—fact is, I've been there and could elucidate his problems—but how about me and my damn antifreeze? I mean, too bad about you, buddy, how about me? And I'm trying to jury-rig it when I realize there is a high potential for breaking the glass and cutting my thumb, and just as that voice that is me, that is always talking to me, my ego, I guess, tells me, "Be careful, Richard, so you don't cut your thumb"—at that instant, I slice my thumb down to the bone. So the next thing you know I'm driving to the hospital with a towel on my thumb thinking, A minute ago everything was just fine, and now I'm driving myself to the emergency room!

Some other guy comes in with this

awful burn because a pressure cooker exploded in his face, and he's got this receding hairline, and you can see the way the skin is peeled back—poached-looking. The guy's going to need a hairpiece for sure. A doctor comes out eating a sandwich, and I hear him tell the nurse to set up an I.V. line and start running some Dilaudid for the guy, which he deserves, considering. I would like some for my thumb, but all I get is Novocain, and my doctor says, "You aren't going to get woozy on me, are you?" I tell him no, I'm not like that, but I have another problem, and he says, "What's that?" and I tell him I can't jack off left-handed. Everybody laughs, because it's the graveyard shift, when that kind of joke is appropriate—even in mixed company. Plus, it's true.

After he stitches me up, I'm in no pain, although I say, "I'll bet this is going to hurt tomorrow," and he says no, he'll give me some pain medication, and I'm thinking, What a great doctor. He's giving me *pain medication*. And while he's in a giving mood I hit him up for some prostate antibiotics because my left testicle feels very heavy.

"Your left testicle feels *heavy*?" he says skeptically.

Yeah, every guy gets it, shit; I tell him my left nut feels like an anvil. I mean, I want to cradle it in my hand when I'm out and about, or rest it on a little silk pillow when I'm stationary. It doesn't really hurt, but I'm very much conscious of having a left testicle, whereas I have teeth and a belly button and a right testicle and I don't even know. I tell him I don't want a finger wave, because I've been through this a thousand times. My prostate is backing up into the seminal vesicles, and if you don't jerk off it builds up and gets worse, and the doctor agrees—that does happen, and he doesn't really want to give me a finger wave, especially when I tell him that a urologist checked it out a couple of months back. He puts on a plastic glove and feels my testicle, pronounces it swollen, and writes a script for antibiotics, after which he tells me to quit drinking coffee. I was going to tell

him that I don't jerk off because I'm a sex fiend; I have low sex drive, and it's actually not that much fun. I just do it to keep the prostate empty. Or should I tell him I'm a doctor myself, albeit defrocked, that I just got back from Africa and my nut could be infected with elephantiasis? Highly unlikely, but you never know. But he won't know diddle about tropical medicine—that's my department, and I decide I will just shut my mouth, which is a first for me.

The duty nurse is pretty good-looking, and she contradicts the doctor's orders—gives me a cup of coffee anyhow, plus a roll, and we're sitting there quietly, listening to the other doctor and a nurse fixing the guy with the burned forehead. A little human interaction is taking place and my depression is gone as I begin to feel sorry for the guy with the burn, who is explaining that he was up late with insomnia cooking sweet potatoes when the pressure cooker blew. He was going to candy them with brown sugar and eat them at six in the morning and he's laughing, too, because of the Dilaudid drip. After Linda Ronstadt sings "Just One Look" on the radio, the announcer comes on and says that we've set a record for cold—it's thirteen and a half below at the airport—and I notice that the announcer is happy, too; there's a kind of solidarity that occurs when suffering is inflicted on the community by nature.

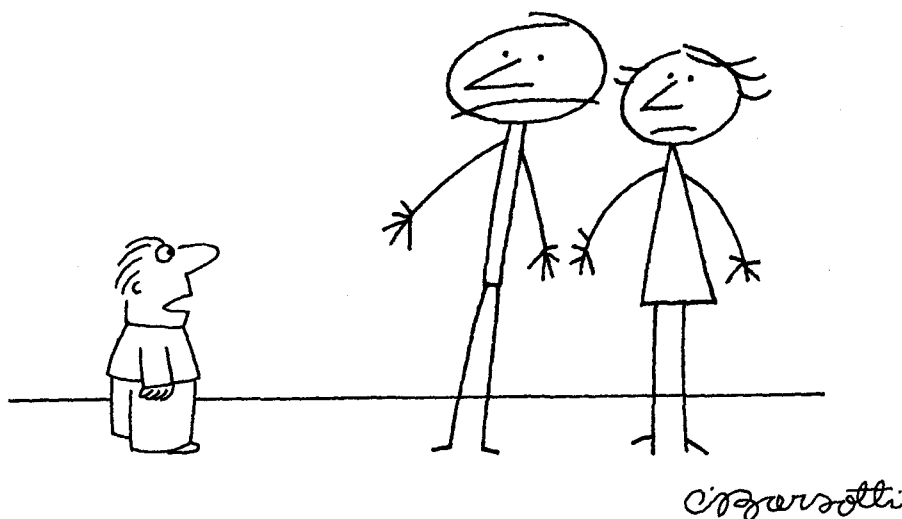
My own thing is the Vincent van Gogh effect. I read where he "felt like a million" after he cut off his ear. It only lasted for a couple of days. They always show you the series of four cats that he

Painted at different times in his life as his mental condition went progressively downhill. Cat One is a realistic-looking cat, but as life goes on and his madness gets worse he paints Cat Four and it looks as though he's been doing some kind of bad LSD, which is how the world had been looking to me until I cut my thumb. It gave me a three-day respite from the blues, and clarity came into my life, and I have to remind myself by writing this down that all the bad stuff does pass if you can wait it out. You forget when you're in the middle of it, so during that three-day break I slapped this note on the refrigerator door: "Richard, you are a good and loving person, and all the bad stuff does pass, so remember that the next time you get down and think that you've always been down and always will be down, since that's paranoia and it gets you nowhere. You're just in one of your Fyodor Dostoyevski moods—do yourself a favor and forget it!"

I FELT so good I actually had the nerve to go out and buy a new set of clothes and see a movie, and then, on the last day before the depression came back, I drove out to Western State and checked my baby sister, Susan, out for a day trip. Susan was always a lot worse than me; she heard voices and pulled I don't know how many suicide attempts until she took my squirrel pistol and put a .22 long-rifle slug through the temple—not really the temple, because at the last minute you always flinch, but forward of the temple, and it was the most perfect lobotomy. I remember hearing the gun pop and how she came into my room (I was home from college

for the summer) and said, "Richard, I just shot myself, how come I'm not dead?" Her voice was calm instead of the usual fingernails-on-the-chalkboard voice, the when-she-was-crazy (which was almost always) voice, and I realized later that she was instantly cured, the very moment the bullet zipped through her brain. Everyone said it was such a shame because she was so beautiful, but what good are looks if you are in hell? And she let her looks go at the hospital because she really didn't have a care in the world, but she was still probably the most beautiful patient at Western State. I had a fresh occasion to worry about her on this trip when I saw an attendant rough-handling an old man to stop him from whining, which it did. She'd go along with anything, and she had no advocate except me. And then I almost regretted going out there, in spite of my do-good mood, because Susan wanted to go to the Point Defiance Zoo to see Cindy, the elephant that was on the news after they transferred the attendant who took care of her, for defying orders and actually going into the elephant pen on the sly to be her friend.

There are three hundred elephants in North American zoos, and although Cindy is an Asian elephant and a female and small, she is still considered the most dangerous elephant in America. Last year alone, three people were killed by elephants in the United States, and this is what Susan had seen and heard on the color television in the ward dayroom, and she's like a child—she wants to go out and see an elephant when it's ten below zero. They originally had Cindy clamped up in a pen tighter than the one they've got John Gotti in down in Marion, Illinois, and I don't remember that the catalogue of Cindy's crimes included human murder. She was just a general troublemaker, and they were beating her with a two-by-four when some animal activist reported it and there was a big scandal that ended with Cindy getting shipped down to the San Diego Zoo, the best zoo in the world; I think there was some kind of escape (don't quote me on that) where Cindy was running around on a golf course in between moves, and then a capture involving tranquilizer darts, and when they couldn't control Cindy in San Diego they shipped her back up here to Tacoma and put her in maximum-security confinement. It was pretty awful. I



"Mom, Dad—I'm adopted, aren't I?"

told Susan that over in India Cindy would have a job hauling logs or something, and there would be an elephant boy to scrub her down at night with a big brush while she lay in the river, and the elephant boy would be with her at all times, her constant companion. Actually, the elephant would be more important than the boy, I told her, and that's how you should handle an elephant in America—import an experienced elephant boy for each one, give the kids a green card, pay them a lot of overtime, and have them stay with the elephants around the clock. You know, quality time. How could you blame Cindy for all the shit she pulled? And in the middle of this, Susan has a tear floating off her cheek and I don't know if it's a tear caused by the cold or if she was touched by Cindy's plight. The reason they sent my sister to the nuthouse was that you could light a fire on the floor in front of her and she would just sit there and watch it burn. When our parents died, I took her to my place in Washington state and hired helpers to look after her, but they would always quit—quit while I was over in the Third World, where it's impossible to do anything. It was like, *Meanwhile, back in the jungle/Meanwhile, back in the States . . .* Apart from her lack of affect, Susan was always logical and made perfect sense. She was kind of like a Mr. Spock who just didn't give a shit anymore except when it came to childish fun and games. All bundled up, with a scarf over her ears, in her innocence she looked like Eva Marie Saint in "On the Waterfront."

We drove over to Nordstrom's in the University District and I bought Suz some new threads and then took her to a hair salon where she got this chic haircut, and she was looking so good that I almost regretted it, 'cause if those wacked-out freaks at the hospital weren't hitting on her before they would be now. It was starting to get dark and time to head back when Susan spots the Space Needle from I-5—she's never been there, so I took her to the top and she wandered outside to the observation deck, where the wind was a walking razor blade at five hundred and eighteen feet, but Susan is grooving on the lights of Seattle and with her homemade lobotomy doesn't experience pain in quite the way a normal person does, and I want her to have a little fun, but I'm freezing out there, especially my thumb, which ached.

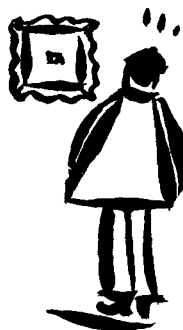
I didn't want to pop back inside in the sheltered part and leave her out there, though, because she might want to pitch herself over the side. I mean, they've got safety nets, but what if she's still got some vestige of a death wish? We had dinner in the revolving dining room, and people were looking at us funny because of Susan's eating habits, which deteriorate when you live in a nuthouse, but we got through that and went back to my place to watch TV, and after that I was glad to go to sleep—but I couldn't sleep because of my thumb. I was thinking I still hadn't cashed in the script for the pain pills when Susan comes into my bedroom naked and sits down on the edge of the bed.

"Ever since I've been shot, I feel like those animals in the zoo. I want to set them free," she says, in a remarkable display of insight, since that scar in her frontal lobes has got more steel bars than all the prisons of the world, and, as a rule, folks with frontal-lobe damage don't have much insight. I get her to put on her pajamas, and I remember what it used to be like when she stayed at home—you always had to have someone watching her—and I wished I had gotten her back to the hospital that very night, because she was up prowling, and suddenly all my good feelings of the past few days were gone. I felt crappy, but I had to stay vigilant while my baby sister was tripping around the house with this bullet-induced, jocular euphoria.

At one point she went outside barefoot. Later I found her eating a cube of butter. Then she took out all the canned foods in my larder and stacked them up—Progresso black beans (*beaucoup*), beef-barley soup, and canned carrot juice—playing supermarket. I tell her, "Mrs. Ma'am, I'll take one of those, and one of those, and have you got any peachy pie?"

She says, "I'm sorry, Richard, we haven't got any peachy pie."

"But, baby, I would sure like a nice big piece of peachy pie, heated up, and some vanilla ice cream with some rum sauce and maybe something along the lines of a maraschino cherry to put on the top for a little garnish. Nutmeg would do. Or are you telling me this is just a soup, beans, and carrot-juice joint? Is that all you got here?"



"Yes, Richard. Just soup and beans. They're very filling, though."

"Ahhm gonna have to call Betty Crocker, 'cause I'm in the mood for some pie, darlin'."

Suzie looks at me sort of worried and says that she thinks Betty Crocker is dead. Fuck. I realized I just had to sit on the couch and watch her, and this goes on and on, and of course I think I hear someone crashing around in the yard, so I get my .357 out from under my pillow and walk around the perimeter of the house, my feet crunching on the frozen snow. There was nobody out there. Back inside I checked on Susan, who was asleep in my bed. When I finally saw the rising of the sun and heard birds chirping to greet the new day, I went to the refrigerator, where I

saw my recent affirmation: "Richard, you are a good and loving person," etc. I ripped it off the refrigerator and tore it into a thousand tiny pieces. Only an idiot would write something like that. It was like, I can't hack it in Africa, can't hack it at home—all I can hack is dead. So I took all the bullets out of the .357 except one, spun the chamber, placed the barrel against my right temple, and squeezed the trigger. When I heard the click of the hammer—voilà! I instantly felt better. My thumb quit throbbing. My stomach did not burn. The dread of morning and of sunlight had vanished, and I saw the dawn as something good, the birdsong wonderful. Even the obscure, take-it-for-granted objects in my house—the little knickknacks covered in an inch of dust, a simple wooden chair, my morning coffee cup drying upside down on the drainboard—seemed so relevant, so alive and necessary. I was glad for life and glad to be alive, especially when I looked down at the gun and saw that my bullet had rotated to the firing chamber. The van Gogh effect again. I was back from Cat Four to Cat One.

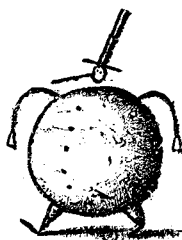
THEY'RE calling from the hospital, because I kept Susan overnight: "Where is Susan?" "She's watching 'Days of Our Lives,'" I say as I shove the .357 into a top drawer next to the phone book. "Is she taking her Stelazine?" "Yes," I say. "Absolutely. Thanks for your concern. Now, goodbye!"

Just then the doorbell rings, and what I've got is a pair of Jehovah's Wit-

nesses. I've seen enough of them on the Dark Continent to overcome an instinctive dread, since they seem to be genuinely content, proportionately—like, if you measured a bunch of them against the general population they are very happy people, and so pretty soon we're drinking Sanka and Susan comes out and they are talking about Christ's Kingdom on Earth where the lion lies down with the lamb, and Susan buys every word of it, 'cause it's like that line "Unless they come to me as little children . . ." Susan is totally guileless and the two Witnesses are without much guile, and I, the king of agnostics, listen and think, How's a lion going to eat straw? It's got a G.I. system designed to consume flesh, bones, and viscera—it's got sharp teeth, claws, and predatory instincts, not twenty-seven stomachs, like some bovine Bossie the Cow or whatever. And while I'm paging through a copy of *Awake!*, I see a little article from the correspondent in Nigeria entitled "The Guinea Worm—Its Final Days." As a doctor of tropical medicine, I probably know more about *Dracunculus medinensis*, the "fiery serpent," or Guinea worm, than anyone in the country. Infection follows ingestion of water containing crustacea (*Cyclops*). The worms penetrate the gut wall and mature in the retroperitoneal space, where they can grow three feet in length, and then generally migrate to the lower legs, where they form a painful blister. What the Africans do is burst the ulcer and extract the adult worm by hooking a stick under it and ever so gently tugging it out, since if you break it off the dead body can become septic and the leg might have to be removed. The pain of the Guinea worm is on a par with the pain of gout, and it can take ten days to nudge one out. The bad part is they usually come not in singles but in multiples. I've seen seven come out of an old man's leg.

If and when Global Aid sends me back to Africa, I will help continue the worm-eradication program, and as the Witnesses delight Susan with tales of a Heaven on Earth I'm thinking of the heat and the bugs in the equatorial zone, and the muddy water that the villagers take from rivers—they pour it in jugs and let the sediment settle for an hour and then dip from the top, where it looks sort of clean; it's hard to get through to them

that *Cyclops* crustacea may be floating about invisibly and one swallow could get you seven worms, a swallow you took three years ago. You can talk to the villagers until you're blue in the face and they'll drink it anyhow. So you have to poison the *Cyclops* without overpoisoning the water. I mean, it can be done, but, given the way things work over there, you have to do everything yourself if you want it done right, which is why I hate the idea of going back: you have to come on like a one-man band.



On the other hand, Brother Bogue and the other brothers in the home office of Global Aid don't trust me; they don't like it when I come into the office irrepressibly happy, like Maurice Chevalier in his tuxedo and straw hat—"Jambo jambo, bwana, jambo bonjour!"—and give everyone one of those African soft handshakes, and then maybe do a little turn at seventy-eight revolutions per minute: "Oh, *oui oui*, it's delightful for me, walking my baby back home!" or "Hey, ain't it great, after staying out late? Zangke heffen for leetle gorgs." Etc. They hate it when I'm high and they hate it when I'm low, and they hate it most if I'm feeling crazy/paranoid and come in and say, "You won't believe what happened to me now!" To face those humorless brothers every day and stay forever in a job as a medical administrator, to wear a suit and tie and drive I-5 morning and night, to climb under the house and tape those pipes with insulation—you get in the crawl space and the dryer-hose vent is busted and there's lint up the ass, a time bomb for spontaneous combustion, funny the house hasn't blown already (and furthermore, no wonder the house is dusty), and, hey, what, carpenter ants, too? When I think of all that: Fair America, I bid you adieu!

But things are basically looking up when I get Suz back to the hospital. As luck has it, I meet an Indian psychiatrist who spent fifteen years in Kampala, Uganda—he was one of the three shrinks in the whole country—and I ask him how Big Daddy Idi Amin is doing. Apparently, he's doing fine, living in Saudi Arabia with paresis or something, and the next thing you know the doc is telling me he's going to review Susan's case file, which means he's going to put her in a better ward and look out for her, and that's a load off my mind. Be-

fore I go, Suz and I take a little stroll around the spacious hospital grounds—it's a tranquil place. I can't help thinking that if Brother Bogue fires me—though I'm determined to behave myself after my latest mishap—I could come here and take Haldol and lithium, watch color TV, and drool. Whatever happened to that deal where you just went off to the hospital for a "little rest," with no stigma attached? Maybe all I need is some rest.

Susan still has those Jehovah's Witnesses on her mind. As we sit on a bench, she pulls one of their booklets out of her coat and shows me scenes of cornucopias filled with fruit and bounty, rainbows, and vividly colored vistas of a heaven on earth. Vistas that I've seen in a way, however paradoxically, in these awful Third World places, and I'm thinking, Let them that have eyes see; and let them that have ears hear—that's how it is, and I start telling Suz about Africa, maybe someday I can take her there, and she gets excited and asks me what it's like. Can you see lions?

And I tell her, "Yeah, baby, you'll see lions, giraffes, zebras, monkeys, and parrots, and the Pygmies." And she really wants to see Pygmies. So I tell her about a Pygmy chief who likes to trade meat for tobacco, T-shirts, candy, and trinkets, and about how one time when I went manic and took to the bush I stayed with this tribe, and went on a hunt with them, and we found a honeycomb in the forest; one of the hunters climbed up the tree to knock it down, oblivious of all the bees that were biting him. There were about five of us in the party and maybe ten pounds of honey and we ate all of it on the spot, didn't save an ounce, because we had the munchies from smoking dope. I don't tell Suz how it feels to take an airplane to New York, wait four hours for a flight to London, spend six hours in a transient lounge, and then hop on a nine-hour flight to Nairobi, clear customs, and ride on the back of a fee truck driven by a kamikaze African over potholes, through thick red dust, mosquitoes, black flies, tsetse flies, or about river blindness, bone-break fever, bilharziasis, dum dum fever, tropical ulcers, AIDS, leprosy, etc. To go through all that to save somebody's life and maybe have them spit in your eye for the favor—I don't tell her about it, the way you don't tell a little kid that Santa Claus is a fabrication. And anyhow if I had eyes and

could see, and ears and could hear—it very well might *be* the Garden of Eden. I mean, I can fuck up a wet dream with my attitude. I don't tell her that lions don't eat straw, never have, and so she's happy. And it's a nice moment for me, too, in a funny-ass way. I'm beginning to feel that with her I might find another little island of stability.

ANOTHER hospital visit: winter has given way to spring and the cherry blossoms are out. In two weeks it's gone from ten below to sixty-five, my Elavil and lithium are kicking in, and I'm feeling fine, calm, feeling pretty good. (I'm ready to go back and rumble in the jungle, yeah! *Sha-lah la-la-la-lah.*) Susan tells me she had a prophetic dream. She's unusually focussed and articulate. She tells me she dreamed the two of us were driving around Heaven in a blue '67 Dodge.

"A '67 Dodge. Baby, what were we, the losers of Heaven?"

"Maybe, but it didn't really matter because we were there and we were happy."

"What were the other people like? Who was there? Was Arthur Schopenhauer there?"

"You silly! We didn't see other people. Just the houses. We drove up this hill and everything was like in a Walt Disney cartoon and we looked at one another and smiled because we were in Heaven, because we made it, because there wasn't any more shit."

"Now, let me get this straight. We were driving around in a beat-up car—"

"Yes, Richard, but it didn't matter."

"Let me finish. You say people lived in houses. That means people have to build houses. Paint them, clean them, and maintain them. Are you telling me that people in Heaven have jobs?"

"Yes, but they like their jobs."

"Oh, God, does it never end? A *job!* What am I going to do? I'm a doctor. If people don't get sick there, they'll probably make me a coal miner or something."

"Yes, but you'll love it." She grabs my arm with both hands, pitches her forehead against my chest, and laughs. It's the first time I've heard Susan laugh, ever—since we were kids, I mean.

"Richard, it's just like Earth but with none of the bad stuff. You were happy, too. So please don't worry. Is Africa like the Garden of Eden, Richard?"

"It's lush all right, but there's lots and lots of dead time," I say. "It's a good place to read 'Anna Karenina.' Do you get to read novels in Heaven, hon? Have they got a library? After I pull my shift in the coal mine, do I get to take a nice little shower, hop in the Dodge, and drive over to the library?"

Susan laughs for the second time. "We will travel from glory to glory, Richard, and you won't be asking existential questions all the time. You won't have to anymore. And Mom and Dad will be there. You and me, all of us in perfect health. No coal mining. No wars, no fighting, no discontent. Satan will be in the Big Pit. He's on the earth now tormenting us, but these are his last days. Why do you think we are here?"

"I often ask myself that question."

"Just hold on for a little while longer, Richard. Can you do that? Will you do it for me, Richard? What good would Heaven be if you're not there? Please, Richard, tell me you'll come."

I said, "O.K., baby, anything for you. I repent."

"No more Fyodor Dostoyevski?"

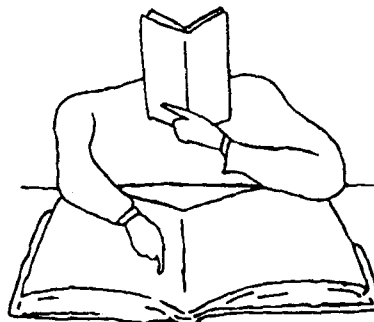
"I'll be non-Dostoyevski. It's just that, in the meantime, we're just sitting around here—waiting for Godot?"

"No, Richard, don't be a smart-ass. In the meantime we eat lunch. What did you bring?"

I opened up a deli bag and laid out chicken-salad-sandwich halves on homemade bread wrapped in white butcher paper. The sandwiches were stuffed with alfalfa sprouts and grated cheese, impaled with toothpicks with red, blue, and green cellophane ribbons on them, and there were two large, perfect, crunchy garlic pickles on the side. And a couple of cartons of strawberry Yoplait, two tubs of fruit salad with fresh whipped cream and little wooden spoons, and two large cardboard cups of aromatic, steaming, fresh black coffee.

It begins to rain, and we have to haul ass into the front seat of my Olds, where Suz and I finish the best little lunch of a lifetime and suddenly the Shirelles are singing, "This is dedicated to the one I love," and I'm thinking that I'm gonna be all right, and in the meantime what can be better than a cool, breezy, fragrant day, rain-splatter diamonds on the wraparound windshield of a Ninety-eight Olds with a view of cherry trees blooming in the light spring rain? ♦

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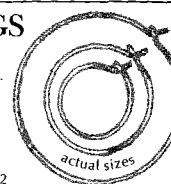


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THE CRITICS



THE ART WORLD

ST. MARCEL

BY CALVIN TOMKINS

THE Marcel Duchamp exhibition at the Palazzo Grassi, in Venice, is one of those great, salutary events which knock the stuffing out of art history. In the city of Titian, Veronese, and Tintoretto—and in a year when we have all genuflected so strenuously before the high altar of Matisse—it is a bracing experience to look up from the deck of a vaporetto and see, fluttering from the bridges, the big green banners announcing the presence (through July 18th) of a major retrospective by the sovereign iconoclast of our era, the artist whose scorn for what he called “retinal” painting opened the door to so many tendencies that still pass for advanced thinking among contemporary artists. If Matisse is the positive pole of twentieth-century art, Duchamp is the negative opposite—the master conceptualist, whose readymades obliged us to rethink all previous definitions of the creative act. A skeptic about art’s essential value to society—he once said that, viewed as a substitute religion, art was “not even as good as God”—he has nevertheless become the primary reference point for artists as far apart in other respects as Jasper Johns and Jeff Koons, and his influence, a quarter of a century after his death, continues to grow and spread.

Although Duchamp resolutely refused to repeat his own aesthetic discoveries, and was widely (and mistakenly) believed to have abandoned art in mid-career to concentrate on chess, he left a considerable and immensely diverse

œuvre. Much of it is on view at the Palazzo Grassi, together with a great deal of documentary and photographic material, peripheral artifacts, verbal and visual puns, and other evidence of his playful and sometimes corrosive humor. What makes this exhibition different from previous Duchamp retrospectives is that Pontus Hulten, who organized it (in collaboration with Jacques Caumont and the installation design specialist Gae Aulenti), has sought at every turn to emphasize the close connection between Duchamp’s visual products and the thinking that gave rise to them. Instead of proceeding chronologically, the show starts off with a replica of the “Égouttoir,” the first officially designated readymade—a galvanized-iron rack for drying bottles which Duchamp bought at a hardware store in Paris in 1914 and transformed, simply by adding an inscription and his signature, into a work of art. The repercussions of this act—the elevation of a common manufactured object to the status of a work of art by the decision of the artist—are still very much in the air today, for better or for worse. At the Palazzo Grassi, however, the cognitive links between the readymades and “The Bride Stripped Bare by Her Bachelors, Even,” otherwise known as the “Large Glass,” the climactic centerpiece of Duchamp’s early career, are not clearly evident. Part of the problem involves Hulten’s decision to use, in lieu of conventional wall labels, Duchamp’s own cryptic handwritten notes for the “Large Glass,” which are reproduced in fac-

simile, with their crossed-out words and alternative phrasings and uncompleted thoughts. Duchamp often said that his “Glass” could not be understood by itself, without the notes, but he certainly did not envision having them presented, in this truncated form, as explanatory labels. The uninitiated viewer, coming upon scribbled references to “emancipated metal,” “trituration of illuminating gas,” and other examples of Duchamp’s pseudoscientific wordplay, is likely to be baffled rather than illuminated.

In this case, the uninitiated viewer means more or less everybody except those determined exegetes who have dedicated their lives to solving the Duchamp enigma. There is something about Duchamp’s complex, poetic, alogical, and uniquely lighthearted intelligence that drives some people to batty extremes. More than one scholar has devoted endless time and energy to proving that Duchamp was a secret alchemist, and that major works encode esoteric theories concerning the reconciliation of opposites. Arturo Schwarz, a Milanese art dealer and cultural historian whose 1969 catalogue raisonné, “The Complete Works of Marcel Duchamp,” is scheduled to reappear next year in a new and revised edition, has pushed the alchemical theory into Freudian fantasyland by arguing, tirelessly, and with an enormous weight of arcane scholarly paraphernalia, that Duchamp was in love with his younger sister, Suzanne, and that this unconsummated incestuous passion was the animating principle of his life and thought. Schwarz was infuriated by a remark that Alexina Duchamp, the artist’s widow, made to an Italian newspaper reporter just before the Venice opening. Mme. Duchamp told the interviewer that when Schwarz first advanced his incest theory, in a 1967 lecture at the Tate Gallery, in

London, her husband had said afterward that she should pay no attention to it. Schwarz took angry issue with this, firing off a letter to the same paper in which he said that Duchamp could not possibly have made a negative comment on the lecture in question, because he had been asleep in his chair all through it. (This may be the only known case of a lecturer basing his defense of a theory on its having put the subject to sleep.) Schwarz claims that on several occasions Duchamp approved the alchemical and incest theories, but, as anyone who knew the artist could testify, Duchamp's approval was both readily granted and highly elusive. "If I have practiced alchemy," he once said to his friend Robert Lebel, "it was in the only way it can be done now, that is to say without knowing it."

Someday, perhaps, there will be a Duchamp exhibition that attempts to rescue Duchamp from his quarrelsome exegetes. Pontus Hulten gives the back of his hand to both the alchemical and the incest theories in a brief, incisive essay in the Palazzo Grassi exhibition catalogue, but the viewer, confronted by so many inexplicable objects, so many minor efforts produced for long-ago occasions (some printed luggage tags, for example, or a tiny collage with pine needles that Duchamp left as a thank-you gift for the owner of a borrowed house in the South of France), may well feel that the show is one more chapter in the canonization of St. Marcel—a process that has been going on for the last twenty years or more.

THERE are only six oil-on-canvas paintings on the first floor of the Palazzo Grassi exhibition. Three of these—"The Passage from the Virgin to the Bride," "The Bride," and "Tu m'"—are to my mind the most accomplished and beautiful of Duchamp's works on canvas, to be sure, and a close scrutiny of any one of them can justify the claim that Duchamp was a great artist, but they are presented here in the context of works that led up to the "Large Glass," while the paintings that preceded and led up to *them* are on the floor above. The extraordinarily swift and economical journey the young Duchamp made through the major influences and art movements of that era, before striking out in a new direction all his own, has been ob-

scured by the effort to concentrate on the ideas behind the "Large Glass," and this somehow tends to diminish the individual authority of the works in question.

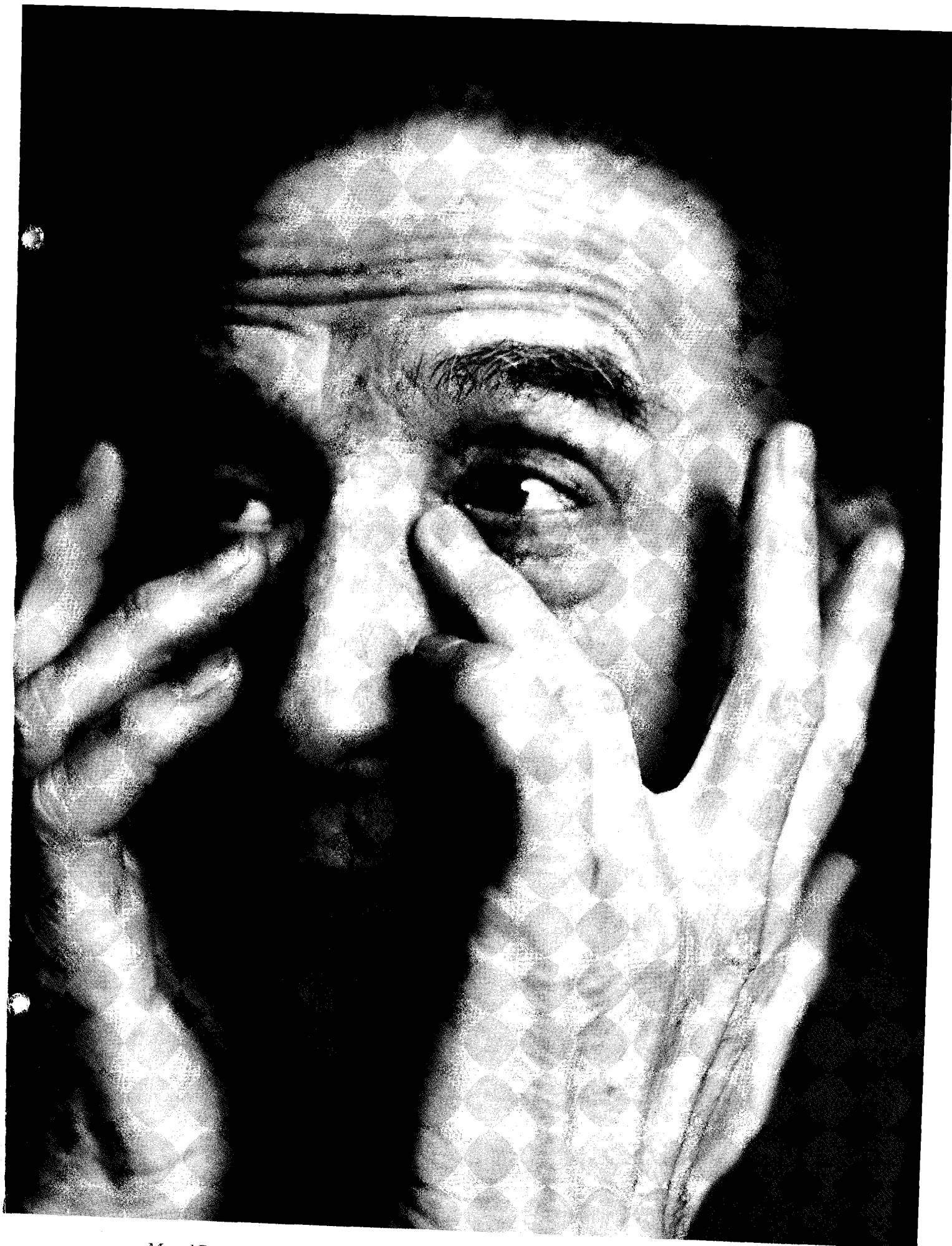
The "Glass" itself is represented in Venice by a replica, the fourth to date, which was constructed in 1992 by the Swedish museum director and longtime Du-champion Ulf Linde. (The original "Glass," which was shattered in 1926 and repaired by Duchamp, resides permanently and immovably at the Philadelphia Museum of Art.) Linde's replica is beautifully made, and in all probability it looks very much the way the original did soon after Duchamp decided to leave it "definitively unfinished," in 1923. This makes it very different, of course, from the way the original looks now, with its network of cracks, its colors altered by time, and its slowly disintegrating mechanical and visceral forms. The question of replicas and their relationship to the originals is not as delicate in Duchamp's case as it might be, say, in the case of Titian or Matisse; Duchamp had most of his important works copied in miniature versions for the "Boîte-en-Valise," a sort of portable museum that he started turning out in a multiple edition in 1936, and he authorized a confusing number of replicas by other hands as time went on. The new "Glass," at any rate, makes a splendid effect, installed in a room all to itself; looking at it, you also look through it and see, out the window, the traffic on the Grand Canal.

The canonization proceeds apace in the exhibition catalogue, two-thirds of whose bulk is devoted to a sort of almanac of Duchamp's life. Jacques Caumont and Jennifer Gough-Cooper, the authors of this vast biographical document, have chosen to organize it vertically, like the histories of towns and regions that used to be published in rural France; for example, you read what Duchamp did on May 22nd in the years 1915, 1917, 1936, 1938, 1947, 1948, 1952, 1961, 1963, 1965, and 1967, and then you move on to May 23rd. The separate listings, which number thirty-six hundred and fifty, range from lengthy descriptions of events such as his first marriage—in 1927, to the daughter of a wealthy French automobile manufacturer—to brief entries such as (September 17, 1964) "The Duchamps board the night train for Milan." Caumont and Gough-Cooper told me that they had

spent eighteen years working on these "Éphémérides," as they call them, and that their magnum opus was by no means complete—they intend to keep on adding to it as long as they live.

The aura of fanatical intensity that surrounds the Duchamp cult is a little hard to reconcile with the unpretentious and skeptical nature of its subject. Having been for a short period the most famous European artist in America, as a result of the scandal provoked by his "Nude Descending a Staircase," at the 1913 Armory Show, Duchamp avoided the spotlight for the rest of his life. Although the Dadaists and the Surrealists tried hard to claim him, he kept his distance from movements and from followers. In his seventies, having become an American citizen, he mellowed enough to allow the Pop-art generation to claim him as a spiritual grandfather. If people wanted to see him as an influence, he said, that was their business, not his.

Duchamp had annoyed the previous, Abstract Expressionist generation by stating, in one of his rare public addresses, that the artist was a "medium-istic being," who performed only one part of the creative act; it was the spectator, he maintained, who completed the process, by interpreting what the artist had done and either accepting or rejecting it. In this sense, the spectator had the last word, for "it is posterity that makes the masterpiece." Duchamp himself did not believe in masterpieces. Paintings—even great paintings—had a finite existence, he said; their active life span was fifty years at most, after which they died, and, with luck, entered art history. He was not an anti-artist but what he called an an-artist—one who did not share the growing reverence for art as a social and spiritual benison. He would have been much amused by the Duchamp cult, whose rival arguments sometimes resemble in their triviality the medieval scholastic debates about how many angels could dance on the head of a pin. He would have been appalled, rather than amused, by the speculative fever that has induced one buyer to pay just under a million dollars for an early Duchamp drawing and others to pay more than two hundred and fifty thousand for late replicas of his readymades—multiples marketed in the nineteen-sixties by Arturo Schwarz. Duchamp bought and sold some art works in his



Marcel Duchamp, photographed by Richard Avedon in New York City, January 31, 1958.



time, as a service to friends and a means of earning a little money, but he hated the commercialization of the art market. His own goal was, he said, "to put painting once again at the service of the mind."

DUCHAMP's closest friends and his growing body of admirers were stunned to learn soon after his death, in 1968, that he had spent the last two decades of his life working on a major new addition to his œuvre. The project had been carried out in complete secrecy, in keeping with Duchamp's stated opinion that to survive in today's publicity-saturated climate artists who valued their freedom would have to go underground. "Étant Donnés: 1. la chute d'eau, 2. le gaz d'éclairage," as the last work is titled ("Given: 1. The waterfall, 2. The illuminating gas"), is not in the Venice exhibition. It can be seen only at the Philadelphia Museum of Art, and only if one looks through two peepholes in an ancient wooden door. The startlingly realistic mixed-media room-size tableau behind those peepholes is both the summation and the negation of all the erotic themes and images that occupied Duchamp from the start of his career. In it, the formerly abstract Bride who never did get stripped bare in the "Large Glass" lies before us on a bed of dry branches, naked and three-dimensional, her legs spread apart, her left arm holding up a gas lamp of the "Bec Auer" type

that figured in one of Duchamp's earliest surviving drawings; the meticulously naturalistic background is a photographic collage of wooded slopes, with a tiny waterfall catching the sunlight. It may well be, as Jasper Johns once remarked, "the strangest work of art in any museum," and, in spite of an ever-increasing weight of written analysis and commentary, it retains its full quota of mystery and surprise.

Lacking "Étant Donnés," the Venice retrospective makes do, in the last gallery, with four working studies for it, including a small relief executed in the same material—pigskin—that Duchamp used for the nude figure in the tableau. The sense of incompleteness that this display leaves in the viewer's mind turns out, on reflection, to be absolutely appropriate. What this perplexing and anticlimactic last room suggests is that we do not really understand Duchamp's work or his thinking, even now. There is no key to it, no secret message, no unifying thread. Although it has proved all too easy for Duchamp-hunters to become ensnared in the nets that they set for him, Duchamp always eludes us. As a young man, he painted three or four great pictures and an allegory on glass that is the most original art work of our century. For the next thirty years, he did very little except amuse himself and play championship chess. It was not that he had abandoned painting, he explained; he had simply run out of ideas, and he

did not care to repeat himself. All this time, however, the ideas let loose in the world by Duchamp, which flowed from the readymades, from his use of chance, from his experiments in cinema and optics, from his inclusion of the spectator in the creative process, and, especially, from the belief, which Duchamp did more to further than anyone else, that art should be not an imitation of reality but a part of reality—these ideas were quietly spreading among younger artists, musicians, writers, dancers, and performers. It may not be an exaggeration to state, as Hulten and Caumont did in their exhibition press release, that "there are no works of art today which are not related, in one way or another, with the ideas developed by Duchamp."

Duchamp has also been described as the most cynical and destructive artist who has ever lived. By suggesting that any man-made object could be a work of art, it is charged, he opened the floodgates to a tidal wave of bad art, which continues to inundate the current gallery scene. Bad art, lazy art, self-indulgent art, art without skill—Duchamp is blamed for much of it, but only by those who misread his example. He made a note to himself, after all, to limit the number of his readymades to a very few each year, so as to keep from falling into a style. Besides, Duchamp can't really be blamed for being misunderstood, because he made no effort to influence anyone. What he was interested in above all was freedom—complete personal and artistic freedom—and the manner in which he achieved both was, in the opinion of several close friends, his most impressive and enduring work of art. Heavy-duty art critics who pounce on this claim as a cop-out, a tacit admission of his failure to become a great artist, don't have a clue to the new kind of artist that Duchamp became, but the evidence is all there at the Palazzo Grassi, and it makes any complaints about the installation seem more or less irrelevant. In room after room, there are objects and images and ideas that set the mind free to act on its own. Approach Duchamp lightheartedly, and the rewards are everywhere in sight but never the same.

"It can no longer be a question of plastic Beauty," he wrote in one of his early jottings on the readymades. "Simply note that it was a bottle-rack which changed its destination." ♦

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THE THEATRE

HELL ON A SHORT FUSE

BY JOHN LAHR

ANGER was Lillian Hellman's oxygen. She began life quarrelling with the world, and she ended it, notoriously, quarrelling with Mary McCarthy over whether there was anything true in her writing, even the "and"s and "the"s. She went to her eternal reward with the only reward she ever sought—being on everybody's mind. Hellman's anger called the world to attention and insured that her presence was felt. "There's a place where everybody wants to be insulted, and Lilly knew where it was," Hellman's lover and boon companion for her last twenty-five years, Peter Feibleman, said a few hours before the official opening of "Cakewalk," his play about their relationship—freely adapted from his 1988 memoir "Lilly: Reminiscences of Lillian Hellman"—in the American Repertory Theatre's production (through July 17th) at the Loeb Drama Center, in Cambridge, Massachusetts. "Lilly could look at a man and know where the place was and act on it. The insult always came before the compliment. I used to watch and laugh. She was setting her hook; and, once the hook was in, it stayed in. People thought immediately that she knew more about them than anyone else ever had, including themselves. In some cases it was true, but in many cases it wasn't. It was just that she knew how to perform it."

In "Cakewalk," Hellman's performing self is inhabited by the formidable Elaine Stritch, who bristles with her own kind of irascibility and brilliance. Stritch is a heaven-sent stand-in for Hellman. She is rough and tough, but part of the fierce intensity she brings onstage is a sense of woundedness and a refusal to capitulate

to it. "Cakewalk," which takes its name from the high-stepping dance competition, delivers the prancing, competitive Hellman. "There's a piece in the *Times* today—the three great living American playwrights, Williams, Miller and Albee'—no mention of me—I'm not dead yet, but I'll have to prove it," she says on the phone to Feibleman, dubbed Cuff in the play, inviting herself to stay with him in New Orleans. The facts are less

lovely and more interesting. Feibleman remembers Hellman "walking around her living room like a termagant in a whooshing rage, saying 'I've got to get back on top. I don't know how I'm going to do it. There are people who can stand to be forgotten, and

there are people who cannot. I cannot.'" Hellman mastered her envy by becoming the envied, and this accounts, in part, for her slightly preposterous public insistence on herself as the grande dame of American letters. She turned her tyrannical temperament into a legend of truculent integrity. After her plays could no longer captivate an audience, she dramatized herself in four books of quasi autobiography, which, beginning in the late sixties, found her both a new public and a new fame.

"The jump from thinking in dialogue to thinking in prose is enormous," Feibleman says. "It's like asking a sculptor at the end of his life to take up painting." His play pays proper respect to Hellman's discipline and her appetite for work, but her transformation from queen of drama into drama queen is full of ironies. In many of her plays, much of the crucial action takes place offstage. In her books, though, Hellman is always center



Elaine Stritch (left) is a heaven-sent stand-in for Lillian Hellman in "Cakewalk."

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A D V E R T I S E M E N T

stage. With dialogue as shrewdly stilted and sensational as that of a thirties thriller, Hellman portrays herself as a woman of action, at pains to show *and* tell. She tells Sam Goldwyn to stuff it. She stands up to the House Un-American Activities Committee—a decent gesture that in her retelling, as Mordecai Richler has written, reduces the McCarthy era to “Lillian Hellman saying no to the resounding sound of her own applause.”

“Cakewalk” is an anecdotal play: the first act covers one summer in the sixties, when Feibleman and Hellman hooked up on Martha’s Vineyard, and the second canters through scenes from the next twenty-odd years of their cooking, squabbling, loving, travelling, and being there for each other. Feibleman generally steers away from the big, slightly incredible gestures of legend, and instead brings us news of the private Hellman and the insecurity behind her fractiousness. Hellman’s real bravery is shown here in the ordinary business of making a good day for herself, and in surviving, half-paralyzed and blind at the end of her life, in a body she had always hated. “Lillian divorced herself from her body at the age of five,” Feibleman told me, explaining what he calls in his memoir her “outraged heart of childhood.” He went on, “She was outraged at the misfortune of her face. In her generation in the South—she was born in New Orleans in 1905—if a woman didn’t have money or looks she’d had it. Lillian looked in the mirror and thought, I have to go my own way. It was beyond the belief of the specialists at Mass. General that she didn’t know where her liver, her lungs, or her heart was. They thought she’d been mentally affected by her strokes. But she hadn’t. She just took no interest in her body. It was her enemy. She loathed it because it didn’t get her anything. She got the body’s pleasures with her mind, not her body.”

The old are rarely embraced. This emotional deprivation, which is part of the poignance and terror of decline, is also a large part of Hellman’s drama. She was forever maneuvering to be massaged, hugged, kissed, and slept with. The longing of the flesh for contact is palpable and punishing in “Cakewalk,” and more should be made of it. “If you touched Lilly, she glowed,” Feibleman told me. “Lillian was sexy when she was dying.

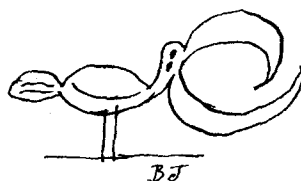
There was a kind of burning out of bones. That’s what it felt like.” One of the play’s most powerful and shocking moments occurs near the finale, when the decrepit and blind Lilly, in her wheelchair, turns to Cuff and tells him to shut the door. Cuff does as he is told. “I want to know,” she asks finally, “if we’re ever going to go to bed together again.” Cuff says no. Seduction was central to Hellman’s Southern character. She seduced with her plays, with her prose, with her fine cooking, with her abusive and her courtly banter.

In his memoir Feibleman recounts discovering Hellman in her hospital bed stroking a young, guitar-playing doctor’s leg. In the play, however, the doctor merely strokes the guitar. It’s a

missed opportunity both in the script and in Ron Daniels’ uncharacteristically sluggish production. But Stritch is sexy. She throws her long legs and her one-liners flirtatiously around the stage, insinuating Hellman’s game of intellectual slap and tickle, from which, as Jules Feiffer says, “you came away convinced that you were Nick and she was Nora.” And, of course, Hellman was Nora—having been Dashiell Hammett’s lover and the model for Nora Charles in “The Thin Man.” In “Cakewalk,” the smart talk smacks of William Powell and Myrna Loy meeting cute.

Hellman was, as the play says, “crotch-jealous.” Much of the pathos and humor of the script focusses on the old battle-axe badgering, manipulating, even hiring a detective to spy on Cuff as he sorts out his hectic sexuality. When she’s caught red-handed by Cuff, Lilly hilariously goes into high dudgeon. “You’ve upset me terribly—just imagine!—*accusing me of hiring a detective to spy on you*. It’s unspeakable of you,” she says. “I’ll call you back when I get over the pain you’ve caused me.”

Cuff narrates the events, moving in and out of the action to update the story and to do Hellman’s special pleading. “You will have to explain the past,” Lilly tells Cuff. In this production, John Slattery, as Cuff, doesn’t seem either to age or to acquire the irony that comes with age. The amperage of his and Lilly’s appeal for each other therefore loses much of its charge, and makes for a battle of wits in which one player is mostly unarmed. Cuff remains a guarded character, less effective than Lilly at displays of dissimulation. Lilly believes the lies she tells,



but Cuff can't quite reach that level of self-delusion. The character seems fearful of admitting his own nature, which is too bad, since the facts of Feibleman's life are the stuff of good drama.

By the time Hellman took up with Feibleman, in 1963, when he was thirty-three, he had published two novels, had had a play on Broadway, and had been taken to Hollywood by his stage director, Joshua Logan. His first film earned him a production deal and a nervous breakdown. "If it hadn't been for Lilly, I think I would have ended up in an institution for a while," he told me. "Lilly stopped it. She put me to work. You never, never want to lose somebody who has done that for you. It's a huge thing. It's a big, big thing." Not, evidently, big enough to be properly dramatized. Although the play admits Feibleman's bisexuality and Hellman's rapacity, "Cakewalk" never quite fesses up to the emotional tradeoffs in their unlikely bond. Feibleman makes only a glib flourish at his own extraordinary personal history. His father, who published some fifty books of metaphysics, was the head of the Philosophy Department at Tulane. His mother had been sexually mutilated after her mother caught her masturbating as a young girl. "If your mother can't have an orgasm—as my father told me when they divorced, in my teens—then older women become very sexually attractive, because somewhere you want to give it to your mother," said Feibleman, who by the age of ten not only had met Henry Miller, William Faulkner, Sherwood Anderson, and Paul Robeson at his parents' liberal New Orleans salon but had been in a ménage à trois that included the family gardener and the gardener's girlfriend. "I had a kind of con act," he says. "I was a ten-year-old child pretending to be a ten-year-old child. I was anything but innocent. And when I met Lilly for the first time, when I was ten, she called my shot. She was the first person to see me. And I recognized the con in her. It was recognition." But almost none of Feibleman's turbulent and revealing psychosexual complexity gets into the character of Cuff or into the drama of his romance with Hellman. A rewrite could easily remedy this glaring absence. Feibleman got a mentor and a passionate mother; Hellman, who had seven abortions during her rollicking life, got, as the play says, "the closest thing to a child I'm ever going to have." Each assuaged the other's

sense of inadequacy, and each needed the other to fulfill his or her destiny—literary for Feibleman and carnal for Hellman. Their connection, as the play poignantly shows, transcended their limitations.

"Cakewalk" begins with an image of an osprey, a bird of prey whose name, the author informs us, means "bone-breaker." And at the end the bird is projected larger and larger on a scrim as the lights fade on Lilly, standing on the beach in all her unrepentant contrariness—part monster, part master storyteller—chain-smoking in her Black-glama mink. "Well, we got through it, that's the main thing—we came out fine in the end, didn't we?" Lilly says in the play's last line, repeating a refrain in their relationship. In his memoir Feibleman answers in the affirmative. In the play, Cuff is mum. Feibleman, who disagreed with Hellman's publishing "Scoundrel Time" and with her suing Mary McCarthy, nevertheless stayed the course, and was rewarded for his loyalty as both "son" and "lover" with Hellman's Martha's Vineyard house and half her royalties. Even in ambivalence, he is loyal to her literary memory, maintaining that Hellman is "the only woman in the history of the world to become an internationally famous playwright." This says more about the patriarchal structure of theatre than about the quality of Hellman's plays. "The Little Foxes" and its more interesting sequel, "Another Part of the Forest," are her only outstanding works, and at the end even Hellman had given up beating the drum for her drama. "I don't basically have a theatre imagination," she told the *Los Angeles Times* in 1980. But the drama of her soul is another matter; and here Feibleman, with a bit more moxie, might have a terrific play. To pull it off, he'll have to forgo the romance of literary life—the swagger about discipline, fear, artistic temperament—and show the audience the impoverishment that such literary obsession hides. "There are many real tragedies of the artistic temperament," G. K. Chesterton wrote, speaking of Whistler. "Tragedies of vanity or violence or fear. But the great tragedy of the artistic temperament is that it cannot produce any art." In prose and in public, Hellman knew how to exploit the moment and how to give it the illusion of significance. But both her work and her life were betrayed by a romantic imagination that to the end mistook being visible for having a vision. ♦

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

ON THE ROCKS

BY ANTHONY LANE

"CLIFFHANGER" begins with Sylvester Stallone clinging by his fingertips in the middle of the Rockies—not a bad description of his movie career. Here he plays Gabe Walker, head hunk with the local mountain-rescue team. We watch him swing from an overhang, far above the middle of nowhere. Asked what he's doing, he replies, "I'm just hanging out," which gets *that* joke out of the way. In fact, he's hard at work rescuing a stricken damsel, named Sarah (Michelle Joyner), from the top of a pointy peak. Also present is Gabe's partner, Hal Tucker (Michael Rooker), who took the girl up to show her (a) his muscles and (b) the view, so that she could have fun deciding which was more awesome. It's a good scene: the two climbers joking and joshing, Sarah putting a brave face on her mortal terror, Gabe shouting, "There's nothing to it!" About four thousand feet of nothing.

As the three of them take turns shimmying along a rescue line, this playfulness starts to get high-strung. Hal clips on and launches himself with a whoop, but just for a second it sounds like a howl of panic, and that's enough to rattle your popcorn. The scene has been going on slightly too long for comfort, and by the time Sarah sets off, it feels ready to take the plunge. The director, Renny Harlin, turns up the volume, so that we can hear the creak of a buckle and the snaky hiss of a loose strap. As Gabe and Sarah dangle there, the camera makes a wonderful move—no more than a gentle tilt, but it lurches your heart sideways like the roll of a deck. The whole sequence may be rife with clichés, yet they come at you like body blows and pin you down. Even though you know what will happen, the force of the editing leads you on, and you follow like a child. This is promising stuff, but "Cliffhanger," sadly, fails

to keep its promises. The excitement doesn't last, and when you rub it the cheapness shows through. As the words "United States Treasury, Denver, Colorado" and "8 Months Later" came up onscreen, I felt the spirit of expectation in the theatre dip and sag. Maybe this wasn't a mountain movie after all; maybe



*Long, hard climb:
Sylvester Stallone in "Cliffhanger."*

it was a standard-issue teleplay with ice on top.

Good guess. "Cliffhanger" is about a hundred million dollars that goes missing. It sounds like a lot, but then the movie itself is alleged to have cost around seventy million, and I couldn't work out where that went, either. The cash is being flown over the Rockies—supposedly a safe option, except for bad weather or acts of God. Or Qualen (John Lithgow), who acts like God any-

way. He is said, like every other movie villain, to be a criminal mastermind; frankly, he makes you long for a criminal peabrain. I feel sorry for Lithgow, a good actor who keeps getting dumped into evil roles, purely on the strength of his bulging forehead and mini-mouth. Here he adopts an English accent, Hollywood having lapsed back into its treasured belief that morality stops a few miles west of France. This was a gas in the days of Basil Rathbone, and highly plausible in the case of George Sanders, but now it seems like the reflex action of a weary screenwriter. Qualen is so wicked that even his sidekick is a posh English blonde, played by Caroline Goodall (who gave the only good performance in "Hook," as Robin Williams' wife). Here she looks aghast at being saddled with the name of Kristel. Why not go all the way and give her a posh English name? Surely cinema is ready for a new brand of terrorist called Sophie or Fiona.

The film's most audacious moment has nothing at all to do with mountains: it involves a man called Travers (Rex Linn) trying to change planes. Most of us prefer to do that at airports, with time for a drink between flights, but Travers does it in midair. The scene ends in such spectacular fashion that you could argue we were in the presence of an auteur. What the spiritually inquiring closeup was to Ingmar Bergman, the exploding jet is to Renny Harlin. He used it in "Die Hard 2," and continues to lavish more thoughtful care on it than on his characters. The question is never "What kind of man would be driven to these extremes?" but simply "How did they *do* that?" Mind you, with a plot as spineless as this one you could bring on Hamlet and no one would notice; he'd be just another psycho in black.

The money drops out of the sky in three large cases—it's terrible how they treat your baggage these days—closely followed by Qualen and his henchmen, whose crash landing is almost as entertaining as the one in "Alive." I hoped they might continue along that path, with John Lithgow tucking into any available flesh. Imagine him licking his chops at the sight of Stallone, who

worked hard on his rock-climbing physique in preparation for this movie and now appears to be constructed entirely from haunches of Parma ham. I'm sorry to report, however, that the murders in "Cliffhanger" have no nutritional value at all, although one guy does get skewered on a stalactite, like a giant's canapé. The remainder of the film is one long, snowy struggle between good and evil. You'll never guess who wins.

Like Stallone on that slender wire, "Cliffhanger" crawls from one high point to the next. It's the gaps in between that you balk at—gulfs of airy nonsense posing as serious talk. When Gabe visits his old girlfriend Jessie (Janine Turner), you brace yourself: if there's one thing harder to watch than Stallone at the edge of a cliff, it's Stallone on the brink of a vulnerability scene, with nothing to hold him up except the line "It was me. All me." There was a time when he could hook an audience with such pathos: watching "Rocky" again recently, I found the mournfulness as catchy as ever. It took genius to paste that tacky, triumphant fairy tale onto a hero who could barely voice his own desires. Rocky was labelled the Italian Stallion, but there was nothing rich or raunchy about him; he was more like a bear with its paw in a trap, chewing his words in pain and fighting to get free. When he rehearsed his punches against a side of beef, it merely drove home what a meathead the man was: cunning as ever, Stallone knew that we would pity the poor dolt. In his finest hour, Rocky didn't swank—he just called out for his girlfriend, and the brutal charm of it had us on the ropes.

Then what happened? Stallone made a sequel, then another, and so on; and with every film the currency of that original deed—the stirring, clumsy lunge at self-esteem—was badly debased. I don't think Stallone will ever recover from the "Rocky" series; he could have been a contender, but we now think he's a contriver, and we laugh whenever his movies pause for thought. Maybe there was something spooky in Rambo's eyes as he sat in the airplane like a human land mine, waiting to explode; but when he did, all we saw was great balls of fire, and the fury was frittered away. Just think what Sergio Leone could have done with that look, how long he would have hemmed the violence in. Are there

any good directors still game enough to take up the challenge? Renny Harlin doesn't even try; he's a ringmaster on speed, frantically putting his actors through the motions.

Some of those motions, to be fair, make your head spin. Harlin manages to treat a vertical surface as though it were horizontal, letting his camera glide around at will. As Stallone grapples with sheer rock, we watch him from every angle, and can hardly tell whether he's travelling up or down; he's like Dracula crawling over the walls of his castle. If anything, though, the combined skills of climber and cameraman take the edge off your fear; the characters seem to be negotiating some giant Escher puzzle rather than scaling new heights, and the movie is surprisingly short on vertigo. The main worry is not falling but firepower; the film might as well have been shot in the Netherlands.

From time to time, Harlin seems to wake up and look around, suddenly aware that behind his grunting protagonists there are miles of stillness. There's one lovely image—a flurry of thousand-dollar bills whirled around in falling snow. Werner Herzog would have been proud of it, but such wasteful beauty is too subversive for a director like Harlin—it probably reminds him of the movie business—and he cuts away quick. I also enjoyed Hal's climactic fight on a clifftop, framed from afar, like a Caspar David Friedrich; it's a fresh twist on figures in a landscape—all that sublimity for a couple of gasping thugs. But it doesn't last long, since Harlin can't go for more than a few seconds without his regular fix of closeup: boot on hand, hand on knife, knife in leg. "Cliffhanger" is the last word in technical sophistication, yet its manner is as blaring and unambiguous as a picture book for the very young.

This wouldn't matter so much if the movie were a hell of a ride—if it had dramatic fuel to burn. But it judders along in stop-and-go motion, and the continuity leaks away by the gallon. Early on, we see Gabe and Tucker at the foot of a cliff; next thing we know, they're being held at gunpoint by Qualen. But they were looking for a party of stranded climbers, whereas he emerges from the wreckage of a plane. Doesn't this minor discrepancy strike them as, you know, a bit odd? Either our

heroes are dumber than they look, or else Harlin thinks his audience is dumber than ever before. From here on, you pretty well give up on the topography, although I'm still working on the theory that Stallone's muscles provide a helpful and accurate relief map of the surrounding terrain. By the end, the movie has surrendered to the principle that whenever something fraught is going on, he'll be coming round the glacier just in time. There's a moment when even Gabe seems to be too late, but don't worry: he finds a ladder going up the side of the mountain. This is known as the *machina ex deo*, and can be used only when the screenwriters have given up all human hope.

The audience will have already reached that point—a curiously liberating one, I find, when silliness has covered an entire movie like fungus. You can sit back and breathe in the nonsense: a random, desultory cameo by a pack of wolves, for instance, or the sudden appearance of Travers in what appears to be the lair of the Ice Queen, where patently false icicles glitter against the gloom. Weirdest of all is the slimy rock tower full of bats—Harlin's answer to the oh-my-God spider sequence in "Raiders of the Lost Ark," to which he adds his own special twist, a short kung-fu demonstration by one of the terrorists. It should be plain by now that Harlin has got his genres in a tangle. This worked for him once, in his 1988 film, "Prison," an unholy stew of hauntings, horror, and jailbreak, but that had the unembarrassed brio of the true B movie, sticking to its guns and its electric chairs. "Cliffhanger," on the other hand, is a corny idea with its head swollen by a big budget; it has bursts of energy instead of momentum, and the tension keeps lifting like a mild fog. The closing line makes the whole thing sound like a day at the office: "I'll arrange transportation for the three of you, if you can sit tight for a while." Against all odds, "Cliffhanger" makes a molehill out of a mountain. ♦

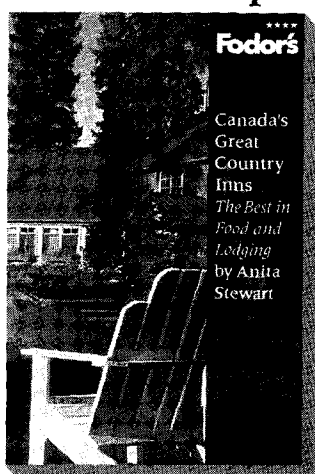
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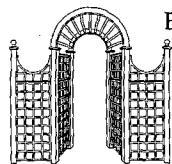


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BOOKS

WINGED VICTORIANA

BY MARY HAWTHORNE

IN "Possession" A. S. Byatt explored the singular grip of the past on a certain breed of curiosity-seeker—the late-twentieth-century academic. The novel centers on the Victorian poets Randolph Ash and Christabel LaMotte and on their pale modern-day counterparts, the respectively dispirited and cranky scholars Roland Mitchell and Maud Bailey. Uneasy in the emotional clothes their age has forced them into, Roland and Maud have given their lives over to the study of the dead poets. Endless hours are poured into vicarious reenactment of what and how their subjects thought and felt. At one point, Maud says to Roland:

I was thinking last night—about what you said about our generation and sex. . . . We are very knowing. We know all sorts of other things, too—about how there isn't a unitary ego—how we're made up of conflicting, interacting systems of things—and I suppose we *believe* that? We know we are driven by desire, but we can't see it as they did, can we? We never say the word Love, do we—we know it's a suspect ideological construct—especially Romantic Love—so we have to make a real effort of imagination to know what it felt like to be them, here, believing in these things—Love—themselves—that what they did mattered.

There is a deep sense of mourning in this, some of it clearly Byatt's own. And so it's not terribly surprising to find her still wearing widow's weeds in her new book, "Angels & Insects" (Random House; \$21), and to find ourselves in an obscurely familiar place—as though at the site of a recurring dream.

William Adamson is a thirty-four-year-old amateur naturalist who has spent the last ten years in the Amazon "in search of undiscovered creatures." On returning to his native England, in 1859, after being cast away in the Atlantic for

fifteen days, he finds himself virtually without belongings and effectively homeless. An invitation issues from Bredely Hall, the home of the Reverend Harald Alabaster, a baronet and an indiscriminate and greedy collector of remnants of the natural world. Alabaster

is eager to acquire William's few salvaged specimens of rare and exotic butterflies; the title of the first of the two novellas that make up "Angels & Insects" takes the name of one of them, *Morpho eugenia*.

Eugenia is also the name of Alabaster's oldest daughter, whom William

first observes in the company of two of her sisters at a ball held on the night of his arrival. Like the butterflies they are meant to suggest, the three sisters whirl by, "shimmering . . . in the candlelight, shell-pink and sky-blue, silver and citron, gauze and tulle." Eugenia is both "proudly naked and wholly untouchable." Dancing with her later, William is mortified to find himself becoming sexually excited, but then he reflects with scientific detachment that this is, after all, what's supposed to happen. He thereupon lapses into a reverie of the Amazonian palm-wine dance, during which he was "grabbed and nuzzled and rubbed and cuddled with great vigour by women with brown breasts glistening with sweat and oil, and with shameful fingers." At the same time, it occurs to him that—as seems true of Byatt herself—"nothing he did now seemed to happen without this double vision, of things seen and done otherwise, in another world." That night, before going to bed, he writes in his diary, "I shall die if I cannot have her."

William is asked to stay on at the house (he has no other prospects) and or-



A. S. Byatt's new book continues her fascination with nineteenth-century ideas.

ganize Alabaster's farrago of "monkey skins and delicate parrot skins, preserved lizards and monstrous snakes, box upon box of dead beetles . . . bears' teeth and rhinoceros horns, the skeletons of sharks and clumps of coral." This compulsive hoarding of nature evokes the far more egregious appropriations for which the Victorians—with their big-game hunts in Africa and India, and their menageries at home—were notorious, and it also suggests Byatt's appropriation of the past. Alabaster instructs William, "Set it all in order, don't you know? Make sense of it, lay it all out in some order or other." And this, it turns out, is the very task that Byatt appears to have set herself—to make sense of the Victorians' intellectual and spiritual legacy. Alabaster's attention is focussed on the writing of a book in support of providential design ("On the Origin of Species" has just been published), and when he seeks to use William, the Darwinian, as a sounding board William realizes that his stay at Bredely Hall is meant to be paid for with his mind.

Relegated to a workroom near the stables, William is able to view the comings and goings of Eugenia's brothers Lionel and Edgar, whose lives revolve around horses and the chase. One day, passing the window of the saddle room, William witnesses Eugenia pleading with Edgar, and, though his suspicions aren't aroused, the reader's are. Instead, it's William's protective impulses that are set in motion. In an attempt to cheer her up, he makes her a gift of a cloud of butterflies; like a Japanese horticulturist who has coaxed a garden of chrysanthemums to bloom all at once, he unleashes them in the conservatory one morning, and the scene is astonishing—both for its beauty and whimsicality and for its delicate comic perversity. The moment enables William to muster the courage to tell Eugenia that if he were of a class equal to hers (he is the son of a Methodist butcher, and has been disowned for his agnosticism) and if he had prospects . . . She readily accepts. At their marriage, Eugenia stands before the altar staring straight ahead, and on their wedding night, when William is stricken by a fear of "smutching" her, the reader feels embarrassed by his cluelessness. (As it happens, their encounters in the bedroom are, if not quite daring, mostly amusing and sweetly

erotic, as though inspired by Boucher.)

Lady Alabaster suggests that William also assist with the education of the younger children of Bredely Hall, and, under his guidance and that of Matty Crompton, a family dependent, the children take up the study of ant colonies. These become the basis of a book that Matty encourages William to write, and also the principal metaphor of "Morpho Eugenia." The multifariousness of ant-colony behavior mirrors the nuanced, intractable hierarchies and the aggression and "altruism" of Bredely Hall (and of Victorian society itself), and this much is not lost on William. He cannot help comparing his tenuous situation with that of the dispensable males in the ant colonies, whose sole function is to impregnate the queen, and he cannot help speculating that, just as the point of the colony is simply, banally, to perpetuate itself, so, too, is the point of any society. His observations lead to written musings, and Byatt once again calls upon her talent for stylistic "ventriloquism" to sound the tension between providential design and evolutionary theory, intelligence and instinct, feeling and reason. The entire book can be considered an exercise in imitation, of which Alabaster's and William's philosophical meditations are notable examples.

It is probably not an accident that the characters in "Morpho Eugenia," pressed into the service of Byatt's ideas, put one in mind of ants, which exist to serve a larger enterprise. The same can be said of the novella's self-conscious plot: the climax of the story comes as no surprise to anyone but William. (In a game of anagrams, William passes Matty the word "insect"; she quickly rearranges the letters and passes them back with a knowing look.) Confronted with so much cleverness, the reader, while waiting for William to catch up, may register exhaustion. The novella contains some lovely writing and some formidable thought, but its characters remain remote; sometimes, as in the case of Lady Alabaster, we forget they're even there.

"MORPHO EUGENIA" closes with a scene in which a sea captain, Arturo Papagay, is sailing to the Amazon. His literary purpose, however, is to link Byatt's first novella to her second, "The Conjugal Angel," which opens with an introduction to Arturo's wife, ten years after Arturo's presumed loss at

sea. The second novella's title is an allusion to a Swedenborgian belief that "our souls have one mate, one perfect other half, whom we should seek ceaselessly," and that an angel joins the two halves "in conjugal love."

At the outset, Mrs. Papagay, a spiritual medium, and her assistant, Sophy Sheekhy, are making their way late one afternoon in 1875 to the home of Captain Jesse and his wife, Emily, in Margate, where they conduct weekly séances. The usual gathering consists of people with whom Mrs. Papagay would not have associated were it not for "the democracy of the Spirit World": an unmarried, lascivious round little man, Mr. Hawke, a deacon of the New Jerusalem Church; Mrs. Hearnshaw, a pitiable woman who has just buried her fifth infant in seven years; and the Jesses—a sanguine, uncomplicated man and his rather prickly wife.

Although the mediums attempt, with varying degrees of success, to call up the spirits of Mrs. Papagay's beloved Arturo and the children of Mrs. Hearnshaw, the spirit most urgently summoned is that of Arthur Hallam—the fiancé of Emily Jesse (née Tennyson) in her youth, who died suddenly in Vienna before their marriage could take place. Hallam was also the inseparable companion of Emily's brother Alfred at Cambridge. Tennyson's most famous—and, to Emily, his most ambiguous and troubling—poem, "In Memoriam," published seventeen years after Hallam's death, immortalized not only Hallam but Tennyson's own torrential despair, and, in the process, rendered Emily's grief inconsequential. "It was, she knew and said often, the greatest poem of their time. And yet, she thought in her bursts of private savagery, it aimed a burning dart at her very heart, it strove to annihilate her."

The poem inevitably calls into question not only Emily's true relationship with Hallam but also her brother's. Her reading of "In Memoriam" prompts her to follow a path that can lead only to a cul-de-sac of painful revelation, and her fascinating reflections on the poem are the highlight of the novella. Though Emily has been married to Captain Jesse for thirty-three years, the mythology of her life is bound up with Hallam, and, despite his unwillingness to be recalled to the world of the living, Emily doggedly refuses to admit that he can't be. His "appearance," finally, releases her

from the stranglehold of the dead. Just as Tennyson, one day walking the streets of London, nearly faints from the realization that in a hundred years everybody he sees will be dead and buried, Sophy, after the séance, notes the equally astonishing fact of their small company's simply being alive, together, at exactly the same moment. Byatt hints here at something like cosmic connection, and it isn't giving away too much to reveal that Mrs. Papagay is indeed, at the end, united with her conjugal other half. When he appears, Byatt, her text abetted by Pre-Raphaelite graphics, challenges us to make the effort of imagination needed to share the joy and relief that Mrs. Papagay experiences.

IN conjuring up a time that engages her so intimately, Byatt herself becomes a kind of medium—our conduit to a lost world. And by inserting “real” people and texts in her narrative she further underscores her theme of transfiguration: the dead live again—or a version of them, at any rate. The imagery of wings throughout calls forth almost innumerable associations with flight: ascendance, salvation, victory, escape, ecstasy, consummation—universal, timeless yearnings. The title of Byatt's book, together with the hermaphroditic drawing on its dust jacket of a naked human figure with the wings of an insect, evinces the kind of conundrum that the author is fond of—the title “Possession” was a similar device—and it's the closest thing to a key to her puzzle. (“I found a wonderful sonnet by poor mad John Clare, which . . . seems to suggest that our idea of fairies may be only an anthropomorphising of insects,” Matty tells William at one point; angels are just a stepping stone away.) After more than a century, Byatt seems to say, the Victorians' own “conflicting, interacting systems of things” continue to preoccupy us. Together, the novellas weave a kind of Victorian love knot; their themes and questions swim the knot's seamless maze in a state of uneasy symbiosis—without resolution, without escape. “Angels & Insects” is at once quirky and deep, and it brims with Byatt's generosity, imagination, and intelligence. Yet we long for the spirits of the characters she has created to breathe into being. Like Mrs. Papagay, like William, we long for life—the impossible thing we still demand from art. ♦

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FICTION

Seaward
by Brad Leithauser
(Knopf; \$23)

AFFABLE Terry Seward—communications lawyer, recent widower, generous uncle to his soon-to-be-married niece—is a relentlessly ordinary guy. He jokes around with his secretary; he works out with his best buddy and fellow-lawyer; he worries, occasionally and ineffectively, about his parents. (Is Mob really drinking too much, as his sister claims?) And he travels a lot for business, avoiding his now empty house as much as possible. Leithauser describes the texture of this resolutely unexamined life with such expert, lavish specificity that the reader is greatly relieved when, in an empty cabin by the Great Dismal Swamp, Terry's drowned wife appears before him in a halo of light. But what, exactly, does this mean? As the perturbed Terry struggles to accommodate the inexplicable in his life, we sit back, waiting for the revelatory payoffs. But doggedly, almost imperceptibly, Leithauser turns us this way and that, until we, like Terry, have lost our bearings. By the novel's end, Terry has acquired an emotional importance that initially seemed, well, impossible. And—perhaps even more humbling, after our immersion in Terry Seward's day-to-day existence—we are no longer sure who he really is.

Charms for the Easy Life
by Kaye Gibbons
(Putnam; \$19.95)

WHEN Charlie Kate, a North Carolina midwife, rescues the victim of a lynching, he attributes his salvation to an "easy-life charm," which he passes along to her. This becomes a story that Charlie Kate's granddaughter grows up with, in a less than easy but possibly charmed life. The girl is the local bookworm, and helps on her grandmother's rounds of folk-healing, in the course of which Charlie Kate puts a doctor out of business by threatening to reveal the results of his malpractice, and dispenses justice as much as medicine. She's Atticus Finch in a skirt, and has all the right views, liberally expressed. As the granddaughter gets older, Charlie Kate begins to meddle in her life, but, surprisingly, the girl sees no right to privacy when it conflicts with her grandmother's wisdom. More anecdote than drama, this



BOOKS BRIEFLY NOTED

novel is narrated by the granddaughter as a memoir. Ending in 1942, it recalls ways of life vanished with the Second World War, and does so with a colloquial charm of its own.

GENERAL

The Man Who Wasn't Maigret
by Patrick Marnham
(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; \$25)

GEORGES SIMENON has found a model biographer. Marnham writes simply and plainly, as did Simenon (who limited himself to a vocabulary of some two thousand words), in a manner that shines without the polish of metaphor or simile, and, like Simenon in his novels, he chooses not to blame or praise but only to try to understand. Understanding was not easily achieved. Simenon left dozens of memoirs, letters, and interviews, containing dozens of contradictions and an abundance of fabrications. Marnham has felt his way through these confusing documents, and given us what seems to be a reasonable truth—about Simenon's sexual appetite (he claimed to have made love with ten thousand women), about the curious function of sex in his life, about the creation (suddenly full-blown, in person and procedure) of Maigret, about the sources of his novels, and about the chronic unhappiness of a man who amassed a huge fortune, won almost every literary honor, and enjoyed good health, good food and drink, and the friendship of such eminences as Gide, Cocteau, Picasso, and Chaplin.

Visions of Caliban:
On Chimpanzees and People
by Dale Peterson and Jane Goodall
(Houghton Mifflin; \$22.95)

IN Caliban, the authors of this moving apologia note, Shakespeare "imagined with astonishing brilliance and foresight how people might behave toward a being they considered to be neither quite

beast nor quite human." A chimpanzee, they contend, is just such a being. Man shares ninety-eight per cent of his genetic code with chimpanzees, which means that chimps are closer to human beings than zebras are to horses. Jane Goodall, the influential field researcher who first discovered that chimps, like us, use tools, demonstrates here how close to us chimps are in other ways as well, forming intimate bonds with each other and sharing our capacity for "joy and sorrow and despair." Goodall's co-author, Dale Peterson, documents the cruel and inhumane conditions in which chimps are kept—as scientific subjects, as entertainers, as pets. The two also show how subsistence hunting and habitat loss in Africa threaten the world's fast-diminishing numbers of wild chimpanzees, and they make a well-argued case for greater care and conservation.

Grove New American Theater
edited by Michael Feingold
(Grove; \$14.95, paper)

IN this exhilarating anthology, the longtime theatre critic for the *Village Voice* maintains that theatre is a war zone and the playwrights are soldiers at the front. Predictably, they are least persuasive when firing didactic rounds: the theatrical daring that illuminates their work is thrilling in a way political diatribe can't match. Three of the plays involve exotic sources and structures: David Gordon's "The Mysteries and What's So Funny?" lies somewhere between dance and drama, and juxtaposes the difficulties of marriage and the paradoxes of art (embodied by an engagingly offhand Marcel Duchamp); the capacious family sagas in Ethyl Eichelberger's "Dasvedanya Mama" and David Greenspan's "Dead Mother, or Shirley Not All in Vain" involve burlesque, improvisation, Chekhov, the Inferno, and "Charlie's Aunt," among other things. "The Theory of Total Blame," by Karen Finley, and "Sincerity Forever," by Mac Wellman, deceptively simple in conception, are no less audacious: the mother and children in Finley's world relentlessly speak the unspeakable; and in Wellman's small town lewd tirades burst from the depths of teen-agers' Wonder-bread minds. This collection will shock you out of your torpor, and for much more interesting reasons than Jesse Helms and his ilk have claimed. ♦



SHOUTS AND MURMURS

OLDFINGER

BY FRANK CAMMUSO AND HART SEELY

YES, sir, what'll it be?
Diet Sprite with a slice of lemon.
Shaken, not stirred.
Coming up, Mr. . . .
Bond. James Bond.

And what brings you to Days Inn, Mr. Bond?

Wish I could say a holiday. Actually, I'm in town to see a lawyer. I'm being sued. Sexual harassment, of all things! Eight cases.

Good God, eight? Why, once is hap-
penstance—

Yes, yes, I know, twice is coincidence, and eight is a bloody massacre. Say, do I know you? Never mind. Eight cases. How can you be charged for such a thing by someone named Pussy Galore? You should see the docket. Thumper v. Bond. Octopussy v. Bond. Once they dreamed of becoming Mrs. James Bond. Now they hyphenate their names. It's Ms. Kissy Suzuki-Feldstein. Now they've got careers. It's *Professor* Holly Goodhead. Honey Ryder, *M.D.* God help the poor chap who unzips her gown during a physical. Back then we didn't call her Dr. No. I'm just tired of it all.

You do look fatigued.

Shouldn't I be? It doesn't matter that I saved England. Who cares that I stopped SPECTRE from developing its diamond-laser ray-gun death satellite? You'd think they'd thank me, but all they say is "He can't work with women. He has to control them." I can assure you those women never complained when we were alone. You should read their petty allegations:

"During tour of stable, defendant abruptly threw plaintiff into hay, rolled onto plaintiff, and employed physical force to kiss plaintiff on mouth." Remember, now, these were exotic beauties; these were Bond girls! We're not talking about fondling Irma Bunt. You won't believe what else they're saying. That I'm a repressed homosexual! That I hate women! That I can't control my libido, that I'm a walking hormone, and that everything I say is a double-entendre about sex. Well, I find it all hard to swallow. They forced me to join A.A. My travel budget is shot. They don't even let me smoke in the building. You try standing in the cold rain sixty times a day! I've been waiting two months for blood-test results. You'd think the mails were sabotaged by Russian agents—if there *were* Russian agents! But what riles me most is the secretaries. One has even become my boss. These days, on Her Majesty's Secret Service, "M" stands for Moneypenny!

You guard the Queen, Mr. Bond?

Queen? Hah. Try Fergie. God, just saying the name is like having a tarantula crawl across my chest. I was on the beach that day she dropped her top. In my Benzadrine nightmares, I used to see Pistols Scaramanga's third nipple. Now I see

that odious Texan kissing her toes. I should have left with my old boss.

And where is he now?

Here in the States. He's a lobbyist for the Heritage Foundation—works with my old C.I.A. counterpart Felix Leiter.

Not *the* Felix Leiter?

That's right. The next senator from Virginia. Actually, I haven't seen him in years. No time. I get weekends with the kids, you know. Traded the Aston Martin for a minivan. Q Branch added some extras. I haven't had to use the toddler-ejection seats, but the sleeping gas works wonders. Say, you do look familiar.

What if I remove this mustache, Mr. Bond?

Goldfinger! But I saw you squirt out that airplane window! How did you survive the fall?

Simple, 007. You should know I'd never fly without my golden parachute. I floated to the ground and adopted a new precious metal. Ever heard of Silverado Savings & Loan? Ha-ha-ha. I never needed to rob Fort Knox. The U.S. government gave it to me. But my best luck was being caught. I served a mere six months in federal prisons. Blofeld was there. Milken! Boesky! Pete Rose! We've rebuilt SPECTRE, Mr. Bond. And this time we want your help.

You're mad, Goldfinger, insane! You should know I'd never— Well, what, exactly, do you have in mind?

Talk shows. Sally. Oprah. Donahue. We're controlling the airwaves. Our topic: white-male persecution. Your assignment: To go public with your pain. To describe your suffering. To expose your oppression. It's perfect—the white male as victim. If we can turn back the clock there, we can restore everything—even the Cold War!

Damn it all, I'll do it. A toast to the old days, Goldfinger!

Sorry, but I have other customers. Another time, perhaps. Until then—goodbye, Mr. Bond. ♦



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